

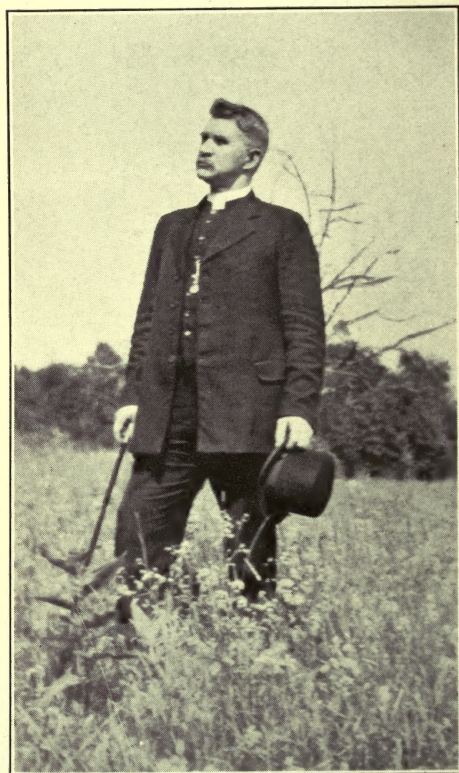
LAURENTIAN TALES



BY
WILLIAM BOWMAN TUCKER

~~With the compliments of~~
~~the Author~~
Montreal City Mission.

John M. Elson Esq,
Toronto.



Yours truly
W. Bowman Tucker

Montreal

Feb. 27 1928

LAURENTIAN TALES



By
William Bowman Tucker
Author of "Songs of the Wayside"

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To all of whom I offer thanks.

THE AUTHOR.

The undersigned is a member of the Board of Directors of the
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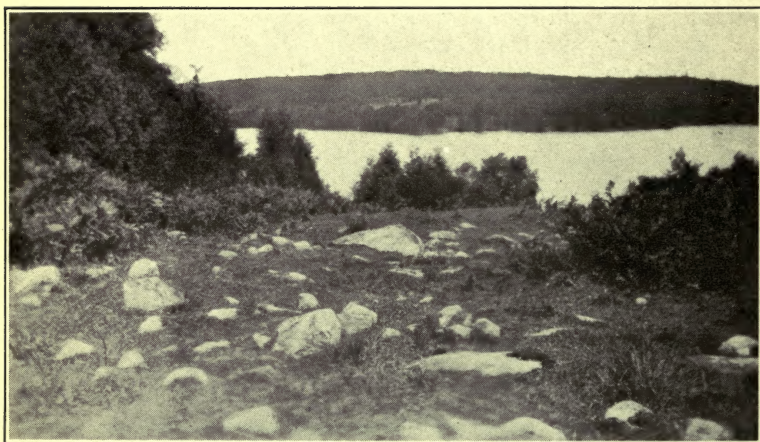
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BOSKUNG LAKE, ONT.

LAURENTIAN TALES

BOOK I

:: ::

THE SHEPHERD OF BOSKUNG LAKE

Untutored Rocks! Ungreyed by agelong watch,
Unkempt amid the wildness of the North,
Untamed, and unabashed, bold-faced, proud-browed,
Upholding in your constant, steadfast arms,
All heritage, since earth began to form
And set her house in order for her chief,
Most lordly tenant—Man— yield to me now,
Laurentian Heights, the savor of your strength!

Your trinity of parts remind me I
Am trine, as heaven and earth and sea, form one;
Or sun and moon and stars, as God decreed;
So intellect and heart and will unite;
As mica, feldspar, quartz, to granite give
Enduring form, outstanding eminence.

Here in these vast and unshorn solitudes,
Mayhap I meet the testing of my soul;
But let me share thy reverent mood. Ignite
My soul—unduly ordered, cold—as once
Burst from thy inner bounds, the mystic heat,
The sacrificial fire.

Life of my life,
Unseen by eyes of flesh, Thy breath I feel;
Thy kingly court is here; Thy garden walks.
Here hadst Thou formed a sinless paradise,
And Nature took her will from Thee. This is

An ante-room for Love's adoring pause,
Until she pass to bounds unlimited,
Until she see Thy face O Lord, and leave
The solemn circumstance, the silent awe,
Or forms material, to take up home
Where spirits range, communicate, give praise,
And where Thou art the centre and from Whom
All things derive their boundaries. Yet here
I find Thee walking in the garden still,
And here unfearing, hear Thy voice amid
These granite-pillared amphitheatres.

Methinks, not for vain show, did God create
These rocky fastnesses of our strong North;
Nor since He was so rich, could He afford
Spendthrift to be, to waste His riches on
The desert air. With predesign, it seems,
He filled your pockets, hid his treasures deep,
And so endowed you with a plenteous wealth,
That, 'twas a thought, these hills should thronged be,
And man should here be shepherded by man.

This is the temple of our God. Long drawn
The aisles from North Atlantic bays, through wide
Ungava, by the solemn, death-toned, deep,
Mysterious, rock-bound Saguenay; on far
To where the sunlight dances by their feet,
And bathes Ontario's green, St. Lawrence isles;
And e'en to westward lakes with wooing woods
Alluring huntsman's craft—long-drawn the aisles;
And over all the vaulted roof of blue.

Adown these aisles, I hear the voice of God,
In wisdom, love, and might, from riven clouds,
By leaping waterfalls with hurrying pace,
By soothing cadences in converse blent
Amid the lordly pines, and in the calm



THE SAGUENAY

“Hear thy voice amid
These granite-pillared amphitheatres.”



And tender silences; and here I bow
In adoration of the Infinite,
My body prostrate in low mood, while soul
Toils up the bitter steps of penitence,
To hold communion with the Soul of all.

The sound of voices as of mighty floods,
Bestirs my soul. No more the fevered feet,
The myriad tramp of aching city hearts,
Thrust discords on the blistering atmosphere;
When here foregather husky hands, to delve
Within Laurentian's cumulative wealth;
To bathe at close of day in crystal streams,
And sleep ensoothed by sanitarian airs.

Not all the arts devised by city shams
To cover o'er the hollowness and ache
That underlies the revelry of night,
The prided wealth and stalking precedence
Of day, the simulated smile, half sad,
The clasp of hand devoid of ardent heart,
Can e'er compete with those diviner hours
I spend within simplicitudes, ordained
In Truth, Sincerity, and Earnestness,
Where simple pleasures steal away all care,
And where the wounded heart finds sovereign health.
I love the city's streets with rich emprise,
But Paradise is up among the hills.

This is God's treasure-house for thousands yet
Unborn, whose heritage awaits their day.
And when that day shall come, your store of good
Shall ope in plenteous, ardent flow, unto
The factories, and the forging mills, within
The cities of a continent. Then shall
The goldsmith, and the silversmith, consort
Unto thy ways; the ironmonger's need

Shall draw thy secrets forth, as hidden gems;
And analysts shall be as men that dream.
Then shall men carve their thoughts, incarnate, in
Thy stones, and they shall live as doth the sun.
The proletariat shall then join toil
To conscience, reckon gain by what he is
More than by what he has; in calmer mood
Than once he did, his passions schooled to sense,
Shall signalize man's service unto man
His highest duty, his most rev'rent trust.

Then cities shall be beautiful, within,
Without, designed by generous love, a rest
For careworn souls, Bethesda to the sick.
The Tree of Life shall spread her healing leaves
Abundantly, therein; and halcyon days
Shall fall on boys and girls that fill the streets
With prophecies of joy. Nor then shall halt
The measures that secure thy harmony;
Nor builders of an empire temporize;
Nor vital questions of the earnest day
Find sickened answer from a palsied heart.

When thy great day shall dawn effulgently,
No more meandering wills, nor coward minds,
Nor vision blurred by politics' base greed,
Shall thwart a nation's destiny, or serve
With pulses of an invalid, thy cause.
In that bright age, stability and strength
Shall watchwords be, and reverential hand
Shall write the words as though they were God's laws
Engraved on halls of thought, and parliaments of men.

Arise! long-sleeping Maiden of the Hills;
Prepare thee for the day now near at hand,
When teeming bands of men do come from far
And break thy silences. Arouse thee yet

To welcome those whom Europe's ripened woes
Amaze; who seek stern soil, environment
For sterner soul; who leave the east for west,
To find a freedom consonant with life,
And dream of toil not less, but better paid,
With manhood's kingly mien allowed, retained.

What if thy maiden blush should win their hearts?
Shall they be weaklings thought because they love
In turn? Are not thy hopes for future years,
Involved in ardent love from those, new found,
And drawn from other aching, war-torn spheres?
And what shall deeds effect, if love urge not?
No energy compares with that begot
Within the heart, no thought so mighty, as
Love's urgent, honest thought; and blest art thou
Fair Maiden of these northern, robust heights,
If all the populace of Europe, should
Make love to thee. They fainted neath their woes;
From circumstance they learned to loathe their kings;
They sweated for the avaricious hand;
Now who shall blame impose, when children turn
Unto thy broad domain? And who shall give
Acquittance unto thee, if thou shalt fail
To win these coming kings of honest toil?

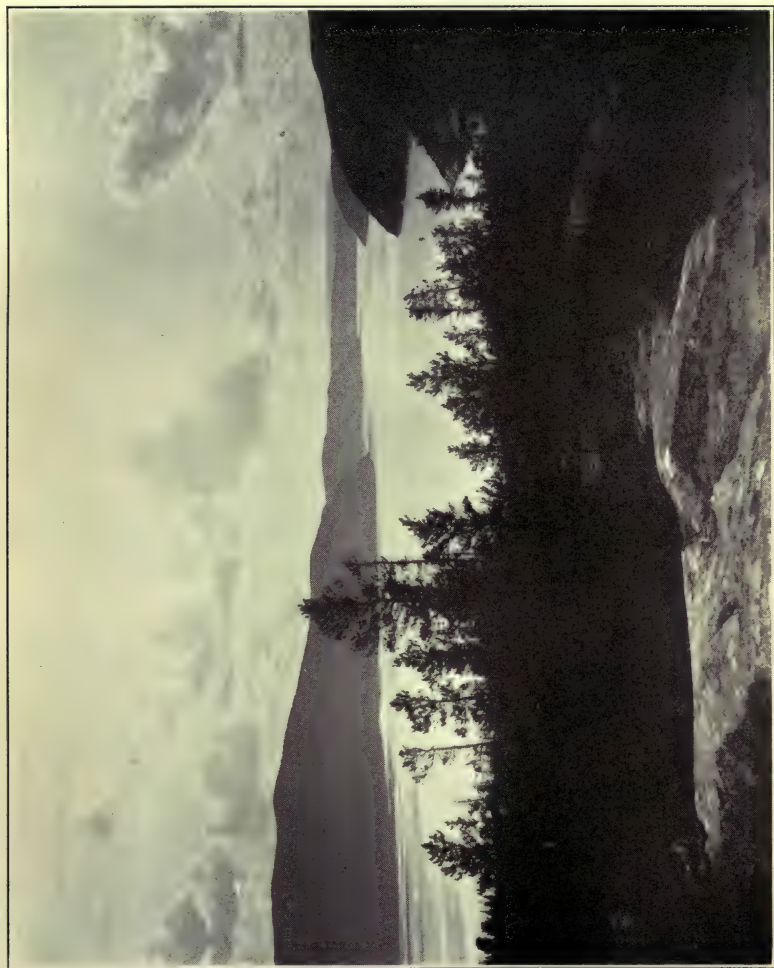
High-towered temples, grey, and noble spires,
Exhorting faith, attesting God's domain,
Were reared through centuries, on Europe's soil,
Repositories of the consciences
More taught to imitate religious ways
And study statues for their guide to right,
So fear the law that might have penalty,
Than find in love an innate liberty
To regulate one's self, attempt the good—
Those temples, stately, solemn, reticent,
The homes of dead renowned, were refuges

For those who spend a mid-day hour, to go
Apart from boisterous world, and talk with God.

Proud war has supervened; nor reverence
For God, nor care for lordly dead, had weight
To stay destructive hands. In mutual heaps
The sacred and unsacred lie about.
In overcrowded, over governed lands
Both pride and greed belched out their lust and hate,
And changed cathedral aisles, from hushed amaze
To noisy soldiers' tramp and sacrilege;
Till now, the vanity of man's proud claims
Is written on the black dismay.

From those
Iconoclastic trends, of other days,
Let children come to these free, western realms,
And with their arduous toil, foundations lay,
Uprear their honest shrines of faith, ideals
Express, attest belief in God, eschew
The sordid, put to shame all shams, and build
New heights of soul.

They come with serious mood.
Unused to arts of life luxurious,
Those men, who trod the winepress for their lords
And drew but little of the vintage for
Themselves, downtrodden men, and women worse,
Have earnestness within their souls; a fire
Has lit material that never will
Exhaust itself; long-dormant brain upflames;
Self-consciousness has made those leaden eyes
Shine with new light; the sense of liberty
Gives wings unto the thought, and girds the feet
With running power; and serfs who knew no will,
Are now ordained to be the willing kings
Of honest toil, where rights are equalized.



SUNSET ON THE SAGUENAY

“By the solemn, death-toned, deep,
Mysterious, rock-bound Saguenay.”

And unto thee, O Canada, it hath
Been given in this latter age, to love
These social derelicts unto new life;
And from the melting pot of thy strong heart
Beget an age of noble purposes,
Of generous deeds—a nation of good folk
To bless the world.

He was a gentle-minded youth,
Who loved his close communion with the heart
Of all things beautiful, and drank thereof
Right plenteously, and dreamed mild dreams of good,
Philosophized and planned. Whence came the waves?
And how were pebbles formed? Ontario—
This inland sea—whence came its force? And how
Came granite pebbles on a limestone beach?

One day he dipped his oar in sunlit rills,
Off Gananoque's shores, and floated mid
Quaint pyramids, rock-built, with bays of peace,
And through cathedral aisles, green-decked, where
saints
Enchoired their chants, made these the happy isles,
And from rich censers spread perfumes about;
Here would he dream, enslaved by luscious life;
Here would he have his final resting place.

But nobler pulses shamed voluptuous mood,
Creative life touched spring invisible,
And bade a Seer arise, gird courage on,
Take rank among the prophets of the land.

“Shalt thou have joy of self alone, or fill
Thy soul with riches of the sky, begot
In turning many unto righteousness?
Wilt thou be debtor to thyself, or else
Be creditor to that new nation of

The dawning day? Choose now, and dip thy cup
Of joy; or else deny thyself this cup,
And in a future day, find reservoir
Of never-failing bliss, entreasured rich
Within thy consciousness of nation life
Upbuilt and led."

He yielded to the call.
He had not cowl, and knew no tonsured head,
Nor sandalled feet, but went as man to men.
He buried dreams of youthful days, and at
The funeral caught the vision of Ideals,
More real than dreams, and with the eye of faith
He followed, if perhaps he might love men,
Spread truth and light, bless yearning souls, lay strong
Foundations for the Nation's greater power.

Far north, round Boskung Lake, he found a home.
Long years were passed since Indians plied their wars,
Or tracked the Portage to the Twelve Mile Lake.
About these lakes there grew a fellowship
Of Nature's sort—aspiring, massive pines
Stood guard o'er spruce and balsam trees, the elm
Bent stately head on groups of cedar while
The maples climbed the hills, or mountain ash
Joined love with sumach delicate, and all
Made paradise for playful deer, partridge,
And flying squirrel folk. Year in, year out,
These waited long, as sentinels on guard;
Year after year, they sighed in autumn winds,
Or cast their coats, ere winter set, to spread
Protecting love about. Among themselves
In whispered tones, they sighed as maidens sigh,
For lover long delayed, who yet would come
To love the o'er-rich land, and love them then.
Who long may wait, at last shall richly find.

At last they came—lean children of the earth.
So little used to comforts, 'twas not hard
To fare them scant; so little used to ownings,
All ownings now gave sense of growing wealth;
And frugal fare was as a door ajar
That opened into Paradisal joy
And streams of future, lasting plentitude.
Aristocrats of toil, right merrily
These organizers on the broad outposts
Of British empire, came to pioneer,
And dig, not grouch; to ask no favors, nor
Make weaklings tales of hardship; but strong heart
Gave courage to stout limbs, whence cheerfulness
Joined hand with will, good-natured gratitude
Found company with reverential pride.
The Crown surveyed the way, and down these lines,
The living streams of human life found course,
To carve out homes, uprear their kin in truth,
And cultivate the simple, honest way
That makes a nation great; thus did they lay
Desired foundations, for that golden age
When Canada shall, to the nations of
The earth, interpret righteousness.

The Seer

Had found his flock, and Paradise. "What love"!
He cried, "that made a land so beautiful,
A people zealous of good work. I come
To preach the Cross, but here I pause to pray
In adoration of the Word that spake
These beauties into form. These autumn lights
That meet in conference, nor calmly sit,
But dance full force abreast across the sky,
Allure my mind to meditate, my soul's
Chaotic questions to express themselves.
What forces are behind those flitting gleams
Are dimly shown, and little do I know;

As like the unrevealed realm of truth
Whose glimmerings play upon the borderland
Of consciousness—they are but fragments at
The best."

"These winds that whisper to my soul—
Of what their birth? And where their hidden home?
And whither are they called? They rise on wings
Above the highest hills, and speed the clouds,
Or gently laugh the lazy waters to
Their furtive smiles on sunlit shores, or soothe
The heat of day; so do they bid me heed
The Spirit's touch divine."

"Ye woodland lakes,
Like silver fields in frames of golden light,
Pour out your strength to feed these fertile vales,
And carry commerce to the sea, or lift
Your airy forms to fly on wings of wind
And then distil your blessings overland.

"Ye tempt me by your seeming calm, did I
Not know the energy of undertones.
Life will not sleep; 'tis energy of love,
Not stagnant pools, malaria-filled, can be
Your gift, but health-drops fly with every breath
That waves from off your sun-lit face. Haste on!
The rapids hear you coming with your calm;
The narrows take you in their arms to break
Your calm to turbid breaths, your bruised veins
To heap, by lusty—rooted elm and birch;
And then to shake yourselves from foamy wreaths,
And broaden into calm and deepened ways
Again."

"Musicians of Canadian skies,
Winging your flight from shore and hill, fearless

Your heart, your innocence attunes your notes,
And liberty makes friend with flight. Thrill! thrill
These summer woods with heart-inspiring songs!

Come! Bring your choir from hidden crevices
Of rocks, from forest depths, from lakeside glens,
Where alder hedges are your sunny homes
And garden shrubs, and sing your songs for me!
The woodman will not hear; his ear attuned,
Chords with the rattling axe, and roar of trees
That crash with splintering, snapping butts, and fall
With thud upon the ground. Base music this,
But music that his soul, but lately trained,
Doth honorably love. Not so with me.
If I must lift, I must myself be first
Uplifted; then, inspired, I may inspire.
So Bobolink, and yellow-bird, the lark,
The robin, with a raven-coated crowd,
Small-grown, that chatter, chatter, till debate
Ends parliament—come with poor whippoorwill,
Enlive the air, and let me drink your songs,
Melodious and rugged as the land,
Or lull the forest into soothened sleep.
Then in the evening mood, religiously,
I sing the higher songs of God and love.”

“ I come, by Duty called, to woo these men,
But lately wed to woodland ways, to add
Some modest comfort to their earthly store;
To show them love, a higher love than that
Which rules on earth and puts self-service first
Of all great laws of life; I come to love
Them into loving Christ, Who deemed the lot
Of common man His lot, the one by which
He best could lift their load, and lift them too.
I come that they might find Christ’s love expressed
In terms of human service, earnestness,

The outward evidence of inward grace,
The ministry of man to needy men
The seal that one is minister of God.
I may not be as hardy born as they,
I may not relish plain, coarse fare, the bed
Of straw on springs of cords, the clothes homespun,
But if I would the Christ commend to them,
My honest love for them must supersede
All thirst for creature good, and make as tough
The shepherd as the sheep, to nurture them
Expressly strong. I too am citizen
With men, in carving out the future good
Of Canada, God's land."

" I preach the Christ,
Companion of the workingman, the Christ
Both God and man, not seated on the throne
Of ancient, grave cathedrals, dead to need;
The Christ alive in daily circumstance,
Invading paths to brighten them with love,
But frowning on the hideous forms of sin,
A sword in hand, and knowing peace when sin
Has been expunged; the Christ of sacrifice,
The Substitute ordained from dawn of time.
It is the Christ I know by heartfelt joy,
Assured He lives because He lives within,
And this the chiefest excellency in
My homespun speech—I know Him mine."

And thus
This modern prophet, passed from praise and prayer,
From admiration of the landscape fair,
From sense of beauty, music charming sweet,
To contemplate the lofty duty of
The hour, commend his faith by common sense,
Sustain his Christian worth, consistently,
By helpful works approved by public mind,

Unconsciously attaining leadership
As Christ ordained:—"Who serves the best, the man
Most honored of his age becomes"—the first
Of men, because the man most serving men,
Commending Christ because so much they saw
Of Christ in him. This messenger of love,
Its charms he needs must vindicate within
His own unselfish and surrendered life.

No pompous arts of circumstance, he thus
Would ape; nor idle, foolish thoughts disclose
By studied, self-appreciating mien;
Nor prize conventionalities as rules
By which to shield a subtle sense of caste.

An honest man, he gave to young and old
A pattern, and his precepts justified.
He was a toil-trained shepherd, loving work,
As boys love play, and playing athlete with
His manifold employ, fatigue nor food
Detracting from his grace of care for flock
Committed to his keep. For food, he prayed,
His prayer sustaining him when duties barred
Attention to himself; and for his rest
He seemed to mount on angel's wings, defy
Fatigue, assured the Everlasting Arms
Were underneath, and as his day his strength.
He drew upon companionship of Christ,
Yet moved and lived 'mong men with passions such
As they. Encircled by an angel host
He feared no ill, and taught his flock to trust.
So devils fled when he drew nigh, for then
They saw their gains assailed, their aims destroyed,
And knew that God was there.

Such character
I deem, was to your rugged hills and men

Who pioneered a nation's glorious day,
As dew upon the summer grass, as star
To pilot in the dark uncertain way,
As early fires that kindle furnaces
Unto their melting, moulding formulae
For sustenance of wealth, and lordly strength.

Daylight and dark oft found the Seer afield,
Afar on errands bent, to mercy given,
And wont to learn the latest name and place
Of new-come pioneer. Within his head
He carried wisdom's store; within his bag
Small medicines; within his yearning heart
A sympathetic grace. So did he knit
The heart of man to God, induce his prayer,
And give religion to this new found land.

About the Boskung lake the forest grew
Luxurious, and stretched for miles away.
On every side mute promontories thrust
Their spear points, like great ribs, into the lake,
So quiet bays formed harbours for canoes,
Whence sport was had with fish, or formed the base
From which the woodsman hewed his hopeful way
And carved his virgin farm. Around the lake
Lay favored clearances, a good six miles
On either side, which broke like rifts of light
Amid the clouds of green; and curling wreaths
Of lazy smoke, would indicate the hut,
Log-made. So near the lake, 'twas best of friends
For flock and herd, as well the housewife's need,
And gentle traffic-way in lieu of roads.
Some sturdy men who later came, to share
Their strength for common courage, mutual good,
Bore brunt of toiling day, remote and far,
Within the forest's depths. They sheared their mark
Upon the trees, by long-drawn trail,—their "blaze"



LABELLE, QUE.

“But Paradise is up among the hills.”

Of safely-guiding light; and axe and gun
Alike, befriended isolated way;
The prophet heart attempting earnestly,
What prophet eye foresaw.

Each pioneer

A prophet was of that Canadian day,
When all the world shall reverence manhood's heart,
Shall own that courage grows where hardship springs
To grip and overthrow the venturesome,
So challenging his slumbering, lordly will,
Shall stand in awe of children bred to win
A self-protecting way, necessitous,
And own no coward thought. Each pioneer
Brought blood, right red, to pour into the veins
And arteries of commerce, schools of thought,
Political economy to shape
By reason of his ardent toil and thrift,
His frugal home of virtue, love and prayer.
Small gains were his, but children, wife and home
Framed roof-tree for his heart, contentment brought,
And guaranteed Canadian prowess, where
The world all strove for mastery. Who treads
These granite aisles, grown sacred by their age,
Takes heed to glorious loneliness, far-spread,
In silence filled with treasured monuments
Betokening a long, long past—allows
His prophet soul to contemplate the wealth
Of river, field and fabricated haunts
Of men, the spires, the banners, learned halls—
He shall escape from tarnished littleness,
To heights of self, ecstatic, reverent grown,
Assured no thing of God forethought and planned,
Impossible.

Then shall he see the child,
Sent forth and clothed with liberty, perfume

Of noble character exhaling, more
Than lusts of other lands can nullify,
And sweetening the nations of all earth.
Then shall he find the child imbibing breath
Of kingly soul from Nature's strenuous life,
Ordaining him the victor over land
And air and sea, inventive lord of trade,
Ordained to find, to see, to subdivide,
Explore all parts, rebuild to finer form,
With love which casteth out all fateful fear,
To reach the realms of higher politics,
Conceive, conciliate and rule, until
The world awakes amazed at Northern Mind.
Then whereso'er that northern child may go,
'Twill be for aye enough of recommend
"He is Canadian born and British bred."

"What time I am afraid, I will trust Thee."
Thus spake the youthful Seer, as girding on
Accoutrements of things, more meant for test
Of faith, zeal, strength, than comfort's easy course—
His gospel, and his psalmody, his pack
The token of his studiousness, and clothes
Prophetic of the weather, dry or wet,
Suggestive also that he lived and learned
On frugal fare—he set himself to find
The forest folk, and press his holy craft
Of wisely winning souls. "Why should I fear?"
He asked, "since Christ commissions task, commands
Supplies, proposes comradeship, and leads
The untrod way. If faithful to the Cross,
All things are mine, in Him, and I am His."

Thus, in ecstatic frame, he plodded paths,
Or forded streams on fallen trunks of trees,
Or rode on saddle back through roadless mire,
Or footed up the rocky cliffs, rowed lakes

In punted craft, or throve on snowshoe tramps.
He owed not any man, but lived as guest
Of all; he owned not anything of lure
To tempt his heart astray, nor coveted.
He was the representative at large
Of government, the universal law
Of rectitude and love he oft expressed
As right of King of kings. He solved disputes;
Concealed a multitude of differences;
Unused to human politics, he posed
Ambassador of Heaven, expounding more
His laws, than vindicating earth-made lore.

Such was the Missioner to toiling men.
He brought to them the Christ he knew and loved.
He gave to them the plain-spun words of cheer—
Ungilded message to unpolished men.
His words were honest, and his mood had power;
He met the exigency of the day,
Nor fascinating schemes of thought beguiled
His steps, to scale the heights where great men dwell,
Nor clouded speech, whose mystery befogged
Receptive minds who came to learn and pray.
He gave them light from heaven, in Bible ways.
He gathered for an hour a dozen folk,
With small pretense, but great display of soul,
Within the log-built hut, where scarce he saw
The upturned faces of his auditors,
The darkness lit by lonely candle-end.
And them he nourished well with bread of life.
'Twas thus he turned all fears to psalms of praise,
And made all clouds reveal their brighter side.

Nor might it e'er be said of him in truth
"The fleece he loved more than the straying sheep;"
Nor that "He sought his own repose more than
The people's good"; nor that "His Master was

Abased by priest who loved the place of power."
He found both ample meat and drink, and in
Good sort, where throbbing dreams of governed soul,
Disheeded claims of flesh, intent on meat
To eat, none know save those whose joy of work
Outreaches other appetite.

And thus
The thoughtful friend, he brought a wealth of heart
To these rough-handed folk, both young and old,
And gems of knowledge as had glowed within
His meditative soul. He schooled their thought,
Was umpire to decide their small debates,
Held balance for the State and Church alike,
And dropped his proverbs by the common way,
As if his wisdom were the law of State,
Or inspiration coined it for the Church.

From grey-haired sire to rising son, and e'en
To babes, on whom his ritualistic hand
He laid with covenanting grace, his words
Were passed with patriarchal right, till Youth
And Age contented were for reverent love
Of him, nor controverted aught he said.
If in the act of churchly prayer, attent
To God, more solemnly himself, he did
Express, and seemed as one encircled with
The halo of the Infinite, his love
Of flock, in daily course, brought grace of man,
And showed how God and man may dwell in one.
He knew affairs, conversed about their work;
Free from the inquisitive, compiled returns
Of gain and loss; he heard complaints rehearsed;
Disputed greed, and rectified abuse;
Enlarged their plans, suggested wiser ways;
He healed the wounds of flesh and faith alike;
He wept as they, rejoiced when they had joy;

These things he did, such man he was, and on
The Sabbath day, to all his plenal powers
He added yet this gift—he preached the Word.
'Twas thus he led those pioneering folk
To fountains of eternal blessedness,
And built Canadian ways.

But heaven was most
Of joy and realness unto him, what time
He sought the confidential privacy
Of such dear heart, as sorrow scourged, or sin
Oppressed; and to that heart he brought himself,
Not cheapened words, professional, but heart
He generously and openly assayed
To give—as one draws fragrance from the flowers
When winds beat on their heads—so he gave love.
The stricken ones ne'er questioned in their griefs
But he knew all, shared all, and on his heart
Vicariously, he bore the sacred load.
By great experiences, he knew the road
To Grace, and led the sighing groping heart
To love his love, and loved it into joy,
As skies grew clear, and in the sky, the Christ
The Sun of Righteousness arose, and peace
Prevailed.

Times change their colored wings, which grow
To sombre hues in clouded atmospheres,
And lay on peaceful scenes their war-born scourge.
There is no quarrel of a man but all
The world is partner to results; no deed
That passes with one life; no lie confines
Itself within unechoing chambers of
A single soul. The hills of Lebanon
Have far remove from boundaries of earth,
But where are they who have not shared effect
Of Adam's fall? And Calvary—no dreams

Indelibly endowed the world-wide soul
But by the touch of Life, of all a part,
Inwoven so as not one atom of
Our sinfulness can say omitted 'twas,
And no atonement made for it! Oh, dread
The day, when man applauds a play with fire!
And vile the man whose conscience seethes in blood
His greed of power hath stol'n from innocents,
Nor knowing pain, still seethes, but thirsts for more—
Abnormal man, unfit for earth, more fit
To liquefy, eternally, the fires
Of raging hell, with blood drops flowing from
His own unsoothed wounds.

Such monster rose
Upon these latter days, to mar the good
The earth had found through love, and hate
To magnify. Not so, had God ordained.
Fair Mistress of the West, for what thy years
Of ever verdant youth, unless for peace?
Why grown thy broad domain, except abides
Thy children's life within thee? Or why sang
The morning stars of heaven, in unison
With water founts, with flowering vales rich-hued,
And forests' tender toned psalms, unless
The gracious Architect had perfectly
Designed?

“O come, dear heart, and love me well!”
I heard the land and all its living sing.
“My beauty is for thee; my music share;
Nor let it waste on winds, to empty caves
Conveyed. With prodigality of powers
I fling myself, through roaring waterfalls
Or boundless forest-lands, at thy charmed feet,
To be thy willing slave.”

And so he came,
For whom the Maiden Land had sung and sighed,
Who though he step with iron heel, none shall
Dispute the sanctity, since he must reign
To cultivate this garden of his God.

“ Pray, let me hew, or speed my plow’s rough way.
I’ll sow and reap; I’ll ride or sail. To grind
My corn, I’ll harness forces profligate;
Exhume these iron depths of wealth with power,
Or rush my bursting commerce to the sea.
And still I’ll guard this fortress of the North,
A gardener in peace, or if the need
Arise, to turn my plow and pruning hook
To battle-ships and rifle balls, and by
These ramparts, and the sea, maintain the good
I come to grow.”

And ere he dreamed it, came
The day of fateful carnage, and of death.
The mighty would contend—by force survive;
The Redman with his tomahawk and hate—
Tribe lusting after tribe, with hot blood-lust;
Or Whiteman sought supremacy on sea,
Or love of souls outrivalled love of gain
By haste to find the farthest river’s source,
And plant the Cross or raise the trading post,
Until the rivalry, arbitrament
Of war acclaimed, and saturated land
With blood; and neither sought the Redman’s right.
And then the Saxon fought his Saxon kin,
Transplanted to this western hemisphere,
By politics aggrieved, and urged, and skilled.
And if a hundred years of peace had served
To grow fond hope that man had ceased to fight,
And never more would blood be wantonly
Outpoured, it was deceiving dream of ease,

Where love of man for man finds no response
Harmonious, from selfish sources sung.
Man has two hearts, and so the nations of
This earth; for when the good would win the right
With gentleness, the selfish comes with force
To overthrow all gentle order with
Its might, as if its might were right.

'Twas thus these sympathetic hills became
Partakers of the dismal days that fell
To Europe's lot, and thence to all the world.
The Redman's day had long since slept, and long
The tomahawk had fertilized the ground
Of Whiteman's garden plot. The sun shone well
On years full prosperous. Constructive plans
Engaged ambitious brain; and all the land
Was one perpetual smile of sweet content,
Undreaming of alarms, or ruthless death.

And then arose a prophet, born warlike,
Canadian, of French, Welsh, Scotch, and strong
With Irish blood— such mixture of contents
As well might fill the human soul with storms,
Such mixture as no human alchemist
Would plan, and never would give guarantee
Of human calm. Nor was he born for calm.
But from his birth, began his life-long fight
Against all elements, disease and want;
He fought for truth, as he deemed lasting truth;
He fought against the ignorance of creeds,
Or prejudices barring man's advance;
He fought as only lions fight, and men
Grew tired because he fought, while he fought on
Awearied of their lethargy, resolved
To rouse them to the fight. His fighting mood
Took in the compass of the world, and saw
The elements of greed inordinate.

He saw the balanced right of British plans,
Mixed though the iron might be with clay and sand;
He saw the evil of an untamed will,
Materialistic measurements of power,
Political designs Satanic grown.

'Twas not for nought he smelled sulphurous
smoke—

It stirred his soul, it fanned his speech to flame,
And like a war-trained steed, he fretted at
The bit. So spite of pleas, Discretion's pleas,
He prophesied; and from Pacific coast
We heard him unto Halifax. Men chafed
At breaking peace. "Who is this Saul?" they asked,
"That fain would stand among our prophet band?
The sky is clear. There is no thunderous cloud.
The night dreams must have fevered o'er his brain."
But e'er men knew—e'er warning breath coursed round,
The wild winds blew across the universe,
And galloped into swirling hurricanes.
Then weak men gasped. And strong men hurried to
The fray.

'Twas then this prophet militant,
Fed by Canadian air, of Liberty
The swarthy child, potentially
Well mated to environment, and nursed
To vigorous mode, approved himself the bright,
Outstanding star, within a stellar field
Of notables—each star an unquenched light
Set in our northern sky—or like to gold,
Ruby or amethyst, diamond excelled
Not anywhere, upspringing from the rocks
Canadian. Or if were pearls within
Our waters grown, then pearl beyond all price
Were he. As radiant sun, he was amid
The stars. Of ancient Mars most worthy child

Was he, and of this martial sword fit heir.
His was a master mind in that dark day.

From him leapt forth the lordly, potent word.
And from the western plain, or from the hills,
Poured forth responsive youth in numbers vast,
Beyond surmise, beneficent inclined,
With veins red hot, and massive British hearts.
Then too these wild Laurentian, granite heights,
Gave men as if of granite, trained in lore
Of portaging, and lumber camps, to whom
Rough fare was as the joyful breath of morn,
Whose "will to conquer" knew no human bounds.
Then by the far outpost, by cross-road, shack,
In hamlet hall, through village street, was heard
The roll of drum, the lusty bugle call
Till came a stream of brawny-muscled men.
Swift passed the word; the course of wakened life
More swiftly flowed, till broad St. Lawrence gleamed
With ships of war, as beams of dancing light,
All loaded with full thirty thousand men.

Then in that unguessed, wild-born day, the Seer
Beneficently smiled on children, grown
To men, fruit of his toilsome, Christian dreams,
And with his benedictions blessed the gift
He now would lay at sovereign feet to serve.

Ships may go out to sea in proud align,
Your furnaces may blow their massive steel,
Train-loads, mile-lengths, with prairie wealth, may
back
Your ardent, honest, well-dressed, vigorous sons,
Who go to fight your conscientious cause,
But where were all if not for such lone Seers?
If he sowed not, what hand had led your youth
At distant mother's call? If he lived not,

Prayed not, dreamed not, nor fasted oft, nor toiled,
Nor cast aside his comforts and his ease
To give a character to Canada,
Who would have stayed the rough-shod Beast of Puce
From sacrilegious tread across our land?
The crosses planted o'er at Mons, are such
As symbolize the crosses grown and loved
In youthful hearts, when Christ—adoring Seers
Found tortuous roads o'er rugged hills, unplanned,
And by the haunted swamps; or slept afield,
And fared them frugally, as others fared,
And wore the cross unseen.

BOOK II

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THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

When Time and Industry had wrought in league,
And many summers smiled upon the land,
Like bits of blue within a clouded sky
Small fields of green were dotted o'er the vales
Where forests stood—small fields, stump ridden, mute
Reminders of the stalwart rule of man.
And in those fields had risen the rude log huts,
Brown watchmen of civilian growth and gain,
The harbingers of that on-coming day
When quiet, lazy wreaths of curling smoke
From roofs with stove-pipe crowned, will give their place
To massive factories, climbing smokestacks,
Where throbbing crowds of city life submerge
In stifling masses of black bands of death.

Then mid these fields, where cross roads kissed and
smiled,
And where the deep-toned river swiftly rolled
And tumbled to fortuitous depths, mid rocks
Broadcast, unworn by myriad years of wash,
Unmoved by all attacks of age-long Force
In driven waters, ever dashing spray,
And roaring down the gorge resentful, since
None cared to utilize the virgin power—
There came the postman, and the little shop,
The village hall, the lumber mill, and then
The church with spire and bell; the school-house grew
Upon the hill, the flag pole reared its head
Amid the breezes, with the Union Jack.

By time, the Seer apprised himself of toil
That must ensue, to complement the work
Of all his parish folk, his toil for theirs,

His life for their essential life, his greed
To feed and win their souls, as theirs to win
Them produce of the earth.

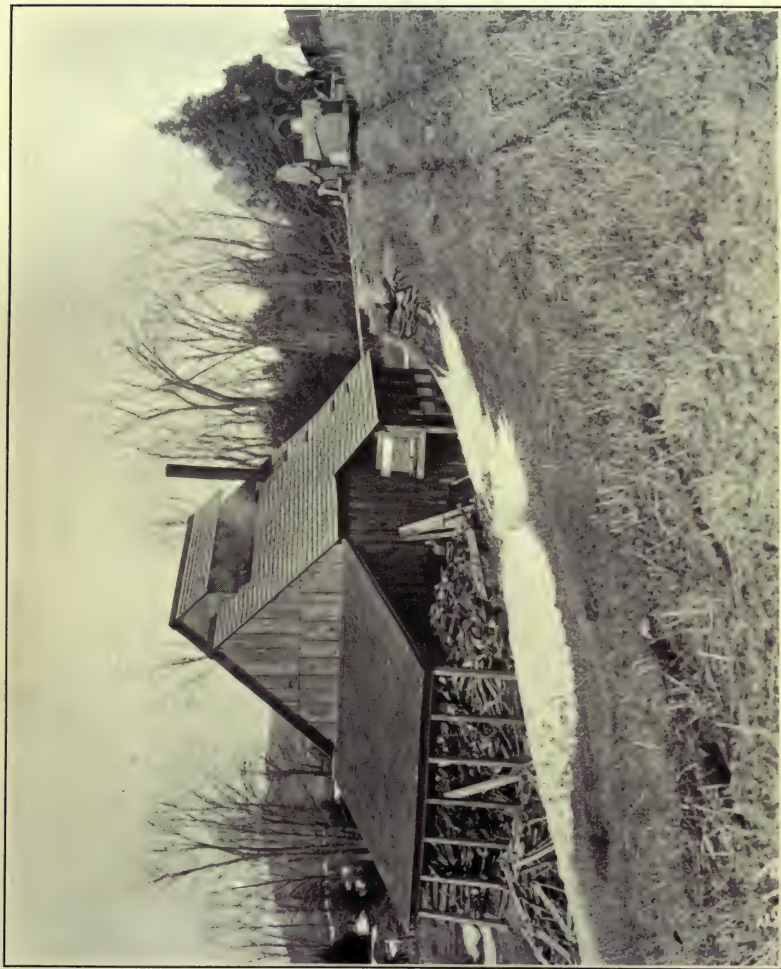
Whence to promote
Good spirit and pure growth, his bell called forth
The village heads—strong men, and gentle dames—
For conference on mutual help and cheer.

“ I would suggest,” he said, “ we form ourselves,
In this young town, into a family,
For mutual betterment. Especially
When winter days are short, and evenings long,
We need invigorations, from such minds
As live to congregate great truths for gift.
May-hap you will appoint Committees met,
And competent for programme purposes,
Who will add glory to our humble town.”

And then upspoke the village blacksmith:—“ I
Will move, six wisest souls of our select,
Shall now committee be, that by their plans,
Some months of social joys, with all that makes
Good intellectual life, shall be our lot;
That Thursday evening in each week, we meet,
From home to home; and on each evening, one
With gift of speech, shall tell, with gracious mood,
Some tale Canadian. Sixteen good tales
Will ease our wintertime. Now unto this,
I add—our President shall be the Seer
Who gathered us for this momentous hour,
To so consider plans for mutual good.”

“ Agreed! Agreed! ” all voices said.

And when
Next Thursday eve came round, expectant youth,
With elders grave, gave heed to mutual claims,
And met as had been planned, to hear and learn.



MAPLE SUGAR EVAPORATOR

“And dream of toil not less, but better paid,
With manhood’s kingly mien allowed, retained.”

NIGHT ONE—THE MAGISTRATE

“ I find ” the Seer announced, “ a programme full,
As rich as summer fields, nor need we lose
One winter’s hour in foolish idleness.
Our talent is so much, a rosebed seems
For fragrant airs, and as a mine of gold
For choice of knowledge that uplifts our age.
So many are our gifted friends—not now
Do I their names, or histories recite.
Methinks I shall need time, to gather up
The fruits of biographical research,
And bring ripe clusters of rich grapes, to cheer
Your hearts, and rouse your appetites, to crave
The feast of soul, each neighbour may extend.
So, saving time, myself, morelike, to save,
I make one presentation, as the tale
May fitly come.

And so this evening,
I introduce the doughty man, without
Whose rule our country could not well progress.
In Order lies our life; and honesty,
The rights of persons, public amity,
Depend upon the ruling, clear, correct,
Of him, we own as Magistrate, whose Court
Conserves our peace. An Editor, one time,
Both born and bred on England’s soil, he learned
The practise of his pen, the face of books,
But best—psychology of common men.
His story, now, shall be our first.”

THE MAGISTRATE'S STORY—THE SENATOR

“ My Fellow-townsmen and my Friends! I deem
Apologies I need not make, as first
Of all my neighbours, I begin this role
Of story-maker, for our mutual good.
I will but do my modest part, as all
Must likewise do; and since example plays
Such potent spell in all affairs of life,
I will conceive it best to guide myself
With thought of those succeeding to my place.

Nor will I weary you with what I may
Have read within the bearing of great books,
Since all may read therein; but as our arts
Of life are few, and most befitting 'tis
Plain people in plain clothing dress themselves,
So I will plainly speak of one whose name
Deserves our first brass tablet, if sometime
We build a Hall of Fame for heroes' names.

I knew him long. Our modern city knew
No better, when first pioneers trod streets
Scarce rescued from primeval mud. In days
When times were crude, he laid foundations, for
His work of life. A man of pious soul,
He ruled all business by his piety;
And claimed as writ for him engaged in toil,
All promises of God, as his by right.
He was a merchant with a merchant's care.
Nor did he deal for gain alone; he lent
His aid to honor every good of man.
And thus as hamlet grew to town, and thence
To city corporation came, he grew;
So also did his hand grow stronger, till
He ranked among the foremost citizens,
Conspicuous of form and enterprise.

It was a pleasure in those far-gone days
To see his dashing team of shining blacks,
With chains of bells on light-made sleigh, and robes
Of buffalo, go swinging out of town,
Then take the road that led across the lake
And off into the frozen swamp, and to
The lumber camps! He knew no coachman, save
Himself; nor envy followed him, for all
Men loved him well, his cheery soul and mood.
'Twas plain he was a merchant lumberman.
And well he knew the price of British goods,
And what the rafting of his logs would cost,
The time it took for floating to Quebec,
How mills would fare, and what the hazards of
The ocean freight—'twas long before our ships
Were moved by steam or water wheels, when wind
Was master of the sea, prolonged our stay.
Thus with his city store, his ocean freight,
His camps, yet genially he smiled. "Lord Mayor,"
They would have made him in old London town;
But here he was plain "Mayor," and well he wore
Insignia of office and his power.
Nor would he merit our remembrance now,
If this were all, for many other men
I ween, have done as well, and clothed themselves
With gain, luxuriously have lived; but he
Philanthropist, and Friend, deemed friendship, best
Embodiment of wealth, and better far
To have his river filled from many streams
Of joy, that sprang from springs in human hearts,
Perhaps too deep for speech, yet found their way
To him, than that his spring of happiness
Were but himself, and all its source run dry
As he grew old. So wealth became his means
To propagate Canadian ways. He built
Where marble rich exposed itself.
A church he reared of marble white and blue,

And gave it free to those who would enshrine
Christ's graces in their hearts. Factory and forge
He built. Made plans for streets and homes and
schools.

Then with his eye alert to Nature's wealth,
And possibilities of fertile brain,
He came to our far North, and saw our Falls,
And saw the water power so profligate,
Prodigious too, a mile of power, a waste,
Where might be roused man's sleeping aptitudes,
And here he built him mills, and named our town,
While yet there was no town; and all his work
Was wrought in faith. What sight it was to see
Him hale, beyond his three score years and ten,
Traverse this land by long-drawn routes of stage,
And what good grace his presence ever brought!
Well did the State extol his name at large,
And "Senator" ordain he be enrolled
At Ottawa. And when his four score years
Were perfected, I saw him, honorable,
Still at his desk, within the State Red Room,
Untainted, incorruptible, a man
Of trust, whom well our young might emulate.
His name I need not mention now, for you,
But for the sake of future youth, I crown
This brief oration, short eulogium
With record from Canadian Senate Roll,
Of Billa Flint, the Honorable."

"Good!" "Good!"

Exclaimed the audience, as if one soul
Had moved them all. And long applause made clear
What deep sincerity their verdict marked.
Then, evening benediction did the Seer
Pronounce; and homeward went his flock in peace.

NIGHT TWO—THE BUSHRANGER

“Once more I greet you all,” so said the Seer.
“The night is one, when in her own white light,
The coldly smiling moon, doth well behold
Our land, beholding where the carpet of
First fallen snow, thin spreading, doth full hide
Some inequalities, and ugliness
Of earth. It is a night when sympathy
Seems most akin to earth-born silences,
When gospel love is fittest for our rule,
Both day and night; exacting law, cold born,
Is banished from our mood.

Tonight our friend,
Who takes his place of power, may scarcely know
To what far lengths his tale may reach. So oft
Unto his forest wilds, our friend is gone,
So seldom is he in our midst, we can
Well prize his art and speech, and comely face
Tonight. Tonight, I introduce to you
Bushranger Jones. If any one has pluck,
'Tis he. For duties are imperative
That call him far into the forest wilds—
Perhaps some forest fires incipient to quench;
Some poachers masquerading stealthily,
Thieves from the government of valued game,
Or timber cut without the stumping dues;
And 'tis his duty to confront, detain
Such miscreants when he is lone, and they
Are handed, armed. Or if on peaceful walks
He takes his way, it is to harvest facts
Of what the timber wealth upon the land
May be, and fortify the government
For trade. We oft times lonely feel, afar

From trade's turmoil, but what of him, who goes
Day in, day out, and quite alone, through miles
Of bush, wolf-haunted? Free, tonight, he comes
To join our cheer, and make some respite for
His long-strained nerves. Speak on, good friend! "



MAPLE SUGAR BUSH, SAP GATHERING
"This ground, with maple wood luxuriant."

THE BUSH-RANGER'S TALE—UNCLE JOHNNIE

“ The kindness of our Seer, is more than I
Deserve—far more than works of mine have shown
They merited. What shall I best relate?
Of lakes and rivers, would you have me speak?
Hair-breadth escapes from forest fiends portray?
Or give you dissertations fluently
On forestry? Or would you learn of rocks,
And where our mineral wealth may lie about—
So turbulent our wishes for great wealth
Without too much of work? Or if my mood
Be gentler framed, perhaps of flowers, wild flowers
Of Canada, you would have pleasant speech?

I am not scholar learned, and if such themes
You crave, I plead your books will give you hours
Of cultured thought. I turn to other ways.

Philosopher of Greece, I think it was,
Propounded long ago, the homely theme,
“ Man is the greatest study for a man.”

Now, so it is that in my solitudes
I study most myself, that when I meet
A man, I seem to know his laws of life,
And I am knit unto his comrade heart.

’Twas thus I came to know one, known through all
The countryside, as “ Uncle Johnnie.” He
A Yorkshireman by birth, by years of life
Confirmed in Yorkshire quaintnesses, had found
His way to hew, and clear a backwoods farm.
And since his nephews and his nieces came
To share with him, or all the neighbourhood

Was kin, and fathered by him, he was known
And loved as "Uncle Johnnie."

When this vein
Of human sympathy reports itself
By kindly deeds, or ever-loving speech,
It does but seem, we reach the golden doors,
The portals to life's sweetest happiness,
Or where the selfishness of human hearts
Is exorcised, and God in love comes near.

A theologian was our Uncle John,
A common-sense philosopher, but when
We mooted politics, his face was grave
As 'twere a sphinx, and silence ruled the day.
How he might vote, no one should ever know.
Such jarring discords as embitter life
He steadfastly ignored; peacemaker was
His heaven-born role.

One day he built a house
As one might think a Yorkshireman would do,
In all appearances, in size and plan
Of modest, unpretentious art. But face
It must the east, and all the northern end
Was one blank wall resisting northern cold.

Now, when this house was built, and snow fell on,
Or rains descended copiously, our John
Would talk theology, benignly smile
At thought of controversial strife, and show
How widest systems could be reconciled;
And this is how:—John's house was built on ground
That sloped away southward, and part went west,
And part went east. So when the water fell
From ridge of western roof, it formed a stream
That sought its level down the western slope,
Until it joined a hurrying creek, and miles

Away it lost itself within the depths
Of great St. Lawrence. Likewise, when the rain
Fell off from eastern roof, it also ran
Unto the eastern glen, and to the creek
That came from farther north, and hurried on
To share the joys of river of the east.
Our great St. Lawrence gave her heart to these
Two youthful, gay, and lawless, strong recruits;
Nor when they dipped their brows some miles apart,
Could these two streams, and many others like,
Maintain their own lone way—like floods of truth
They rushed with mighty waterway, into
The everlasting, neverfailing sea.

‘Just so’ would Uncle Johnnie say with glee,
‘John Calvin, and Arminius, both drew
From God their light; their thoughtful floods roved far
Apart, and bred contentions fierce; and men
Have bravely died for what they deemed the truth.
Freewill and Sovereignty both rise in Right,
From Whom they flow—two rivers of calm life.
All mighty currents of essential truth
Sprang from one Source, All-love, the Infinite,
Eternal Right.’

Such was our John’s glad mood,
And purposeful theology. Now when
Philosophizing was his trend, and of
The neighbourhood he took more careful view,
He ministered a stimulant to those
Who happy only were when miserable,
Who fed their minds on ghouls, inhabiting
Their neighbour’s sky.

‘I once did cross the sea,’
The common-sense philosopher would say,
‘And one day as we sailed along, I saw

The Captain and First Mate concerned
About some object far to port. And then
To tripod, where high-mounted stood the glass,
And each made clear his eye, they came to span
The distance, so their mutual thought was one.

Then did I think, and climb, until I too
Stood by that glass. I swung it over sea.
I read the measure of the ship, and men.
And I was glad. But as I drew the glass
To normal mode, I chanced by ends reversed,
To place attention to the greater end,
And to my great amaze, I saw within
The loft, the men were pigmies climbing threads,
The glass made big or small, according as
Which end I chose to use. Now since that day
I find that ills of life, calamities
Oft more imagined than embraced, are but
Extravagant inventions of the brain
Outlandish grown by too much power to see.
And neighbourhoods oft lose their harmonies
When critic's telescope is turned about,
So little ills are magnified. Our peace
Is more destroyed by want of due regard
To balanced rights, perspective undiseased,
Than by fierce fevers of the human heart;
And men were brothers more, ten times confirmed,
Did each but turn inspection's light
Upon himself, with rays most scrutinous,
Than seek the motes within another's eye.

My Friends! my time is come. To you I do
Commend, our Uncle John, and wish you all
Abundant peace."

"Swift arrow driven home"

Exclaimed a ploughman, drawing up his breath.

"That may be so, but this I do contend,
Lest I forget, Bush-ranger Jones, has done
Right well, and earned our gratitude's encore.
He has been seeing men. We thank him all
With clap of hands." So spake the carpenter.

Then there was long applause.

NIGHT THREE—THE EDITOR

“What could we do without an Editor?
Full oft our tired patience hath exclaimed:—
‘The printer surely hath a devil,’ and
Were’t not for rev’rence laid upon our sense,
And danger of ecclesiastic doom,
Well might we use a speech more like to that
Of black, than white winged sprites invisible;
Such rude things will these printers say, for those
Who write, such crude things for the few who read,
In part perhaps, because there are so few.

When appetites are coarse, so is the fare
Which cooks indifferently prepare. And still,
We do lament for those far times, well gone,
When knowledge could not be so cynical,
And common people treasured up their skill
In other arts than how to criticize.
The blackest night would be agreeable
Than that dark age when editors were not,
Since night is but of few hours length till dawn;
But then ’twas time uncertain, and its length
Intolerable.

Our modern press hath brought
Its blessings to all sorts of folk. Sometimes
There was not wanting he who made a choice
To ban and burn one style of sacred book,
As once men did in Ephesus, and when
The press could not be stayed the Bible then
Was burned; but now that book protects the press,
Until where village schools arise, the press
Appears conjointly, there the Bible grows,
Conservitor of tongues. And if the world



FRENCH RIVER RAPIDS

“The rapids hear you coming with your calm.”

Is large, and we remote, like crystal springs
Within an arid waste of land, or like moist drops
Of air impelled within our fevered lungs,
So is our local press; and he who reads
And writes for us, nor measures time by hours,
Is public benefactor, worthy of
Affection's highest praise."

Thus did the Seer
Address his audience on that third night
And make the way auspicious bloom, as June
Rejoices in her flowers, for him elect
To entertain us in our conference
On Thursday night. And since our Editor
Was man of many parts, we justly knew
His sense to trust, and knew that wisdom's flow
Would know no stint, and diction no arrest;
And that to us would fall the happy art
Of well framed heed to meritorious speech.

THE EDITOR'S STORY—THE PIONEERS

“ If 'twere my lot, like clown to fool your sense,
Or like the children's friend, with fairy tales
To while away our hour, I might attain
Unto such ends, win some renown, and then
Would need profess apologies; for time
Like gold, is medium of our best exchange,
And adds its increment to those, most wise,
Who wisest use his gold—besprinkled wings.

Or were I heavier grown in thought, and brought
You stores of learning, from the archives of
This land, what revellers we might become!
How then we'd follow from the dawning light
To glowing, growing noon—a noon that long
Shall last! Then Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac,
Would tempt our fairest speech to grace their deeds,
Their courage, enterprise, and government.
Or men perchance of equal vein, who blazed
The way to commerce, factories, and farms,
And crowned our latest pinnacle of trade
With visions of a world-wide mart—these men—
Macdonald, Brown, Mackenzie, Blake, or Howe,
Cartier the second, Papineau, keen men,
Who wore their honors seriously, and wrought
Convictions into deeds, or Laurier,
With men of east, and men of west, the lords
Of mines and forests, seas, pathfinders o'er
The prairie, mountain top, through trackless woods,
Or Education's wider way, in reach
Of world-gauged power—such men who framed the
land,
Who built the land, and left us halls of fame

To people with our souls—these hold out hands
As richly filled as any harvester,
And bid us take their store and utilize.

But I will come to lesser stock, who thrive
Unheard by noisy towns, unseen by great
Emprise, yet lay foundations for the State;
Nor ever shall our land forget their deeds.

Two Pioneers shall shape my theme tonight,
And how they ran away from God and men,
And yet were found by God through one brave man.

Wise Champlain found swift rivers, bays and lakes—
We'll not despise our smaller inland gems
Which live mid granite hills, and grace the land
As smilingly as islands to the south
Adorn St. Lawrence ways. Just think with me
Of Hall and Boskung, Twelve Mile, Maple Lake,
Mountain, and Horseshoe, Kushogmagimog,
Long Lake, and Stoney, Cross Lake, Gull—the land
Is all alive with lakes and kind, a paradise
Restored, for hunters, fishermen, and such
As love sweet solitude from jarring sounds.

One summer morn, when moderate sun was young,
The lakes as when a washed face smilingly
Looks up, the breezes as of loving tones
That whisper confidentially, and all
The land was hushed religiously—from where
The portage opens up the way to hope,
There by the southward bend, music arose
Heard not since Redman's rule, the splash of oars,
The rhythm of their beat according with
And echoing through the narrow tubes of air,
Till with the promise of increasing light
Two boatmen came, to view the virgin scene.

Their names were fragrant with suggestiveness
Of work—John Brown and Timothy Ordeal—
Well-muscled men, solid, hard-handed men
Were they, long used to tasks for giant strength;
Their hearts were stout with courage as the oaks
Upon the hills were made to brave the seas.

Oh how they drove that boat like sharpened knife,
Clean through the hurrying waters splendidly!
At home they knew themselves with boat and oars.
But how the perfume of the mighty land,
Which lies in fertile leagues, and forest crowned
Affects their nostrils! Sharp, swift strokes for oars,
But eyes ablaze, and head erect, nor speech
Assails the mellow music of the strokes.
The rhythmic intervals their ears note not,
So much each soul is wakened by the call
Of this vast wilderness of luscious life,
To love the simple way that leads to joy,
And ardent, honest toil, enriching soul
With zest.

Now mark their way to landing place,
Where, first of every new-born day, the face
That welcomes love by overflowing light
And smiles of cheer, should shine on them, as up
Above the eastern hills he clove his way.

And as they land they laugh—a long, free laugh—
And then like boys from school, they cheer, until
The forest echoes with applause, and they
Nor ever heard a gladder music than
The travelled tones—luxuriant tones—begot
Of their free souls, where they were all of man.

And now they set their shoulders to the task.
The sun is growing, and as surely, night

Is stealthily upon his heels, and with
The night a prowling, bellowing world may close
Them round. Protection for themselves must be
The first of laws for men, new-rooting, where
There is no written law, or were it writ,
No conscience to observe it, and their lone
Defence the mightier muscles of their arms.

So, whack! and crash! 'Chip!' 'Chop!' 'Chip!'
 'Chop!' New thrills
Bestir the squirrel folk; and instantly
A family council is convened, and much
Concern is voiced in snappy, jerky tones.
'Who are these rough marauders of our realm?'

But 'Chip!' and 'Chop!'—the blows resound
 again,
Nor heed of family councils holds the hands
That barter sweat for time. 'Chip!' 'Chop!'
 'Chip!' 'Chop!'
So ho! The chips do fly! And 'c-r-r-rack, crash-h-h!'
 'Thud-d!'
And then with swifter strokes, these pioneers,
Address themselves like nimble youths, and glad,
And court a shack to grow from logs of pine.

What if they had professors' creeds discerned,
Who 'Biogenesis' with warmth declaimed?
Not now from fallen trees doth house arise,
Nor doth a chimney pot beget itself
As fairies might—that pretty harmless crowd
Of make-believes—but life from life they show,
And gain from loss, and rest from labour sown.

And so their heads and hands, new powers thrust
Into the older order of this land,
And men, not land, create the little shack.

And when that miracle of toil is wrought,
They view it with delight, as once they viewed
Their dreams wrought in the sands of England's shore.
'To British ships of war, to jolly tars, Goodbye!'
Quoth Brown. 'And Time has played us fair, thus far.
Quebec, and all thereof, are far behind;
And what may please us better still, we're far
Ahead. 'Twere good, if out of sight we're out
Of mind. Quebec may search for us at will.
'Deserters' they shall advertise in vain.
Within these wilds, as free-born citizens,
We live, as doth the bear or wolf, to roam
At large, with all this world our theatre,
And all the sky our roof; with these sweet boughs
Like garlands of perfume, to hide our nest.

Then those pure waters shall expurge our tracks
And foil detective eyes. A berth, as tough
As blue-jacked men can prize—we've left it well
For some raw youths to fill. Nor do we fail,
Though on the land we live, in loyalty
To queen or king. We'll not forget our flag.
Perhaps these laughing squirrels yet may learn
Our red and white and blue, and silence keep,
When flies our Union Jack. Or else we teach
That all this land is ruled by British blood;
And what we failed to win by arts of war,
We'll do by peace, and cultivate new stores,
New commerce plan, devise new highways east—
And some day swell our Empire's greatness.'

So spake John Brown, a prophet bigger grown
Than was his prophecy, as soul outgrows
The lust for bread, or dollars drift to dust,
When mind assumes to rule with broad outlook;
When men look up to see what they may be

Or do, more than to have, and estimate
The worth of life by earnestness of blood,
That toiling makes endowment, and more joy
For all of fellow men.

And then spake Tim:—
' Somehow we'll live. Our lakes are full, and so
These forests are a treasure house of food.
Old Pharoah never needed Joseph, had
His despot hand ruled land as good as this.

This ground, with maple-wood luxuriant,
Must have an innate strength, and wheat 'twill yield
Unto surprise, as good as ever grew
For man. And then our heritage is bliss.

But how do we with all this land contrive?
Some law of natural right we must observe,
The claim of those who know not yet their claim;
Nor is it meet to dogmatize, on more
Than any one can brighten with his toil.
That we of all our race should chance to find
This paradise, and all the rest as tramps
And beggars, live within a wilderness,
Is more assumption of conceit, than doth
It seem good sense. Some day some other folk
Will crowd upon our steps, and then we'll build
Society on honest toil, and rights
In equal terms expressed, with cheerful love
That slights no service claimed for brotherman.

Perhaps we may philosophize; some sense
Of art, and poetry adapt unto
Our toil, and save our souls from drudgery.
But e'en Religion shall admit to us
There is no heaven beyond, if none we build
By love on earth. Love knows no fruits whose seeds

It has not sown on soil of toil-worn life.
Some things we've left behind, perhaps for good—
The Parson's speech, fantastic schemes,
And dreams of saving souls, that churches laud,
While minding little of the body's need,—
Ethereal aims that know no practical
Approach, and make religion like some bank
Wherein accounts may be (we never see
But always hope to have)—all this we've left.
Society will have no troubles here.
Religion shall be free of frills. Our work
Shall give us meat; good conscience bread; and rest
When labour is achieved, shall be our best
Reward. We're safe! No need to fear, unless
We mark when eveningtime might close us round
Without a habitation for defence.
Our blood is much too good for forest beasts;
Let's faster work.'

Methinks cathedrals' bells

Ne'er rang with richer joy for tired hearts,
Than did the blows of axes these two men
Swung mid the trees, and flying chips encored
Their morning wish.

These men were run-aways.

Mayhap the voice of conscience, echoed in
Their hearts, and made them zealous of good works,
If thus atonement for desertion, they
Might offer to the gods; or like such souls
Might tender as good coin, in kind, such deeds
As reparations seem to make.

How e'er

That be, their keenly cutting blows, brought down
The giants to the earth; and ere the day
Had passed, there grew a shack of fragrant logs,

Well jointed, rigged, and trim, both spacious, strong.
And then to furniture of rustic sort
Gave they good skill, nor ever house was fit
For pride, as had these pioneers, when day
Was nearing end, and chairs had substitutes
In slabs of pine, with boughs of trees for legs;
And bedstead fit for Gog, had grown from poles
Of pine, with fragrant branches—healthful drugs—
And sweeter sense than chemist's art could give,
Or eiderdown of millionaire.

The day

Was waning, and the sinking sun, behind,
Was casting lengthened lines athwart the lake,
Yet lingering in the silences, as when
A lover says 'Goodbye,' yet hardly means
To go, but waits another while. And then
Both John and Tim were taking stock of scores
So won that day; and foresight made, as men
When wise, of morrow's means and enterprise.
They drank the music of the forest choir
Of eveningtime; or resting, sat or lolled
Upon the lakeside shore, as one in dream
Who may not hold the things he seems to see,
Or fears to cease his gaze, lest visions melt—
So they o'er-viewed the shadowing waters of
The golden way whence they had come.

And now

While sunlight waits upon the farthest crests
Of far-flung hills, what sight—what sound is this?
'What is it Jack,' Tim asked with bated breath.
'Think you our game is played? May we not have
A kingdom to ourselves, content ourselves
With solitude? It is a boat, well set
Upon its course, and rounding out its way
As we have come. Some human god has found
Our scent afar, and tracked us to our lair.

See! Bare his head!—some winds have coveted
His gear. If saint, or sinner, he has need
To spend this night from harm, and if he come
With king's own Orders, and would prisoners make,
Our shack shall be our prison house, and he
Our gaoler while we sleep. So ho! his boat
Strikes shore!

I may not stay to tell you all
The Hatless Rover said that night. His King
Was Christ. He was a missionary. His heart
Besought all men obedient subjects to
Become to King of kings. Nor would he grant
As missionary, that any say in truth
They ever lived within the forest wilds
Nor Christ's Own found and met their need.

'Twas thus
These men who thought from civilizing light,
To hide, yet civilize their new domain,
Were drawn to welcome, feed, and lodge the man
Of Christ, the hatless searcher after men,
A Parson, whom they once would class with all
Of parsons, 'sanctimonious,' 'insincere';
Who proved that preachers are but men of men,
Deny themselves, when opportunity
May will, and seek for those, who wish profound,
To be as prodigals, far off and lost.

Now when in later years, the wheat was grown,
Or kine came lowing home from luscious fields,
When lawns were reaching far, and hilltops raised
Their golden heads above the forest range,
Or folks had multiplied, and formed a cult
Of agriculture, then the wise ones smiled;
They called themselves 'Society.' They smiled
Into a laugh, and joked the grey-grown men,



AT WILBERFORCE, ONT.

"Around the Lake
Lay favoured clearances"

The pioneers, and told the children round
How Parson found the men who ran away."

"Than which a better hunt the parson scarce
Would ever have," said neighbour White.

"Nor did
Two runaways e'er leave a better track
To sweet remembrances of those, who live
To learn their deeds, and all their kinship show.
And well our Editor hath shown his skill,
As well have we improved our leisure hour.
I do propose, in honor of this night,
Shall fly continually the Union Jack
From School and Post, and Council Chamber Hall.
'Tis good our children know we proudly boast,
And fly the flag 'That for a thousand years,
'Has braved the battle and the breeze'."

To which
The company prolonged applause did give.

NIGHT FOUR—THE PROSPECTOR

“Of all good men, ne’er let us overlook
Prospectors manifold. As Time again
Inviteth us to sip the nectar of
His avenues, it is my gladdened task
To speed this evening’s story-teller on
His happy way.

But first, the title hath
Some reservations, to beget due force
Of form, and application’s habit right.
All men will search for prospects, and none more
Than he who knows tomorrow’s bread doth rise
By leaven begotten of to-day’s emprise.
And some implore High Heaven His will to make
Unto their crediting; and some despise
His plans, and base all findings on their own
Dark enterprise. I deem him safest, then,
Who joins unto his willing energy, the gift
Of counsel Infinite, Allwise, and makes
A partnership between poor poverty
And riches uncompounded—man working,
God leading him, advising him the way,
And filling up his basket from His store.

“I have,” so said our Seer, “to introduce
Tonight, Prospector, who will make you know
How gifts divine and manifold, depend
For their improvement on the enterprise,
Investigation, and experiments
Of our diviner selves. So let him speak.”

And then Prospector rose.

“ I think myself
Most happy, Mr. President,” began
Our friend, “ to meet intelligence so rare,
As here I find myself confronted with.
You needs must know I travel far afield,
And many are the units, human kind,
To which I give some observation, and
Some pondering, for settlement of doubts
Anent the sanity, the fickleness,
Or utter foolishness, the blindness real,
And base mentality, of those, supposed
To make and beautify, enrichen earth,
And bless themselves.

THE PROSPECTOR'S STORY—PROSPECTORS

So let me speak right on.

Dreams may come true; but some may dream in vain,
Dreams clogged by clouded brain, o'erheated by
Base appetite; or idlers make their dreams'
Fulfilments then impossible. 'Twas thus
With one who loved his ease, nor exercised,
For love of those eight little ones, the hope
Of States and Governments. The State had said:—

'Full sixty and one hundred acres shall
This man possess, by title deed, upon
Condition that he does deposit one
Five dollar bill, and adding thereunto
His work, to build a house wherein to live,
And five and twenty acres fallow ground
To clear, and cultivate, within five years.'

Well, scarce four years had passed, when this man
heard
Electric words—beneath his little house
Lay stores immense of ore magnetic formed.

'Twas true! The needle dipped where ever test
Was made. 'Twas found that in a wilderness
Of thirty miles, by every compass point,
Ontario possessed ore fields of iron
Invaluable. And then, as always was,
Some doubted, some believed. But one there was
Who, in a village unpretentious grown,
Would hasten to the thread-bare sitting room
Wherein team drivers seeking hotel space,
Night after night would gather with their news.
And while the caching teams, for morrow's haul

Prepared their lusty selves, this butcher learned
Their secrets from loquacious, well-drunk men.
And then a vision thrilled his wakened soul.
A king of iron fields he'd make himself!
While others dreamed or guessed, he wrought or
planned.

He interviewed the government with cash.
One Thousand Dollars, clean and cold, he placed
Upon deposit in their registers, to stand
Against the day when he might place his claims
For mineral rights, or free grant lands. Then home
He journeyed quietly. Nor knew a man
The deep things that this one head planned each night
As teamsters talked, and quietly he learned.
He learned what men had found—the numbered lots,
Location—all the news excitement gave;
Then slipped from hotel to the telegraph.
Oh, wildly grew the talk of settlers there
Within those far removed concession lines!
To each a heavy stone was as a piece
Of precious gold; discovery was all
The same as if the treasure lay in heaps
Of banker's bills.

This butcher's Scottish head
Made quick his feet; and quicker went his word
Unto Toronto offices, until
Ten thousand acres stood to credit of
His wit and work.

And yet our Socialists
Would claim all men should equal be, and while
One man is taking ease, another thinks
And acts upon his thought; yet unto him
Who opens up the land, no honor give,
Nor would they own advantage as his right.

From such I do dissent. But now it fell
That chief of all the iron magnetic beds,
Was on the farm of one who loved his ease.
And since he loved so well, he lightly held
The value of his landed interests.

'Give me the deed of all the rest, and add
Beside, one hundred dollars premium,
And you may make reserve of all that field
Where lieth iron ore. Mayhap, for you
'Tis good; to me 'tis no concern—I cannot dig.'
So spake the man of ease and little worth.

'Twas Esau's days again, when rights were sold
To feed the stomach for a day. Thus men
Have done throughout the ages, and 'tis thus
Improvement comes to benefit and bless
Our common kind.

So did a railroad reach
That far lone place, to carry ore 'tis true,
But carrying people too, it added to
Their joy of life, and thus more inwardly
Their wealth upbuilt; so think I to this day
'Twas share and share alike.

But time forbids
I tarry with my compliments for all
Whose knowledge ranks as assets to the State,
Who doubly bless our social order by
Discovery to our sense of what we have,
And then expound, improve utilities.
So oft despised, they are the makers of
Our wealth. 'Tis they who make us capitalists,
More goods providing than we needs must use,
And so enabling intercourse between
Our State and others on more commerce bent.

The Nation, spending less than she has earned,
And opening the treasuries of wealth
Inherited from Providence, cannot
But grow in capital; and spite of talk
That pompous orators may propagate,
This doth promote good government, spreads seed
From which a harvest of employment grows
For honest folk who work.

And thus I add
My little to the Nation's wealth and power,
If one day I investigate the gold
Of Marmora, or Madoc's hematite;
Bore through galena beds in Tudor hills;
Or mica in the wastes of Addington;
Or Coppercliff explore; Cobalt exalt;
Molebdenite of Pontiac make known
With Nova Scotia's steel and ample coal;
Asbestos, or corundum beds, rich clays,
Potential limestone belts—cementine banks—
And marbles beautiful for builder's choice—
These I exhibit, and invite the world
To come; so do I make my country known.
Perhaps I go a fishing as I once
On hunting went, and up by Labrador
Forget my fishing, and go delving where
Some day the rand of diamonds will lie bared.
Oh ! all this old Laurentian land a chest
Of loaded wealth, is packed and piled and banked
For our inheritors, responsible.

I have one little tale with which to end,
Perhaps to give some point and reason to
My dreams. Beneath the sea, a colony
Of oysters once lived peacefully, or dreamed
Their easy life, unknown to all the world,
Within Mud Bottom town. Mud was their world,

The playground of their sport. Obtrusive light
It hid them from, befriending modesty,
And satisfying stomach's trifling claims.
Ah! 'twas a blissful innocence they lived—
Those oysters in mud-bottom ignorance!

One day it came to pass that carbonate
Of lime, more than is usual to the kind,
Had silted into one young oyster's frame,
Put heat into his life, and courage woke,
Compounded then some venturesome conceit,
And set his mite of brain on plans to work.

He dared one moment to look up. That was
A fatal look, for light was floating down
Through waters overhead, and darkness dwelt
In mud. Forthwith resolve he formed. The gleam
He would obey. So notifying none
He yielded to the charm, and upward sailed
Enjoying light, and still more light as climbed
He higher up, until he found a rock
Whereon to rest and meditate. And there
Comparisons he made, advantage saw
Of freedom born of light.

And so he lived
And grew most happily. Then wakened he
To Charity's remorse. This life of light
Was far too large for solitary self,
And love remembered those entombed below.
Unto Mud Bottom would he yet return,
Reveal the light now found, declare the joy
Of liberty, advantages of rocks
Against inertia of mud-bottom life;
Persuade an emigration of the wise
And energetic youth of oysterdom.

Alas ! The marks and ways of light were wrought
Within his frame. Adaptability
To mud was lost. He was corrupted by
His new outlook—dead to his older self,
And lost to all who loved the older life.
Nor would the dwellers of the mud attend
His eloquence, or heed his sympathies.
His tears were wasted in the brine and mud.
Old oysters clung to mud, as barnacles
Might cling to them; 'twas better happiness
In mud than starting pilgrimage unto
Some goal of discontent with restlessness,
And Aspiration's never ending prod.

The colony was roused in self-defence
Of tastes inherent from their birth, to drive
The renegade from out their midst, as one
A mischief maker bound to be. In fact
'Twas questioned if he longer lived as they,
An oyster true, or had he evolutionized?

'Expel him' was the cry, and all the tribe
Made mud their voting sign—a sea of mud—
And for a moment covered him.

Regret,
A goddess guiding unto better ways,
And joy, who guaranteed his blessedness,
Attended him, as once more Light's pure gleam
Gave ample room for kingdom of his own
Upon a rock.

I need not moralize,
But bid the State and all to see the Gleam,
And follow to the perfect day of power
And excellence."

“ If I may add a word
Before we part,” so spake the President,
“ I think you will agree, we make good way.
This is a fishy story that we have
This night, but good unto our brain, and more,
It never hath before been told. Some pride
Of authorship we may beget ere end
Of all our literary dreams is reached.
A high ideal Prospector briefly sets,
And you who meditate your quiet way
Tonight, indebtedness consider, and
Repay by equal enterprise, some date
To be yet set. Good-night ! ”

NIGHT the FIFTH—THE POSTMASTER

" Scarce rang the bell across the mothering snow,
And slower had our recreative thoughts their flow
Begun to take, to swing like pendulum
From rounds of care and pandemonium,
To intellectual spheres of calm and peace
Where character grows strong as thoughts increase,
Or freedom glories in her bigger world
Than slavery to wealth e'er yet unfurled
Upon Wealth's pictured flag—when all thought turned
To wondering what, this night, should next be learned
From our high class attempts—how programme might
Add merriment of soul to warming light,
And what new scheme our story teller's thought
Would show, what new design he might have wrought
To wake our consciences, our dreams to clear,
And clarify our social atmosphere."

" Responsibility is well-grown Chief
Tonight, outstanding, as in bold relief
Of sculptured art, and ordering our use
Of opportunity, without abuse,
Shall tend to make us wiser, stronger far
Than heretofore, outshining as the star
Amid the darkness of our clouded times,
If so to earth from heaven there reach the chimes
Of angel choirs, and gain the ears of men,
Then move them to aspire, be gods again,
And through us follow gleams of light to day
Full grown, as August sun rewards sweet May."

" I may not tarry to construct my rhymes,"
So said our President, " but note our times
Call for great deeds, strong courage, and wise faiths,

To guide our State amid the waves, past wraiths
Of ignorance, intolerance, that threat
Impetuously, our peace, our life to fret,
Or lose our Nation in oblivion."

" My privilege 'tis, just now, to call on one,
Wide read, well-travelled, and well-taught and tongued;
Of English birth, through Europe broadly sunned;
Who finds a nobler clime in western sphere,
Canadian soil more free, her skies more clear,
And brings his knowledge of seven languages
As guarantee, against miscarriages
Of postal enterprise. I therefore call
Upon our postmaster to thrill this Hall."

Then mid applause up rose our citizen.
First place had he in number of his tongues,
And not to second place need go for strength of lungs.
Of stature, medium height; complexion rich
In tokens of good health; eyes radiant
With joy; and all the lower face and chin
Bespeaking generousness—his fellowship
Was sure and unalloyed with guile. Upon
His square-built brow there lay, straight drawn, the
lines
Betokening his thoughtful mood and pose.
Applause he recognized with quiet smile
And bow, and greeted all his auditors
With friendly eye and warm. Then spake he well:—

The POSTMASTER'S STORY—ELDORADO

"What time we read of Orellana's dreams,
If 'twere not something worse, what land of gold
He claimed between the Amazon and where
The Orinoco flowed, in richness lay,
We may have coveted. The Spaniard through
Our English Raleigh, lived again, and life
To El Dorado came, with yellow bloom,
And gold fields grew like fabled dreams of youth.
Since then, how have the racers hasted to
Their doom; they would be rich, and pierced them-
selves
With sorrows manifold.

One day the word
Went forth, Canadian soil, Ontario rocks
Had gold undreamed. An Eldorado marked
Canadian maps ere men well knew their thoughts.
'Tis strange, this love of gold, this craze within
Distempered blood, begetting such exploit
As sinks all estimate of life, takes chance
As with the dice, and life will give for gold!
Oh, how men drove from far, sailed seas, endured
From southern climes to go far north, to brave
The rigors of Canadian snows—sold all,
Spent all, if more than all they might achieve!
How grew that town as grow night's dreams distort!
Where men had ploughed the rocks, huge shafts were
sunk
To ascertain the measure of the gold.
Machinery gave breath of life, where folks
Somnolent, had lodged. A town of boards
Without an architect, without a priest,
Without a steady hand, grew up, as grows

The mushroom in a night. And then the name
Of Eldorado came to grace our maps,
And postal guides!

But that was all! Saw you
That camp Assyrian? Sennacherib
And host gregarious, complacent, fat,
And deep in sleep, with dreams of conquest rare
Upon their brows, asleep, no more to fight,
Except the little handful with the king
Who fled, bewildering tales to tell at home,
How all the camp was still, and martial night
Was never laid more prone—there had they said
Their pompous words, built tents, made plans, formed
rules,
By which a holy city should expire,
Assyrian empire should swell big, their boast
The terror of small faith. But that was all!
The breath of God had swept along their way;
And in the light of smiling morn, what dreams
The sleepers smiled upon! How calm the scene
When war would rage no more! How well they slept,
That mighty, God-defying host! The camp was there—
The great man's weakness, not his boasted prize!

So doth our Eldorado stand—Time's cure
Awaiting, till he rot the boards, or grow
The green upon the rubbished heaps. The dream
Of roseate evening time, maturer grew
In some Elysian isle, but never here.
It was as if awaking from a night's debauch.
Men found no wealth of gold, but gained their loss
Of all the gold that once they had, and gained
Great sorrow and more sense, then left a site
Where might have been a town, but where the owls
Now lodge among the empty barns, and weeds
Luxuriate.

In Europe's eastern parts
I knew the famished folk, the unfed brain,
The aspirations dwarfed, the hopeless toil,
The slavery to caste, the sunless heart.
And then there came God's messenger, a man
Who pictured life where children might rejoice,
Where fathers might for toil find happy sleep,
Where mothers might give love, nor brutal be,
Where Liberty was spelled so all might read
And rise to manhood's nobler ecstasy.

Slavonic, Latin, Teuton, Celt, the Greek,
And oriental types—all heard with joy
Of Canada, the free, where people grow
In wealth of heart, if not in pockets full.
Would they be people free? or only serfs?

Now they have come. The serf is in the land
With agelong bitterness of soul endowed
By heritage of flesh and politics,
Believing energy hath won his chance
'Gainst God and man. The land, he counts, is good.
But men, save caste of self, are vile and cursed.

Methinks this is our day, when riches are
By import as by export well expressed,
When wise men will appreciate their hour
Of opportunity. For not to us
Who stand inspecting immigrants, is all
Authority reserved in absolute,
To say what laws shall bind; they speak, and speak
They will. Some day they will be rich beyond
Their dreams, for Eldorado they have found.
In these first days, when lone and sad and poor,
It is our priceless opportunity
To ease their way, to burden up ourself
And make our wealth of right good heartedness
By freer fellowship of citizens.

O'erflowing with content of joyousness
They come to us; let's come to them sincere,
And with all graciousness, for in their need
Their heart we may attach, assess its worth,
Put tax upon its realty of love,
Create a loyalty, and make it ours
For days when nation need may sternly rise.
My neighbours, let me plead for him who walks
Our lonely roads with burdening pack, intent
Some day to mould our parliament; or him
Who in the frosty morn, by city street
Adorns his pushcart, while he gently smiles!
Or him who makes a soap box virile be,
And grow into a lordly bookstall rare.

'Twas but a moment's pause. The man was poor.
He emptied all his purse of few poor coins,
And bought the goods, 'Enough,' he said, 'for year.
I, like a lion!' And he stretched himself.
'I, sport!' He strutted with his clothes new found.
'I have one child—a daughter. She have mind—
Win scholarship. Go High-school then. Some day
Be big. I no got money much—give her!
I eat one little bread, but she eat good.
She is my daughter; I her Dad—no mind!
Some day she be like queen in all this land—
Perhaps do good, and then I laugh.'

And so
He lifted just the veil, unlocked the door
Where lies the gold, and where I saw that he
Was rich."

The story teller ceased. The Hall
Was breathless, quiet. Then expression broke
And moral with the social coalesced,
In thought and mood.

“ This is a lecture-night ”

The blacksmith said, “ that well we estimate.
For not too well have we our talents weighed,
Nor vigorous have been in measures meant
For public good. What schools have we? How now
Do we administer the teacher’s craft
For building nation’s weal? Or is it not
We build for parties, sects, and grasping greed?

Since, Mr. President, our time forbids
To more enlarge this night, some future date,
My egoism you may pardon, and
Permit me to add justifying words
In honor of an Education Board
That plans a future unity of State
By unity of education’s course
Impregnate with the love of human kind,
Nor creed to bias, nor base prejudice
To rankle, and divide. Delightful night
I close with thanks of all for golden words
From golden tongued, and public friend.”

SIXTH NIGHT—THE RETIRED SCHOOL TEACHER

“How fare ye now? When last we drew around
This friendly, flaming fire, ye did but see
The joy of warm heart love for human life,
And felt our godlier care was mutual help;
Since then the commerce of our time brings chill
Mayhap, to bear to lower temperature
Our fostered fires emotional, whence Time
Is fortunate our best of mindful friends
To stir up active sympathy in glad
Acclaim of public-hearted men, bard-like,
Who fan the luke-warm veins to blushing rills,
By patriotic airs of public thought.

School teachers are the riveters, who build
Enduring frame work of our nation life;
They are the gardeners who breed perfumes
Of fragrant love within a Nation's walks;
They are the artists with prophetic grace
Who visions rear to structured, concrete forms,
And bear their sub-foundations of great truths
To buttress politics, commerce promote,
Create agreements of goodwill, where mix
The peoples of all lands beneath one flag.
They are the architects designing fate
Of this fair State, and working unobserved,
The uncrowned kings and queens unsung by notes
Of public praise, who toil for public good.

A half a century of grace, has earned
For one such benefactor of our realm
Some years of quiet thought, and loved repose,
While snowy days shall crown themselves with warmth
Of summer joys and fragrance of the times



LAC RAYMOND, VAL MORIN, QUE.
"His frugal home of virtue, love and prayer."

When life was filled with spring. Our latent fires
Tonight, upleap to radiant heat and cheer,
As he whom least we praise, yet most we love,
Whom best we praise by giving him warm heed,
Shall move our hearts atime by pictured lore;
So now we wait his voice" So said our Seer.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY—"TIM MOORE."

" If 'twere for meed of praise, we laboured to
Uplift the young, we would demean the soul
Of our high calling's noble art; or if
We mercenary were, then better he who grew
More corn for hungry stomachs in their need,
Than we who drilled the youth for sake of coin,
Nor gave an ounce of liquid sympathy
To freshen seeds of loyalty, within
Their naked hearts, and cause them to become
The fervent youth within a fervid State.

Or rather, did I love the call to teach,
Since 'twas the grace of gods to give one's heart
As tribute to the guilelessness of youth,
And lead it to a river of good thought.

Or more, mind is of Mind, to fashion it
The work of gods; the lofty enterprise
Of man is thus entailed. 'Tis true, we live
Though buried as the seed-corn in the earth,
And unobserved as in the silence of
The breathless night, or vanished to the days
Forgotten, when these saplings grow by grace,
Into matured and sturdy forest kings.
We teachers make or mar the land. We are
The creditors to wealth, or else if trust
We do misuse, we are the guiltiest
Of all the enemies that vex the State.
As when the limpid brooks in spring burst bounds,
O'er fed by giant mists that grew within
The older seas, so immortality
Of ours revealed is within these young.
And when they most have need, then most they love.

'Twas by the Kashagmagimog, I saw
The lure and waste of wealth. Two sons of Squire
Ordained their hunts, or rode their strapping steeds
As if their English ancestry had lived
And leaped the hurdles once again. They saw,
From lofty site, whereon they built, as 'twere
A Norman baron's ambuscade—far off
They saw the winding prominence of lake,
Or landscape strategy might contemplate,
And then address themselves to points of worth
In near outlying farms on rolling hills,
Or homesteads lying at convenient call.
Nor heeded they contempt they bred in breasts
Made honest by hard toil, uncharmed by show,
Unmoved by autocratic airs. These youths
Just missed the thoughts of earnest life, that passed
Them by, as fair winds never catch the sails
Unspread; the people justly judged of men
By what they were, more than by what they had,
And felt but scorn if evil use were made
Of noble goods. These two young squires, vain filled,
Bethought themselves of horsemanship and sport,
As if they lived within their father's land;
And since their father's gold was easy had,
They profligate became. One fell from off
His horse and died, and one—into the lake
Both horse and rider plunged to dismal death.

Down by the little cove, a haven lay
For folk distempered by the lusts of life,
Who sought the quiet compensations of
The peaceful fields, withdrawn from jarring strife.

The cottage by the way, was modest home
Born of the strength of cottager within,
And bearing witness to his unpretentious love
Of Nature's charms. 'Twas restful haven grown

For toil-worn feet, and where the family tree
Was richly laden with the fruits of love.

Here dwelt Tim Moore, his wife and children two.
Each lived for each; unitedly they toiled
To make the wilderness resound with life.
Each filled what otherwise had been a void.
Then as Tim toiled, and children grew, around
About the land there rose up other homes;
And so they all were glad.

Methinks I see
Once more Laurentian lakes arrayed in loveliness.
Hillocks and coves, with promontories stout,
Like spearheads, and wide range of peaceful sea.
Then islets green, wood-crowned, rock-girt and high,
With blue skies deep, reflected in the calm
Clear water-bed, and only echoes of
The distant song birds floating through the air—
This is the summer scene, the garden of
My love. Commend me if I lose my heart,
My hungry heart, when meditative on
Such scene. Did ever diamonds glow more bright
Than sparkle here these gem-like bays, with arms
Of tree-crowned rocks to fold them in, or hold
Them up to sunlight's adulating smile?
Eternal Trinity of heaven and earth,
Sometime ago allowed the forces of
Their handicraft, acclaimed in rolling earth,
To bend and break, to mar or beautify
That which they made; and here as if to name
And verify their origin, the gods
Of inner earth, put on a trinity
Of forms along this heavenly sea. So out
From either side of shining lake, one views
Three hills projecting their majestic heads;
While interlacing bays bespeak your praise

And thoughtful prayers. More glorious heavens await
Fit tenants, here on earth, than tenants dream
Are here, or tenants fit appear.

There was
A day, when awe was on the land, and 'twas
As if God's temple stood untarnished by
The sacrilegious foot of man, nor art
Of war had soiled the sacred earth, nor greed
Made mock of equal rights. The solitude
Was vast and pure, and waited holy will
Of man divine, or will of Providence.

It was not fear, but bravery, that led
Away from European tragedies,
And dared the toil with stinted food, with heart
Oft suffering from loss of fellowship,
In loneliness and pain.

Who braved these wars with circumstance were
kings,
God's own. Conditions such as those, beget
The men of moral worth, who live as if
The world were not alive, and live for God
And for the betterment of brotherman.

Not easy lovers nursed in luxury
Are valiant knights to fight the social wrongs;
But they fight well, and fight to death for right,
Who stalwarts are because they earn their bread
By honest sweat, and know no easy road.
These are the heroes of our own home-land,
Who make our laws, enforce the law, defend
Pure Freedom's happiest ways.

And if foul deeds
Of autocrats—devoid of conscience take

Grim toll of peace-pursuing, honest folk,
It is from such as these Laurentian crofts,
We may draw strong and valiant men,
Great men, unused to fear, who own no grudge
'Gainst hardship, or plain fare; true loyalists
Who do the deed demanded by the hour,
Or die, amaze the world by courage, strength,
Clear eye, strong heart, the amplitude of thought,
The will and power to execute, achieve
Dramatic conquests o'er the foe, and rush
Triumphant to their goal. Abundant worth
With which such men do bless their native land
Exceeds by far the riches of the mine
Or mart, and all material gains do pale
Before the lustre of their living grace.
They canonize their land of birth, with all
The nations of the earth, tomorrow and
Today, adoring worshippers. It was
From love such citizens upsprang; with love
Were fed from earliest days; o'erflowed their love
Mellifluous accounted richest of
Their native qualities.

They love the heath
Where first they met with life; and whoso loves
The lap that nursed his infancy, will not
Refuse the right of patriotic wish
To other men.

Let him who will, increase
This sacred fire, and on his head shall fall
A thousand hallowed joys, for riches thus
Begotten for our State—for lust rebuked,
Corrupted politicians shamed, light loved,
Ill-gotten gains despised, truth canonized,
The liberty to sow and emulate
The purest thoughts of noblest men confirmed,

The equal opportunities assured
To peoples drawn from every race, and in
One word, one law to govern us and all—
“Thy neighbour thou shalt love as thine ownself.”

Within this sweet Laurentian vale, Tim Moore
Found joy of heart in great abundance, for
He breathed heaven's purest airs, though far might be
From where he first had seen the light of day,
And where life's sweetest roses still might grow.

Methinks I see him yet, the serious chief
Of eight score acres, rich with wooded wealth,
And living as a prince among his own.

By day his brawny arms smote trees as if
He felled his nation's foes; or set the torch
As if in judgment on obstructive things
He burnt the barriers to his growth of wealth;
Or else he schooled the virgin soil to right
The wrongs tradition said that sin had wrought
On idle ground, and cultured it to bring
Forth wheat where tares or else had been. Thus toiled
He as an honest man, and thus ensured
His country's destiny to power among
The power's of earth, as every bushel of
Good wheat gives help to fill the granary.

In time his farm took shape, expansive grew
With smiling acreage. Yet solitude
Encased its outlines 'gainst the sky, while off
On Sunlight Hill, five miles away, there lay
His nearest neighbour's farm.

The pioneers
From hillside farms, remarked his skillful way,
And lauded him as neighbour good and true,
A boon within the Settlement.

Moore loved the Twelve Mile Lake.
Hard by his door, its waters speeded on;
Nor sprang they from a meagre fount, but rich
In power, the volume poured from Cushog, on
With dashing force, down where the rapids roared.

And there, where hills rose steep on either hand,
Nor eyes could penetrate for far amid
The winding hills, a narrow islet grew.
Fir crowned, with rock-bound base, it claved the course
And drove the rushing flood down two long lines
Until again they blended into one more lake.
'Twas thus the hurrying flood found home and calm
In Mountain lake, amid the solemn hills,
Which thence into the Horseshoe pours, and down
The noisy Narrows, crowding close the road
That winds around the hill, and firmly held
Within set bounds by granite rocks, the flood
Of roaring, seething foam leaps down the Falls,
And dreams through lowlands of the Gull.

Tim Moore

Knew all the way, and where the alders grew
By lowland banks, or where they hung about
The stream with stately elms grown high and broad.
He knew the sounds at hand, of village folk,
Where happy children grew to thoughtful ways.

He knew the blacksmith's forge whose bellows fan-
ned
The coals six days a week, daylight to eve,
To meet the wants of all the country side;
Whose hammer sent a music floating o'er
The quiet streets as clear as church-hung bell;
And where its mate, the lone church bell responds,
On every seventh day, the serious folk
To call to Sabbath-keeping ways, and win

In Anglican content, renewals of goodwill
And gentle peace.

Thus did the summers pass, with poetry
And song in every glance of Nature's face;
And in the winter time, the rugged pines
Stood bravely forth amid the leafless crowd
Of summer braves; and whirling, blinding snows,
With booming frosts, put Nature's sterner mood
Upon the stage of human life, and bade
Brave hearts become the braver.

When Tim Moore
Went forth with axe and saw to cleave the woods,
His wife too shared the load—a right good dame.
An ample sleigh, a lusty team, she drove
In service of the government, to go
A route of twenty miles, each way, each day,
To carry mail, express or freight, sometimes
A passenger. Out in the early morn,
First one abroad, she drove her team through banks
Of grinding snow, and then when sun lay low
Upon the cold, bleak hills, came home, with winds
About her ears, and blushing health from eyes
And cheeks outbursting with good cheer.

And Tim
Came too with trophies of the woods; young folks
Joined hands with welcomed parents. Then the fires
Roared over fat pine knots in big box stoves;
And all the home was glad. The mother gave
Her bits of latest news; the father told
Of giant trees he felled and trimmed that day;
And son and daughter talked of humble cares
Performed by them at home. So they were one
By partnership of love; and home was heaven.

Such was their evening time. The law of love
Ruled there, the law with moral force. And Tim
Was strong with neighbourly goodwill— a man
Who would respond to calls for help in need
From any man.

'Twas gathering dusk, and snow
Was in the air. A night was coming on
When any man could well enjoy his home
And praise the fireside of his grateful love
Where joys would grow.

Much chat, good-natured bantering, and song,
Brought pleasure to the circle there, nor storm
Without drew heed; and then an untrained knock
Against the door! Rough and with force, again
The knock appealed, so strange. And then the door
Swung on its hinge. From farm on Sunlight Hill,
Had come in haste the man whose wife was ill;
And serious face and rapid speech bespoke
A troubled soul. Life hung as by a thread.
The wife had need of husband's care, and of
The doctor too; would Tim dare storm, make haste
And for dear life, ride fifteen miles to town,
And speed the doctor's needed help?

Then did
This pioneer, Tim Moore, show kingly heart;
Nor stayed by blinding storm, bade neighbour turn,
God speed him home, while he himself upsprang
Into the saddle, gave his horse the word,
Bade home goodbye, and raced into the night.
Adown that lake he sped! Oh how they flew!
The storm was in their teeth. The wind fought hard
As if 'twere mad, and battle-bred, it loved
To be in line, 'gainst hot-opposing crowds.

It whistled from the wooded shores where snapped
The trees like stems of clay; it swished upon
The lake and eddied round the man and steed
As if it gloated on a feast; it said
As plainly as it might, 'You shall not pass.'
And from beneath, the frost king gave his hand
To make the battle rage in thund'rous form,
And subterranean exploits did add
Confusion to the air, like giant guns
That 'Boom,' 'Boom,' 'Boom,' to left, to right, in
front,
Behind, beneath, above, as if all war
Had filled the spheres. And never did a steed
Show wiser sense, nor rider firmer hold,
Than Tim and "Jack" that night. Perhaps they
swerved
To right, then left, or for a moment paused;
But short the pause. A crack appeared; the ice
Was seeking room. A pause, and frothing Jack
Leapt over and raced on, as if he knew
Life waned behind him, and as if he said:—
'I too am partner in this mighty task
Of love,' and knew the cost entailed.

Thus did

The valiant horse go pounding down the lake
Competing with the thunders of the frosts,
And brought his rider to the doctor's door.
And then the proud rein slacked. Tim told his tale,
And bade physician speed, nor wait his pace.

Then Tim turned back, the doctor gone before,
And aimed to reach his home. Wild snows rushed wild
About his Jack, now less alert, and Tim
His mission done, and satisfied 'twas done,
And strength full spent, and spirit faint, would sleep.
Bewildering snow flakes blinded weary Jack,

To whom Tim trusted now the way; the art
Of alien spearman's icy shaft gained force
Against the rider and his trusted friend.

Bewildering storm o'ercame the steed e'er true,
Which lost the trail; nor did Tim know how near
The shallow ice, until the roaring Falls
Aroused him, then too late he pulled the rein.

With morrow's sun the valley home that watched
The night away, watched for the coming of
The husband and the father brave, became
Distraught with fear. The doctor's patient was
Relieved, life saved. But vainly was the search
Pursued, about the lakes. No footmarks led
The anxious quest; and not until spring came
With key of life, to turn the wintry locks,
Let in new vigour and new breath, new joy,
Did searchers find Tim's watery grave. But then
The settlers marked a hero's tomb, and knew
That like the Christ, this man had died to save
Another's life.

This night with reverent heart
I mark the memory of my friend Tim Moore.
Away from war of creeds, the thorn-grown road
I walk with him once more, where lessening pain,
Imparting comfort in distress, acclaim
The Christlike soul. Again I float with him
Adown the well remembered stream, in calm
Of eveningtime, and hear the drifting hymns
Of cowbells cross the fields, domestic bleat
Of sheep in longing for their fold, the birds
So soon contentedly to hush their notes,
The short, hard rattle of the mail-cart down
The cobble street, the creak of oxen cart
Just droning in from its far wooded way—

Oh, yes! I love it all, but love it most
For love of hero Moore."

The Teacher ceased. His pathos drew applause,
Emotion's flood was running far too deep
For words; a reverent awe was on all hearts.
No formal thanks could speak the estimate
When sacred springs of soul had rushed to flood
By challenge of his soul's full overflow.
But bowed heads, the meditative mien,
Restraint of speech, gave token that the soul
Of heroes yet found home in all these hearts.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH—THE TEAMSTER

The Seer, with face serene, and happy as
May be his countenance who smiles upon
Achievements of good merit richly wrought,
Assumed his customary seat, benignantly
Upon his audience looked, and softly rose.

With humble grace he bowed his cultured head,
And prayer in rev'rent tones, solicitous
For people of all sorts, conditions, tongues,
His own near flock, and all the kingdom of
His risen Lord, engaged his earnest voice.

And when his words were said, as with one sound,
The people heartily responded, and
They sealed his prayer with their attuned "Amen".

And then he said:—"Both rich and happy treats,
These various nights, we've had. More favored than
Have been ourselves 'twere difficult to find.
This wealth of entertainment is our gain,
And lasting as our life shall be its grace,
And like the dew upon the summer grass
Invigoratingly doth fill our minds.

Again we gather up our primal sense
Of mutual helpfulness, where he who strong
May lend a hand to him who oft doth know
That weakness is his lot, and where each one
Not on his own things looketh, but on those
Whose store of earthly good is scant.

Tonight our story teller will be one
Whose duty calleth him afar afield,



LAKE NIPIGON

"I fling myself, through roaring waterfalls
Or boundless forest lands, at thy charmed feet."

Who therefore shall be unto us as he
Who gleaneth in the fields of wheat, or as
The man with master pen who gathereth news
For our delight.

As 'Teamster,' known he is,
And oft he cadgeth many miles, o'er roads,
Well fit to make a saint profane, and through
The wild ways of our forest belts, by which
This land is bound. His charms shall now beguile
Our social hour."

THE STORY—THE BACKWOODS MAKE A BISHOP

Most ill-befitting does
It seem to be, that I should dare to stand
Before assembly born of august lore,
As reputation has accounted this
To have become, especially since I
As you have said a teamster am, good Sir.
My fittest work is not in literature,
Where clerks may thread out roads amid the verbs
And adjectives, but with the foresters,
Who, though they know not verbs, yet live them out,
And actively, and though they vie not with
Your pale-browed men of books, yet equally
Do find the roads, and mark the compass points
Until their ingenuity has made
Us all their debtors.

Unto cadging I
Sometime in younger days resolved myself,
And for the lumber-jack I grew some love;
And through the intervening years, I saw
The forest probed by many a hardy scout
Who, clothed in buckskin, corduroy and fur,
And footed with his tallow-soaked cowhides,
Has gone through miles of primal forest lands
To search out pines to build the city homes,
Or cut the ways for farming pioneers.

The genuine bliss, and primitive estate,
In which those men pursued their lordly work
For six lone months of our Canadian clime,
'Twould give me joy to dwell upon. And not
The least to him who has the stomach of
An Englishman, would joy once more arise

If from no other cause than vision of
Their generous fare of plain cooked pork and beans,
The shanty bread and stimulating tea,
The bunking beds, the evening yarns of deeds
Of daring, fitting in with snatches of
Old family songs, and grinding axes for
Accompaniment.

But now I must refrain
Since I would picture give, tonight, of what
May seem much more in point and interest to
Such as are learned in humanizing arts.

'Twas in one springtime, when I left behind
The camps, and ceased my winter cadging trips,
To get advantage of the boys who drove
The winter's cut of logs down stream, and so
Have store of food at hand to feed them well,
Down by the rapids.

When the snow had slipped
From off the hills, and all the swamps were filled,
I took the public road. 'Twas then I met
A bright young Englishman, of whom I'll speak;
Of whom I afterwards learned much, and from
Whose doing yet shall come much more to move
Our country's highest thought.

I see him yet,
Tall and alert, but slim as maple tree,
And innocent as English boys are wont,
But evidently both well read, well bred.
He showed a military mood, and tense
Was all his attitude.

He said he sought
The river York. 'Twas clear he took no chance,

For on his hip a bright revolver hung.
And so it was when someone said — ' Within
These woods there is no law,' he gripped the man
By hair of unshorn head, and made him beg
With importunity, for mercy's grace,
While that cold gun frowned threateningly, within
His firm right hand.

Through sixty miles of wood
He trod the unfrequented way; for full
Sixteen of miles no sign of human life,
And all the midday silently, save for
The forest kind, he followed on, nor knew
To what the way would lead, until he came
Unto the ' Stopping place.' Then rested he.
And when that walk his English dreams dispelled,
And in their stead, some living glories of
The woods began to fill his wakened brain,
He buckled on new zest, and marched into
His well-sought goal, as if he gallant were—
Proud hero of a war. More than he sought,
He found; and pledged himself solution of
The problems born within, and Canada
Should be his land. He thus awaked to self.

From over seas he came as Jacob once
Essayed, to rule the land with flocks and herds.
A stripling youth still in his blushing teens,
Too slight of build for arrow's mark, behind
The stalwart tree, and dreaming of the life
The farmer lived somewhere on English soil,
But nowhere in Canadian wilds.

That dream
Was now dispelled as mists arise before
The morning sun. As 'twere without debate,
His providential way, in time, unto

Those wild north lands, and to the scattered folk
That farmed therein, allured; and school house far
From village life, became his theatre.
Beyond his thought, much better than he knew,
Thus did he work to shape a nation's ways.

Of all the goods he brought across the sea,
His British blood, his ardent love for good
And time-tried laws and ways were nobly best.
So long he lived beneath the murky skies,
By muddied waters of the Thames, he breathed
New air exhilarant—Laurentian air—
With soul expansive grown. Freedom was here,
And amplitude!

It is my Christian lot
To honor that mysterious Spirit, Who
Makes much or little of some men, as best
May suit His wise designs and saving grace,
Whose interventions doth upset the plans
Of men, and shape careers beyond their best
Intent, and for whose after course in life
I know no other reason save this one:—
'The love of Christ constraineth me.' The deeps,
The buried treasure of man's heart, the gifts
Of intellect, are known alone, unto
The God of heaven. In my plain way, I know
No accidental cause, so oft astir,
Like mother of a house, to fit her means
To wisdom's needs, or like a king with power
And purpose wise, arranging armies to
Conserve his plans; but all things come of thought.
And those mysterious transformations in
The human thought and will, when thought and force
Like some steel beam thrown out of place,
Arrested seem from predetermined ways,
Ways predesigned by confident young men,

And forthwith face a thrust into a time
Of strong affairs, where courage meets its dare,
Where lifelong generousness springs up, and aims
Idealistic grow—methinks can find their cause
In none but God, and supernatural wrought.

It was not then surprise to me, that he
The teacher, born and trained, who thought to till
The earth than school immortal souls, should soon
Be turned aside, and preacher grow. His creed
An Anglican from birth, an Anglican
Confirmed became though on Canadian soil;
Yet in a meeting of dissenting folk,
He met his call to preach, exhort, expound,
Extemporaneously pray.

Time grew.
The college days were short. Then war came on.
It was a wild west Indian war, a war
Of little demagogues behind Red Men
Fanatically fed; and these would stay
Canadian progress in our West, by base
And treasonable plans.

Then proudly marched
Adown Toronto streets, the 'Queen's Own' men,
With colors gaily spread to catch March winds,
And brave hearts beating time with bugle notes.
Then Middleton was sure of victory.

Across the slushy plains our eastern boys
Marched many an hour, before the railroads crossed
The land, or e'er were farms to ease their way.
Soon from the hillocks, and the scrub, the shots
Rang out from rebel guns. Guerilla war
Was faced by manly men, who more would fight
An open foe with skill of rifle fire

Than by the sniper's art. Duck Lake was fought.
And then our boys neared Battleford. The news
Came in that rebel Riel was with his crowd
Around Batoche. Then were our men arranged.
Nor he the least of all with six foot two,
The Chaplain of Toronto men, our friend
Of whom I now relate. And at Batoche
He fell, but not the flag, nor he to death.
We won the war; he shed his loyal blood.
'Twas thus he sowed a seed another day
To bear good fruit.

The Chaplain with the troops
Returned eastward; and then for years, within
The quiet view of God, that western land
Lay solemnly.

Long years had passed. Once more
The press apprised us all of families
And goods arriving from our Motherland,
A people drawn from English countryside,
From village forge, from shop, and factory craft,
A finely featured multitude, well framed
To colonize the western land; and head
And leader of that enterprise was he,
My youth of long ago. He held the power
Of Church and Government. A priest was he,
And governor became, with kindly hand
To lead the flock, suggest municipal
Estate upon the ground where once he shed
His vigorous blood.

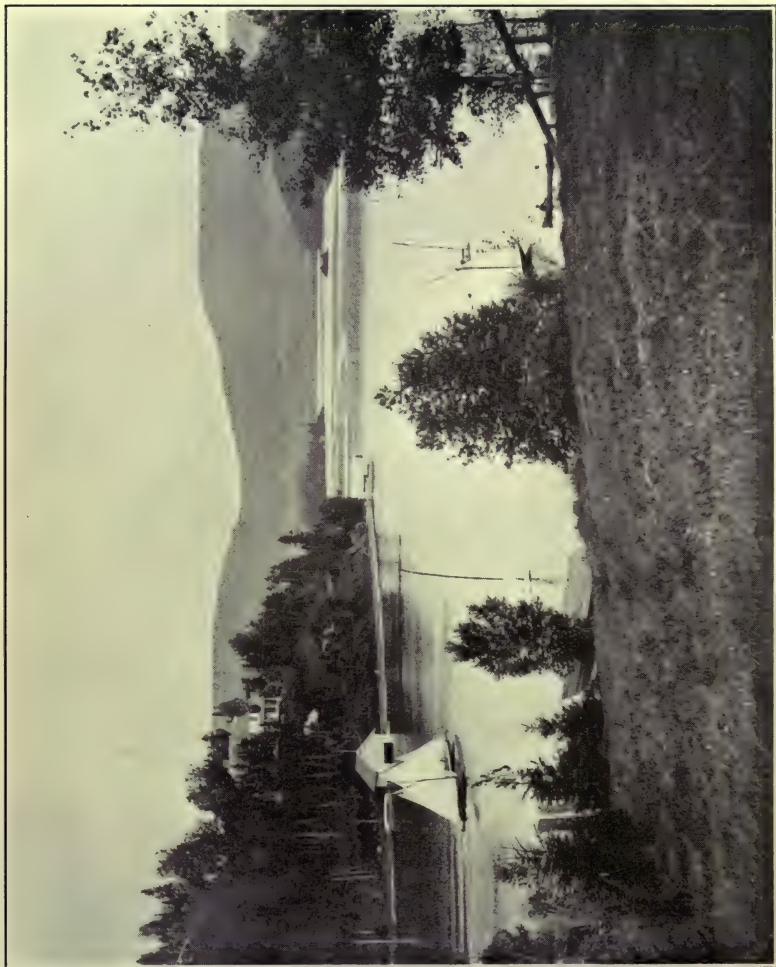
His days of youth abode.
How many times he crossed this broad expanse
Well named free Canada, and sailed the sea,
I may not now investigate; nor how
He laboured for the public good, how planned,

Cooperated with both Church and State,
Beheld his town arise, the parish bounds
Make way for non-parochial thoughts, enlarged
To diocese, the deacons grown to priests
And multiplied. 'Twas then as 'twere within
The mediaeval days of chivalry;
The founder of the farms, becomes in turn
The father of the Church; and he who once
Found field in backwoods settlements for prayers
And reading sermons from the bookstall shelves,
Now finds a bishopric throughout the stretch
Of great Saskatchewan.

Such deeds,
Such influences, and such noble mien,
Methinks, good Sir, do more, a paradise
To reproduce upon this troubled earth
Than all of philosophic argument,
Or cultured eloquence. Such men as this,
Spread British Commonwealths around the world,
And make the fame of any land wherein
Their hand may toil. If chance we did to lose
A farmer from the bush, it was our gain
To grow a bigger man, for general weal;
And he a lesson from the woods well gained
That better he might teach the children of
The golden West.

Whereat I give good thanks
That 'twas my privilege to meet that youth,
The raw recruit, when newly landed he.

Perhaps I helped him then, and thus perchance
As I do glory in his excellence
And proud success, it is to give reward
Unto myself. Well may we pass things on,
Esteeming trifles that we do as sure



ST. AGATHE OF THE LAURENTIANS

"Small fields of green were dotted o'er the vales where forests stood."

Of great returns in what they shall achieve;
Nor better is it to be doer of
Than prompt the doers to great deeds."

He ceased.
Then uprose Frank, mail carrier to the king.

"This night is good" he said, "and I discern,
Good Sir, with rev'rent thought, addressing you,
Our Teamster's heart has been the ample home
Of missionary love. Such men as he,
We oft may trust when they are far from home.
They are as lamps that never cease to shine.
Like growing suns their light the brighter burns.
The Teamster knows he met Demetrius
Adown the road, and bade him on his way
God speed, and hasted up his steps to that
Fine usefulness ordained by Providence.
His bright example may we all pursue."

"'Tis gratifying, Mr. President,"
Injected Sister Jones, "to know that here
We may have those who unto farther fields
May go to plant the flowers of righteousness,
And 'tis our right to form their course for such
Fine enterprise. With these good things in mind,
A big collection let us make."

NIGHT EIGHT—THE DENTIST

“For one brief hour, I thought to give my seat,
Tonight, into the care of one of you,
The magistrate most fit, and wise in rule,
In part because responsibilities
Impress their claims. Then controversial is
The theme set for the night, and devious way
Scholastic controversy treads; not that
I fear the way, but more your liberty
Of questioning would I conserve.

The theme

Is ‘Evolution,’ and a tale is due
From him whose college fellowship brings lore
Into our village ways. Professions place
A strain upon our purse; this one upon
Our shrinking nerves. But not of teeth, our friend
Will speak, tonight, but more of tails; and then
I trust your dreams may be made sweet. Remind
Yourselves that England gave us famous men
As Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer—all
With stalwart brain, who recently have left
This dark and reeling earth, more certainty
To find elsewhere, where speculation’s pains
Submerge themselves in bliss or misery;
And they have left us free to hold, explode,
Arrest, or propagate their curious thoughts,
Or speculate on their more recent sights.
I will not stay our friend, who eagerly
Awaits to speak his thoughts.”

Thus did the Seer

Again adorn our Thursday night.

THE DENTIST—EVOLUTION

“ We live,” good people, on the oldest ground
Of all this earth’s broad space. ’Tis well that I
Begin with what is known, before I launch
Into the unknown, propositions make,
And wake your questionings. The fact of age,
Degree of time belonging more to some
Rock forms—some built up in the mysteries
Of millions multiplied of dreamy years,
Some by comparison much nearer to
Our times—doth make it then appear that all
This earth did not take form at once. Some rocks
Were fiery liquids, cooled by surface airs
While spinning in vast space; and some,
Were stratified by floods, that wrought as if
With thought, to lay foundations for the skill
And home of man. A long, grim age was passed
Between our granite hills, and coming of
The Trenton stone; organic matter came
And passed into the limestone beds, and time
Allowed that placid substance to improve,
From primitive Eozoon Canadense
To forest wealth and rich coal measures. Then
You must approve my reasoning, that time
Permitted evolution of the rocks.”

“ Pray, let me ask ” cried Brown, “ if we may think
That limestone out of granite came? Good sense
Is it that carbonates from minerals
Should rise? I understand that is the creed
The evolutionist right firmly holds?
If limestone from the granite grew, how then
Came it that limestone lacks the qualities
That make enduring rock?”

“Quite so,” he said.

“You must allow environment has much
To do with all we call material;
And if environment should change, what more
Should we expect than that the matter change?
This earth is but a part of all the stars,
The universe is whole. We strangers are
To terms of life in other worlds, nor know
What airs they breathe, nor how they influence us.
Cut off from them, potentiality
May struggle through their gas, or drink their damps,
And who shall say what metal they emit,
Or elements of life they may implant?”

“Now do you lead us on to wondrous heights
Of speculative enterprise,” observed
A second auditor. “’Tis beautiful
To contemplate that all the Milky Way
May be such nebulae as this dark earth
Was made from. How little do we know!”

“And since,” said Dentist, “knowledge is so slow,
’Twere well we could observe the facts that wait
Our sight, on every hand. Who does not know
That growth is attribute organic life
On every hand doth generously proclaim?
No flower comes from a seed but by delay,
And through the slow, dark night of death; nor tree
Perfection reaches but by schooling, through
The discipline, environment affords.
And oft the pruning knife is needful as
A spur, to force a resolution to
Take form and fight for lordlier life. Thus doth
The dead, by resurrection, loveliness
Take on, and upward grow, from baseness born,
To purer, nobler attributes. All life
Is but a progress, and no sitting knows,

But ever climbeth over stony roads,
By many a wound, up toilsome steps, until
We gain our sense of altitude and power.

It is the essence of all life to grow.
To live is like the leaf, or like the spring
Of purest water, for the leaf makes stem,
And the spring flows on through broadened river to
The ocean's depth."

"Your words are good thus far" again said Brown;
"But let me ask, how comes it that you find
Improvement, where so little lodged to be
Improved? Was there a Fashioner outside?
Or like the yeast, had marvellous matter, in
Itself, the potency to bring to birth
The forms we know and love? I love my God.
Intelligence, I call Him, and All-Power.
I think of Him begetting matter out
Of nothing but Himself; and then I see
This Master Architect reshaping all
By countless methods, through unreckoned time;
Indwelling, energizing, Super-Thought.
Since I a thinking being am, and best
When love both animates and guides my soul,
'Twere running 'gainst all honest sense, to say
That any being less than I had given
My soul its elements. What can you say
To that?"

"I say," replied the Dentist, "that in sense,
There is good reason to admit, that use
Of power increases aptitudes, and adds
Capacity, whence may arise some gifts
Of man by generations of set will,
To which we'll add environment's commands;
Or negligence of use doth atrophy

Entail; or other organs fostered by
Selection profit and improve their kind.
And since all protoplasm bears some show
Of likeness, 'tis good reason to conclude
That all life comes from primal germs, and man
Is product of that protoplasm, first
In tadpole form, and then through guinea pigs,
Or apes."

(There was a smile, grown audible).
"From jelly specks, a Darwin may arise.
From formless ether blows the beauty, and
The grace of earth. At birth of these, not there
Was I; I only do but read the book
The universe has given me to read."

"You tell us specks of jelly once there were,
To be the base of sentient life; and that
From formless ether came this earth—from whence
Flew they? What simple unity was their
Glad, ample home? I hesitate to speak,"
Said Brown, "but while I muse, how can I hold
Back words, when thought is prodded with such speech?"

"Solution seems in reach" the Dentist said,
"For jelly, and the ether are both born
Of atoms, which include electrons, these
Had ancestry in universal mist
Of fire unorganized."

"And will you say"
Enquired the Oxford graduate, "from whence
Came forth fire-mist?"

"I do not know; not yet
Had I appeared upon the scenes," with smile,
And joke, the Dentist said.

"Just so," said Brown.

"It seems to me, that wisdom yet begins
With fearing God; and those who will not fear,
On wings of pride, doomed to inglorious fall,
Will sail through cloudy seas, and speculate,
But never reach the rest for which their natures starve.
No certainty is there for those, forlorn,
Who disbelieve; no light of joyful hope
For those who do not love. And since our friend
Knows not what must have been before all things,
Why not appeal to that old text which stands
Upon its claim of revelation, through
The centuries? Why should deaf ears prevail
Against a living Voice? If Science leaves
You blinded eyes, why not draw sight from God?"

"Your motions move me much" the Dentist said,
"I freely grant, that Energy, some-how,
Some-where, all motion had, and motive felt,
Before one thing took form. I call This naught
But Energy; you call it wondrous God."

"Why not?" exclaimed the Oxfordite. "Great
God
Is Being. Your fond energy is blind,
And knoweth not unto what end it works.
And more—environment was of one soul
In that dim past, when Energy did move,
And being so should furnish one result.
How come divergences?"

"And furthermore"
Said Brown, "Our God is not unconscious force.
Nor can we think that accident, achieved
Beneficence, and then perpetuates
Itself, as in the marvels of the foot,
Or in the adaptation of the eye.

God thinks His thoughts before, and greater than
Do we. His wise design was formed before
Aught that we know began; nor yet hath end
Nor temporary rest occurred. And not
By thought alone is he endowed, and known
Unto his works—His thoughts are right, and love
Ordains and follows every plan. Think not
His love hath made mistakes, for these are born
Of sin. Rebellion was itself begot
Of evil wish, and hath entailed more woe
Than love itself can rectify, since will
Is law, and will perverted from the birth,
Defiant is of what good love ordains.

Now while I speak, revert we yet again
To those far days, when all this earth was dark,
Nor light had been revealed, when molten mass
To solid form attained, when granite hills
Upreared their heads through bursting seams
Of envelope of earth, when Voice there was
Beneficent commanded all, and all
Was good, though rugged was the form. It were
A greater miracle, more difficult
For faith to span, impossible of proof
By observation from our little space,
Doubt-cataracted eyes, and sin's eclipse,
To have this earth begun, provided for,
And given a useful age by thoughtless force,
Than that which God achieved when words He spoke,
And when He processes began that since
Have led unto benignant end."

"With this
As wisdom of the ancients," said the Seer,
I think it well we draw unto its close,
This virile night. Your versatility
Hath been our benediction; your applause

Hath banished acrimoniousness; your zest
Of thought, hath led us to the paradise
Where gods disport themselves, and given us beds
Of fragrance where our common cares forget
Their fretting mood. I do confess for all,
We are in debt unto our dental friend,
Whose skill, if not his creed, hath roused our thought,
And given to us good vision of two sides
Of truth. Unitedly we thank our friend;
And since so much of argument arose
To meet his own philosophy, he showed
Good sense of fitting things, while others here
Encouraged faith, and made profession clear.
Again we thank him for our feast. Good night!"

NIGHT THE NINTH—THE STAGE COACH DRIVER

“ Two months, like goddesses in beauty clothed,
Have come, and lightly stepped across our town,
Since our design for mutual benefit
We gave unto the winds, to carry where
They listed best. The interval hath been
A pleasant stage with flowers and fragrance set,
And time hath passed as in a banquet hall,
Where beauty lays her charms around each dish,
And robes the humblest diet with her grace,
And appetizing charms.

“ As President,
My pleasure has been as a brimming cup.
The northern star ne’er shone on kindlier scenes
Than those, that in these passing evening times
Have wooed our hearts unto each other’s ways,
Begot us unto larger neighbourhood,
Perhaps made lovers true of these young folk.
If so, then all the land shall share the gain.

I may not make a longer lease of time
Which you tonight, would fully occupy,
But straightway, will I call upon our friend,
Excursionist at large, stage-driver known
To all the travellers up and down this way;
Who is the greatest tester of our roads,
And for whose sake, road-makers ceaseless toil
Upon the King’s highway. His knowledge grows
Both large, and varied, as he gathers flowers
Among the thoughts and deeds of many folk;
So with authority he speaks, as one
Who knows his theme, its boundaries and goal.
We’ll hear his tale.”

Thus did our Seer begin
The evening of the ninth good night.

And then
Up rose the man of ruddy countenance,
The well-known friend of pilgrims o'er rough lands,
The keen observer of new-comers, who
Would find their way to unmapped, unsung towns,
And pilots need, where none may chance upon
The unfrequented ways. Then did he speak.

BETTY BROWN—A LOVE STORY

“ It has been in my heart to magnify
Two lovers, and to add to your high moods
Of classic thought, some motions less austere,
But bearing more of heat, emotion's depths
To richly sound, until love answers to
The secret call of love; the perfumes of
The farthest sacred chamber of the soul
Attracting, and uniting, coalesced
Between two souls, one goddess of sweet grace
On buoyant wings, distilling drops of love
From Heaven's eternal fount to comfort us.

John Smith and Betty Brown were born within
A British shire, where rugged hills, obscure
The view of fertile plains beyond. Down by
The feet of these land giants, gently flowed
A silvery brook, meandering its way
Through valley narrowed to a length of farm
On either side the stream.

Within this vale,
Folks lived as in good Chaucer's days, frugal
In all their ways, with modest aims, concerned
With knowing what God would require, and how
They might obey.

The old thatched cottage stood
Along the quiet road that carelessly
Kept sight of laughing brook awinding down
The vale. The roses loved its walls. Straight up
The angles, round the gables, to the roof
And chimney pots, the ivy, tireless climbed.
The horse shoe on the lintle and the sand

Upon the floor, spoke cheery prejudice,
And economy of store.

Far up the vale,
The verdant fields outspread their velvet green,
And loveliness bore news of Heaven's goodwill.

John Smith and Betty Brown were near of age,
And near of temperament. As playmates, oft
Beside the farmhouse door, they spent their hours;
Blythe Betty treading Johnnie's ground as oft,
As he in turn trod hers. And when the school
Laid claims upon parental hearts, it seemed
Most fit that these beginners should their tasks
Pursue together, hand in hand, and each
The other tend with motherly regard.

Thus did the days go by, and childhood grew
To youth's clear eye, and maidenhood's pure blush.
Then did it clearly seem that these two hearts
Had grown inseparably together.

But
Not so agreed the elder Browns, whose plans
For Betty, proudly shaped their dreams, for days,
And years to come. 'The Smiths are far too slow,'
They counselled her. 'He may be honest youth;
But never will he reach to affluence.
And you have charms to bring admirers with
Their gold, to worship at your feet. Why not
Have best of life, if you were born beneath
A lucky star?' To which Miss Betty said:—
'I care for naught in all this world, so much
As for an honest man's true, noble love.'

Now o'er the seas, the elder Browns, bethought
Their Betty might evade Smith's earnest suit,

And in the liberty of Canada
A family competence they might secure,
Might rise to family fame.

'Twas thus I chanced
To cross the pathway of the Browns, within
Our forest-clothed Laurentian solitudes.
Adown the corduroy I found my way,
And to the clearance where Brown drove his plough,
And to the log-built house where cleanliness
Suggested godliness, and fragrances
Out-did the chemists stimulating art.

But let Brown tell his tale:—

‘ Like runaways,
Or something worse, we left our English home,
Nor dared to tell our neighbours why we left.
We trusted that the western world would change
Our Betty’s thoughts, that soon we might rebuild
Our little home with English aptitudes,
And fancy still on English soil we lived
Surrounded with ancestral airs and arts.
For after all, these things have lodging in
The heart. A man is what he thinks himself—
As much an Englishman out west as if
He lived in London town. Exclusiveness
Is not by birth from fogs and drizzly rains;
’Tis element of that fine thought they have
Who reckon up the heroes of their long,
Rich history.

We said we heard the call
Of empire in the West; like men of old,
We must be true, and place ourselves where share
Of loyal service we might richly give.
’Twas selfishness to carry on where blood
Was no more bought by deeds heroic done.

What altitudes we did assume! How great
Were we, since great deeds flow from greater source,
And planting flags between the maples and
The lordly pines, as great a glory as
To fly them from mast heads.

Within our hearts
We knew we weren't as big as we professed,
And altruistic platitudes were cheap
Attire for selfishness. Canadian hills,
And family Coat of Arms, with flags amast—
Oh yes! it sounded well. But how to keep
Our Betty, was our great affair.

So West
We came, like pilgrims once made glorious.
So far from home we came, so far from friends,
And in these forest areas, so far
From human kind; such loneliness our lot,
'Twas punishment for wife and I, and yet
With Betty by our side, we drank our cup
And were content.

And then the days of work
Found learners' aptitudes; and labourer's sleep
Earned honestly, was sweet. I learnt the art
Of forestry; what length of logs to cut;
How pile the brush; how split the cedar rails;
And how to use the mattock round the stumps
And underbrush. I laid out fields without
Regard to angles, the magnetic pole,
Or even on straight lines—just where the whim
Had led me in the felling of the trees.
I was the architect for barns and house.
Such architecture never had I seen

In all my most inventive moods and dreams!
I cut and squared the logs. And then for miles
Our neighbours came, like sports bent on good play,
And made themselves the masters of the day.
They must have studied well the beaver's mood,
For like him did they work, as if their life
Depended on it, and when evening came,
My house was up, the roof was on, the pins
Were pegged in place, and we were ready for
The floor and furniture next day. 'Twas like
A miracle of grace! As if an angel met
A Gideon, or as if a Samson passed
Our unused way! Such neighbours were as gods
Come down in form of men, with limitless
Goodwill. We were at home once more, and ours
A castle in disguise.

I fattened on
Our enterprise. I dreamed ingloriously
Of large estate, with flocks and herds content.
I massed my strength. I loved the forest notes—
Of song-birds singing in the overhead,
The fox bark, and the wolf's cold, chilling howl;
But better than all orchestra my ear
Had ever heard, there thrilled the vibrant air,
The music of the measured strokes that rang
From off my tireless axe. And when my blows
Brought down the ancient oak, the stalwart elm,
The bird's eye maple tree, with crashing thud,
My blood flew tingling through my radiant nerves.
Then was I king—a king in my own right—
The greatest king I ever knew—a king
With monarchy made absolute.

And when
The winds blew summer heat, the August heat,
Our brush piles dried; and in September days,

'Twas high class sport to set the fires, and watch
The blazing heaps. Still doth there linger in
My ears the sound of roaring flames wind driven,
And crackling wood as fell into the mass
Of fire, with upward flight of myriad sparks,
That sputtered out the indignation of
The frightened birds and hurrying squirrels driven
To seek for sanctuary.

Pride and joy
Scarce knew a boundary line when our first wheat
Had grown and ripened, with the bending heads
Like golden pendants hanging over all
The smiling field. Those were our happy hours.
Our cup was brimming with new life, and hope
Spurred on our optimistic energy.

Down there, beyond this rise of ground, you see
The curling smoke wreaths, and the music of
The rushing waterfall brings friendly news.
There did we build a mill for carding wool,
And then machines and men from Lancashire
Were brought, to spin the yarn, to weave and build
Up woollen goods, and turn out carpet from
The loom. It seemed like magic, how our town
Grew up! And in the midst of it a church
Is token of our faith in God; its spire
Directs our prayer, and aspiration's eye.

Back moved the woods, and wheatfields multiplied.
Streets grew, and children grew to fill them with
The shouts of merry play. New interests came,
And throve as in good atmosphere.

Right glad
Was wife, and I agreed, and as of old,

In patriarchal days, we reckoned that
Our lines had fallen in pleasant parts, our days
Were like the well-filled urns whose waters turned
To richest wine. The children happy seemed.

There was a little cloud, 'tis true, upon
Our home-born sky, and wife and I remarked
That Betty treated all this progress with
A cold and faint worn smile, as if her heart
Had home elsewhere. No joy had she to spare
For those who joy in harvest days. 'Twas not
As if she had a mourning heart; nor did
She wear a buoyancy upon her brow.
'Twas just as if she had no heart, nor cared
For those who had. When now I think of it,
I see the gathering, grey-blue lines around
Her eyes, her languid air, her palor, when
The English rose forsook her cheeks, and how
She listlessly attended all our plans.
And still not once did I suspect what cause
So foully wrought.

One day our town-folk called
A conclave to discuss our church affairs.
The church was there; we all were as the sheep,
Yet had been shepherding each other's soul.
And now with numbers grown, we thought it good
To lay our care upon one shepherd's back,
Who might more wisely guide the straying lambs.
To church authorities at home we sent
Our humble prayer, petitioning their grace
Would send a pastor, who would be a man,
A pattern, apostolic in great faith,
Forgetting self in zeal for those he served,
Unworldlywise, frugal and apt to teach,
Uncovetous, with saintly sympathy,
Whose daily walk and practise would direct
To highest aims our growing, younger folk.

And there was joy through town and country-side,
Unto remotest settler, when the news
Arrived, as answer to our prayer. It was
As if the angels had come down to men,
When thus we read:—‘ A Missionary soon
May you most confidently hope to have.’

One day there came to us from old Quebec,
A word that must have been like daily bread
To Israel in the wilderness, so sweet!
‘ Your minister has come ’ it briefly said.
It added just this other word—‘ You may
Expect him for your services, at least
By Sunday next.’ You may depend, our town
Found joy that day. What dreams we had! What talks
Around the town! Of all events, this was
The prime; and he, the subject of all talk,
Would be our chiefest citizen, our last
And brightest light to guide the general mind.
My wife and I, as others in the church,
Became intent on economical
And social themes. We must provide a manse,
And furnishings, for ministers are men,
Who live on human fare as like ourselves.
We, town and all, were like the children fresh
From teacher’s rule, and all agog to join
Their hearts in fun with Nature’s ways.

Bright sky,
Such summer sky as loves our Canada,
Drew out the thought, the love, the reverence,
Inspired the presence of our town folk all,
And all their country friends; our little church
Was filled, without a thought of fashions, or
An envious grudge. The serious face adorned
The modest dress, of men and dames, and made
The Sabbath day appear in softened tones,

And quiet attitudes. Nor sound of mill,
Nor vehicle, nor careless artisan
Discordantly disturbed the settlement.
We met in peace and felt that God was there.

At last he came—the minister for whom
We asked and prayed—and all alone, save that
Invisible halos around him hung.
Inside the door he paused; and folk stepped down
To give their hearty welcome to the man
From over sea, our minister, our friend.
And wife and I joined with the company.

But oh! What words shall ever tell our dumb
Amaze? both tongue and heart seemed paralyzed.
Not all the gold within the banks could win
My tongue to speak just then. And why? you ask.
Well, scarcely could I own my eyes were right!
That minister was ‘slow’ John Smith, from whom
My wife and I had fled. A minister
I never thought he could become, nor dreamed
He would essay to be; yet here he stood
Across the threshold of our little church,
‘God’s man’ in very truth, to point our steps,
Our ambling, earthly steps, to heavenly ways.

And now the pulpit echoed to his tones.
My wife and I sat in the pew in front.
And there was Betty in that choir, behind
That Englishman. For one short while, I heard
No words, but wondered whence the color came
That overspread her face, like blushing rose
Filled both her long-paled cheeks.

I love to hear
My Betty sing, but never like that day
Did I hear singing savouring of heaven

As welled from out her soul. Sweet happiness,
That must have lived in Eden, came to her
That Sunday morning.

But not so for me.
I was defeated after all—John Smith,
Into my little paradise had walked.
'Twas plain that Betty loved him still. And he
Seemed proud to be our minister.

At last
My wandering thoughts took rest. I caught his eye,
I felt the flame of eloquence that flashed
From those sincere set lips. His soul was in
His speech, and soul and speech brought heaven to us.
I owned before he ceased that pearls may grow,
That crude stones may be polished into gems,
That sires may honored be by sons, more than
The sons may be by sires, that every man
Has right to prove his genius, and love
Has altar for its loyalty.

No need
That I prolong my tale. From miles away
We brought a minister with gown and book,
And there were wedding wishes in our church;
The feast was in my house. That day I gave
My child away unto the church, as well
As to a worthy man. And who was I,
That I should stand across the way where two
Were made to help each other on the rough
And toilsome way of life, as were these two,
John Smith and Betty Brown?

I say, my friend,
God's plans are not as ours. Our struggling eyes
Must need a telescope, to see a speck

Upon the sky, but He sees all the world,
And every page of all the coming years
Before Him is outspread, that He may change
Our schemes, or spite of us may interject
The good we could not see, nor understand.
' My thoughts are not as yours, nor are your ways
As mine,' thus saith the Lord.

“ Perhaps, good folk, ”
Our speaker said, “ you will conclude with me ”
That carrying travellers on life's road, is worth
Our while, when such romance as I have now
Pourtrayed, may be extracted from the dust,
And roses may be found, abounding mid
The rubbish and the weeds. There's always joy
Somewhere, and we are carriers, called to bring
It to the radiant light. Could we but see
The chances that we miss, of being with
The diamond polishers, and picking up
The rough-hewn blocks that lie about us, on
Our daily road, we would lament our life
Of failure. I am glad, for all of you
I met the elder Brown.”

“ Stage drivers,” said
The Seer, “ are like to men who serve our need,
And travel far, with diligence outspread
Their findings over miles of fertile land.
Our governments may be ordained of God;
These harvesters of tales, can put them in,
Or fling them out; may make or mar, uplift,
Put down, the fortunes of us all, and still
Remain sincerest friends of all.

We thank
You Mister Driver, for your foraging,
And for your golden picture of John Smith.”



RED PINE CHUTE, KIPPAWA RIVER

"Roaring down the gorge resentful."

TENTH NIGHT—THE REGISTRAR

“ My Fellow Friends! remembering still surprise
That came to us, when last we did convene,
And while we contemplated long-lived love,
I am reminded of our old-time bard,
Who for the Queen Elizabeth did write,
His Fairy Queen, and who of love divine,
The love whose sweets no poisons have, has said:—

*‘ For Love is Lord of truth and loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust,
Whose base effect through cowardly distrust
Of his weak wings, dare not to heaven to fly
But like a mould-warp in the earth doth lie.’*

Tonight, I introduce our Registrar.
I knew him long—wise, circumspect, and gay.
Youth that no evil charm could lure astray;
Whose law of life was order and obey;
Whose conscience ruled in duty and in play;
Who sought ideals of starlike aspect, and
With sense of their true worth, each day pursued
Them earnestly.

Such men our pride may be,
Are reasoned pride of any noble State;
For when we sleep, they keep on guard, awake,
And hold from jeopardy our interests.
Nor pleasure do they seek, nor idle life,
But only to uphold the general good.

The Registrar, whom thus we greet tonight,
Is honest keeper of our real estates

Most legal records, one on whom we rest
For true and clear embodiment of will,
And purchase price, transactions that take place
In business, that may meet no thwarting by
False entries in the King's long files of facts.

Behold him in his office seat enthroned!
With no austerity, nor bribes invite;
Your friend is he, with welcoming good cheer,
Your servant, making all researches clear,
And charging you a modest modicum—
Four searches for one dollar, when 'tis done.
A man of quiet mind, whom you may trust.

Ah me! to live within his vaults I'd dread,
Among so many pages of the dead.
And yet he keeps alive to all that's new;
To drop to fossilage, he doth eschew.
And thus he comes to cheer our way, tonight,
A story-teller fresh, well-furnished, dight. "

THE REGISTRAR'S STORY—THE FOREST FIRE

“ Amid Laurentian hills, in fondness lay,
As like a happy child in mother's lap,
One prettier vale, than ought I elsewhere knew,
And 'twas the object of my ardent love.
Ten noble hills, as stalwart guardians stood
Arranged as in a ring designed by Love;
And through the paradise there gently flowed
A calm and dreamy, softly bosomed stream.

Enclosed within these ten upright, strong arms,
And wandering mid the trees by either bank
Of that dear Sabbath-keeping, lulling stream,
There grew a town, monastic in its rule,
Shut in from all the world, nor arts employed
By which to make a worldling of a saint.

But saints were in the making, possibly,
For there were churches three, that vigorously
Propounded creeds, and urged devout folk pray.

And there were taverns three—the only blot
Upon the fair, free face of rural scenes—
That lay like spiders coiled with scented charms
To catch unwary wights, whose foolish feet
Strayed in their netted ways; and countrymen
Who came to town to trade, became dismayed
By losses super-hiding toilsome gains.
The church bell rang, and drew the good to prayer;
The tavern clicked its glasses, and confirmed
The weakened wills in emptiness and shame.

But industry pursued its quiet paths
On either hand, ignoring tavern guiles,

And drawing virtue from the church-born rules.
Evening and morning saw each day begin
And end accustomed rounds, with naught to change
The settled character, or mar the notes
Of harmony, that lay upon the breath
That floated down with smiles, from the bright skies.
The blacksmith's forge rang out its honest tune;
The merchant hung his sign, arranged his goods;
The tailor drew his threads at measured rate;
The stage coach hobbled out and toilsomely
Began its winding climb among the hills;
The grocer donned his spotless coat and cap
To make his bread and cheese the sweeter seem;
The millwright whistled 'mong the echoing hills
And called for sawlogs for his buzzing saws;
The printer walked the town for trade and news;
The druggist vended only honest things
As pens, and garden seeds, and soaps and oils
Prescriptions made a passing specialty;
The doctor looked as serious of face
As any priest who hoped to be a saint.
The teacher walked and talked mysteriously,
As if he knew and taught all knowledge known.
The general friend was there who smiled to help
With photographs, insurance, picture frames,
Or real estate transfers, or writing wills.
A magistrate there was, and constable
Who kept the peace, when broken boisterously
By straying remnants of an outside world,
And furnished lodgment in a cellar cell.
But not a lawyer found a place to dwell,
Or work to feed him in that happy town
Where neighbours envied not, but love prevailed.
And all this home Elysian, lay enwrap
Within ten sylvan hills, whose forests crept
Up to the outskirts of the vale, and stood
As sentinels on hillbrows, firmly built,

With faces perpendicular and bold.
Well might this vale become to some sick soul
Bethesda, with the vigour of healed life.

About the winding, hillside roads, and on
The summits, sacred to the memory
Of ages long since past, the monument
Of whose grey age were grown those stalwart trees,
Were cosy arbors as in Eden grew,
For use of youthful lovers, whispering sweet.
Wild flowers were there; wild birds framed melodies;
The lordly eagle sometime built his nest;
And carrion-eating crows disturbed the air
With vulgar tones in monosyllables.
And playfully along the road, wood-fringed,
The fawn skipped lightly with his eyes alert.

'Twas here within luxuriant forests, stout,
Courageous pioneers had clove their way,
And laying low the giants of the woods,
Had lifted high their own essential rights
As lordly rulers of this heritage,
Predestinate and called.

The diligent
By industry grow rich, by generousness
Inhale diviner atmosphere than do
Unloving, sensual bodies, lustful born;
They multiply their mercies and do soothe
Themselves with fragrant peace, and sweet content.

The harvest day is as the day of seed,
Both in extent of sowing, and in kind
Of that we sow; for no man gathers wheat
Where he had sown but tares. These pioneers
Fared well, because with equity they tilled
The earth.

One summer day, there came a fear
On them. The skies were clear; they long had scorned
To heed weak human prayers. Their sultry blue
Shone like the polished brass, and was as dry.
The grass lost heart, and fields lay bleached and hot.
The lolling kine and sheep sought shady rest.
The birds were fainting in their hot repose.
The locust drummed against the hardened air.
And then from somewhere came the hazy smoke,
That made a softening screen, through which the dim
Dry sun came shining sadly on faint earth.
A dread lay on the spirit of the vale;
A tearful, daily prayer for kindly rain
Became the fearful townsfolk's reverent rule.

Out on the upland, where precipitous,
The bald rock face looked over to the north,
And where the back sloped southward gradually,
Tom Rovers held a farm some ten years old.
With forty acres cleared, he dwelt within
His fort of log-built barns and house, as if
By right divine a king, whom none dethroned.

This summertime, when Rovers went his way
Out to the meadow where his pride had grown,
And swung his swarthy scythe along the swaths
Of luscious timothy and clover hay,
The July sun seemed hotter than his wont,
And all the land was like a tinder heap.

The farmer wrought from early morn; at noon
He rested, then renewed and vigorous,
He mightily lay down that field of grass
In quickly drying rows, with odors rare.
And e'en the Bobolink rose up in joy
And sang his cheery lay, as if the field

Were his, and he would urge the mower on.
So in the middle of the afternoon, with sun
Still high and hot, did Rovers faint and thirst.
And to the house he would repair, and drink
From that cool well beside his door, most like
To Jacob's well. But first he'd light his pipe,
And have a smoke while walking o'er the field,
As if there were not smoke enough about!

His walk was with the farmer's measured tread.
His stay was shortened by the course of time.
And then with satisfaction on his soul,
He turned about unto his wealthy field.

A few rods out, and then what horror filled
His mind! A field on fire! You never knew,
Who never saw the strength of fire attack
Your utter helplessness, and leap about your feet
To fry the flesh from off your bones, what they
Must feel and fear, who see these things, and know
What doom awaits them when their master, fire,
Is like the demons of the lower deep
Set free upon the land.

Tom Rovers saw
The evil consequence of his lone deed.
So small a thing, a match he threw away;
As oft men throw out trivial words, nor think
That life is burnt from guiltless hearts thereby.
A field on fire—flames chasing flames in glee,
A moment quiet, then the demon spits
His spiteful sparks, and leaps with suddenness
To feed upon new rows of hay, as though
He were a starvling from a famished land,
And famine gave voracious appetite.
So fierce is he to feed, he rushes down
The ready rows of hay, more swift than horse,
And soon the field is covered with the flame.

Then Rovers knew his hope was gone, the fruits
Of years laid waste, his home in ashes lost.
Thank God if lives are saved! For Rovers and
The ones he loves, the valley town must be
Their haven in the time of dark despair.

On went the flames, the Fiend of Fire, alive
Within his new found dress, at play within
Broad acres suiting best his needs—alive
With venom, hating only watchfulness,
Economy, and guarded deeds that leave
No rubbish for his reckless, cruel sport—
Alive, and in his madness roaring hot
Revenge on all who fight his will, and like
The kings of hell, alauding scornfully
At all entrapped within his mad embrace.
Not all the tears that women show would draw
From him the slightest turn of mercy, nor
Would change his path save as the wind might help
Him to a larger feast elsewhere. Who cares?
Fire, fire, more fire! this demon gloats on fire!
He was a rampant beast, who tossed to wind
All kindly scruples service ever taught,
And with the wind again he roared for joy.

Around the hills he stood. Their faces bold,
He made more fiendish; he found delight
In waving threatening flames, and spitting sparks
Upon the anxious hearted homes within
The circled vale. And still he raced abroad
To travel over miles and miles, from fields
To forest lands and innocent estates.
If to a stream he came, he laughed again,
And up the tree he ran, then poised himself,
And leapt to trees on other dreading side,
So hastened on his way with strength renewed.
On, on he sped; fed as he glibly ran,

Ran as he furious fed, then tried to laugh.
Would he ne'er have enough? Would greediness
The monster never fill? His greedy tastes
Made havoc of the cedars and the fat
That in the pines had grown for such a day.
He climbed the tallest trees, flashed signals far;
Then sped away, to carry in himself
The message of the ashy wreck, the fear,
The death, the bitter tears, the blighting loss
That came to hearts and homes.

Sometimes, he ran
Along the ground so stealthily, that none
Might see, if any could have stood to see,
And then again, afresh into bright flame
He wildly burst. Out from the precincts of
The bush he jumped. He burrowed in the ground,
And left it hollowed, hot and sore. The roads
He tunneled, ate the corduroy, long worn,
From underneath; he climbed stout buttresses
Where stood strong bridges, gnawed their vital parts,
And left them hanging in the trackless gulch.
He roared his ribaldry, and riot of
His wicked feast. The summer sun, made hot,
He hotter made. Defiance at the clouds
He snapped, and laughed. Throughout the panting
land,
He brought but weariness of heart, and woe.

Stout-hearted fathers in their love of home,
Did cry to God to stay the cruel fiend.
But what cared Fire? Awakened in his greed,
He lusted yet for more, and more would have.
And so he raged to north and south, and still
To east and west, until he put his arms
Around the town within the peaceful vale
And only stayed him at the river's brink.

He chased the winds, leapt through the woods, flew
swift

From tree to tree in mighty pride, or left
His humbler self to settle at the base
And cut down giant pines. The forest grew
A mass of flame, a war of passion, set
Against all reason, till the townsfolk's prayers
Would seem to draw more fire to fattening fire.
Mad Fire, grown bolder, stronger, licked his way.

He saw a toiling teamster far from home,
Who drove as if he would outstrip black clouds
And thunderstorm; Fire saw him and assayed
To intercept him, rob the distant home—
A highway robber bold. Fire caught him in
His wide spread net. He crossed the road in front,
He blocked retreat; upon the left his hot
Harsh breath the driver felt upon his face,
Confusing smoke inhaled, and feared a time,
The noisy flame with crackling wood o'erhead.
And now, when acts mad Fire as if he had him
In his awful grip, the road turns sharply off
Down to the right, through just enough of swamp
To make the teamster grave. Decision quick he gave,
And cracking whip, a shout, quick pull at reins,
And horses maddened by the heat and smoke,
Went dashing through the swamp, and up the hill
To purer atmosphere, and Freedom's joy.

Fires are more easily begot than quenched,
As human hearts oft to their sorrow prove.
Begirt with hills, all like a blazing crown,
The townsfolk in the vale, had one desire;
One common prayer sprang from united hearts.
Their thoughts were welded into one strong mind,
As if the test of fire their disagreements truced.
And when the Sabbath days arose, three creeds

Flowed into one, intent on common need;
To love thy neighbour as thyself, a good
With vaster reach, less sacrilege, and more
Of God, than acrimonious defence
Of priests and creeds and policies had brought.
In prayer they joined their need, and pledged their
faith.

One God they knew, one trust they had in Him.
One danger moved their hearts, one prayer their lips.
And 'mong them all one similarity
Of soul,—a greater gift than all the creeds
That Christendom invents. Forsooth, why not?
One God hath made the whole—why not the whole
Give one sweet-incensed praise, one heart of love
To Fatherhood; and unto brotherhood,
Spread out glad hands, show sympathetic hearts
Expressed in holy helpfulnesses? Why
Let maddened politics divide, or greed
Grown furious for gain, obliterate
And trample under foot the rights inhered
In every human life; religion too
That knows so much what God requires of man—
Why should religion make the meanest show
Of all dividing forms?

The valley town

Put on its Sunday clothes without its creeds,
And spoke new prayers so strangely all alike.

Then God heard prayer. The winds were laid. The
sheep

Of shepherds three, were folded safe by Arms
Invisible, and in the furnace walked
With them, One like the Son of God, and stayed
Their threatened harm. He kept them in His hand.
Then did those people sing this grateful song:—

' Almighty God, we praise Thy name,
Thy mercy we adore,
Whose hand held back the threatening flame,
Whose love our burdens bore.

Great though the glory of Thy throne,
Enshrined by hosts of heaven,
Still greater glory round Thee shone,
When grace to us was given.

Beneath the shelter of Thy wings
We dwell though oft dismayed,
And though the night new danger brings,
We wake with light arrayed.

The stars sustained, proclaim Thy power,
The earth Thy sovereignty,
But such as we receive each hour
Thy gracious sympathy.

For life and grace Thou dost impart,
For all we have and be,
Unitedly we lift our heart,
And sing our praise of Thee.'



FISHING, LABELLE

"Perhaps I go a fishing as I once
On hunting went."

NIGHT ELEVENTH—THE INDIAN

“ We must have thought, tonight, that Providence
Hath marked our ways with oft-recurring good,
Since we have fared so well; nor flood nor fire
Have spoiled the harmony of our estate.

We live in peace, in knowledge grow apace,
In business prosper well, religion keep,
And crown our social fellowship, with arts
Of Christian graciousness. 'Tis not of man
Alone, to grow such virtues or estates
Of enterprise so rich to circumvent;
To love his neighbour as himself, more than
Burnt offerings or sacrificial feasts,
He knows to be. When this he does, 'tis by
The inspiration of that Providence
Who guides, disposes, guards, and actuates
Our sluggish wills, and unbelieving moods.

My thoughts revive emotions of one week
Ago, tonight, when all our sympathies
Were strained, for those, the victims of foul fire;
And well the Registrar discharged his part.
Another citizen hath likewise planned
His tale, and well can tell it to the point.
An Indian hath traps, and clues, and cues,
Of which a White-man nothing knows or dreams.
Made famous by his wanderings, his arts
Of modest sustenance, his sleuth-like ways,
His fierce defence of long-considered rights,
By primal place within this cultured land,
And overborne by floods of eastern men
Elaborate in arts and schemes of life,
Too self assertive for the unschooled Brave,
Too methodistic for the Nature-child,

He is the rightful protege, and claims
The generous care, of honest Canada.

Within our circle, is an Indian true,
Full-blooded Mohawk, relic of the days
When warwhoops rang in thrilling echoes through
The woods, and by the Indian-haunted lakes.
'Twill give us pleasure now to hear this friend."

Thus did our Seer perform his holy art
This night eleven, and set our social moods
Congenial to our privileged circumstance.

THE INDIAN'S TALE—LAKE MAZINAW

“Somewhere by Cloyne, in Frontenac, there lies
Lake Mazinaw, so free of war and blood,
So undisputed in its rule of peace,
So much the haunt of wealthy tribesmen of
Commercial business, fond to find retreat
Where luxury can vaunt itself, and boast
Astonishing displays 'mong frugal folk,
Unchallenged by competing millionaires,
Methinks it needs the power of prescient gods
To reconstruct those fighting days, long past,
When Mazinaw bespoke the Redman's rule,
And battle grounds were famous all about.

Though I was born in Whiteman's noisy town,
And trained in Whiteman's supercilious ways,
Yet I am still the son of ancient Chiefs,
And love the waterfall, the silent path
Within the forest walls, where softly tread
The gentle deer, and venison abounds.

But give me back my lightsome birch canoe,
And let me rattle down mid rapid's rocks,
Or catch the perfumes of Canadian air,
Then sleep at night on beds of fragrant pine,
And you may keep your artificial life
With wreck of nerves in straining city streets.

One day, I found my paradise of joy
At Mazinaw, and like the worshippers
From town, who praised the gods of solitude,
I too sat down to rest, reflect and dream,
And like them walk the unfrequented way
When ~~the~~ suns rose high, the silent shade adore,

Dress lightly, though with more than ancients had,
Put off my fretted soul for newer one
Soliciting dear heaven to speak its love.
Oh then I scorned your Shakespeare-reading man;
Nor Milton lore could woo my hectic mind.
Those are abnormal growths on human life,
Where heritage somehow accumulates,
Until gods occupy the mortal frame.

But give me Nature's laws for exercise,
To build up brain and quicken sleepy wits,
To fortify the halting heart with blood,
Bright red, the weakened nerves to rectify,
And moral courage weave into the frame.

So here by Mazinaw, in every cove
A house of joy; in every bay and rock
A smiling friend; a neighbour in a bird;
A mirror in the water's breast; and in
The flower I find my charming genius.

Down by the flower I sat, and he upraised
His eyes and smiled; and then he subtly spoke.
I listened as he spoke, as if I dreamed.
And while I looked he stretched himself full-sized,
And in the paint and feathers of our race,
Of long-gone days, he was a warrior brave.

'You are at home' he gravely said. 'You love,
As I have loved, these landmarks, glistening white.
How fair within the sunlight shines yon isle!
Far from those distant hills I saw it, when
In ancient days I roamed, to use my bow,
And ever did it serve to guide my steps
To where I might find rest from chasing beasts.

You see this hill, pervading all the land
For six long miles, as if no other power
Or body could claim right to occupy
So much of earthly space. And here close by,
Though curious summer tourists oft have tried,
No one has ever touched the bottom of
Lake Mazinaw, near by the rocky face.
Plumb line has dropped by yard on yard in vain;
Down in that quiet cove, where echoes fight
Against the rocky walls, the lead line hung
Among the coyish fish until men think
The hole as deep as outstretched rock is long.

And over there that isle once different stood.
Today it doth not stand; 'tis fallen down.
But once it rose a pinnacle of fame.

And whence have flown those splendours glorious—
The hunting trails no Whiteman's foot did curse,
The liberties, when I and mine, within
This wide domain, no other sovereign knew?

This isle was then our bank, and every man
His banker was, to carve such silver, as
He wished from out the walls of milk white rock.

How rich we were, not one of all our folk
Once paused to estimate, for while our wealth
Was common property, and lay within
The equal reach of all, there were no rich
And poor; no market was there for our lead;
No one could steal; no competitions drove
Us into class distinctions in our race.
On equal footing did we live—one food,
One dress, one shape and size the wigwam had,
One trade belonged to each, one sun and moon,
One sort of brain, and none was wiser than

His neighbour was. If one got pelts, more than
His present need, and some found hunting poor,
We bought his store, and carried up his wood,
Or water drew, or made his moccasins
To pay him in return, or some fine day
Our luck was turned, and he served us as we
Had served. Were we not amply rich and blessed?

They only are the rich who know no care;
And they are poor whose gains accumulate,
Yet always seem to shrink, who live in fear
Lest what they have may vanish with the night
And leave them only sleep and rest as their
Reward for foolish toil and coveting.

The happy man is he who sleeps in peace
Because he has discharged an honest debt
Of toil due for the welfare of his race;
Who fears no loss, since he has naught to lose,
Except his soul, and that is saved when Greed
And Idleness have been expelled; who poor
Yet maketh many rich; who nothing hath,
And yet in need, commandeth all things to
His aid.

We quarried rock, when we had need
Of silver, and each man beat out his block,
As each man hunted deer, without a care
Except to meet today's demand.

So passed
The years; and often had Great Spirit moved
Around our silver isle in mighty storm.
So long the island stood fast rooted to
Its base—so long had arrow heads, and traps
Been strengthened from its store—so long we smoked
Our polished pipes, and loved our silver isle,
We thought our love would stay.

But Nature sighed
One day, as if her heart were breaking o'er
Some fretting woe. She shook and heaved herself
As if to lift her load, too heavy for
Her slender back; and then there came a change
In Redman's land.

One morn we waked, and lo!
Chaos had come. The gods had played their game,
And tossed the rocks around as mad, or smart.

Adown the Mazinaw, no more we saw
The sunlight glistening on a milk-white rock;
No more did Mazinaw draw pride to hearts.
The silvered isle was gone—had ploughed leadlong
Into the deep and emptiness, and there,
Instead, arose a roughened, dark-red rock,
Barren, alone and bleak. And all the chords
Of joy were lost, and all the echoes round
The lake spoke hoarsely tones of dismal woe,
And misery was written everywhere.

Since then men dream, have dreamed for many
years—

White-man's dreamy dream, if yet mayhap by toil
And dynamite, they may effect their way,
Down to cavernous depths, and find that white
And fabled mass—so make them rich. Within
The shadows have I hung, and hourly watched
Infatuated men who found their summer sport,
Disturbing solitudes by blasting rock,
And burning dollars with their dynamite,
Nor found the depths for which they craven hoped.
Some day they may disturb the heart of earth
And find it some degrees more hot than when
They cut earth's outer crust, but not more white.

Pass down the way between the silent hills,
And low, and lower go! Here let us pause
Where once the waters rose to Mazinaw's
Strong heights. But in the far-off days, great war
Had gods of earth, and Nature's barricades
Were burst in fragments huge, and boulders hurled
With giant strength, to southward to amaze
The mind of man. Then did the flood pour forth
Until it stayed where damlike fastness holds,
As giant fort for strength, the Mazinaw.
Here lies the rock-built vale, awaiting man
With wizard touch, to flood this place with light,
And power to turn a thousand wheels of trade;
Here rock-grown cliffs like sentinels on guard,
Line down the way; and down this way might rush
Some night the force of Mazinaw. Not now.
Instead, adown its tortuous, worried way,
Too tired to make strong rush, there daily hums
A dreamy river tumbling over rocks,
With waterfalls. No sound of human home
Drifts o'er the way. No foot-fall finds us in
The solitude. The paradisiac peace
Lives undisturbed by fitful, warring words.

O Adam live! And mark what sin hath done!
Thy modern son, from fields unshaded, torn
By strife of hearts to gain preeminence,
Or from the roar of countless thoroughfares
In sweated competition's mad employ,
Comes to his troubled rest at smoky eve
To dream what conflicts morrow may beget.

Not so didst thou, but in the quiet shades
Where voice of God did walk midst whispering trees,
Thou hadst thy work, and then didst live long years.
Thy sin has shortened all our life, made woe
In all our toil, put White man 'gainst the Red,

Begotten evil dreams, deceits, guiles, frauds,
Hypocrisies, vain pride and lies enthroned.
The ancients are not dead; their bodies rest,
Their works do follow them at rapid pace.
Inherent sin may be atoned, but not
Extinguished. It is a furnace of
Such heat with fuel fed, as never may
Burn out itself. Revive it doth, with each
Succeeding age, and in reviving burn
With added rage. Its fury may be damped,
And consequences washed, but children born
Today, will shew its evil root entailed,
On morrow's morn. Behold what greed survives!
For when by times, one hand would raise a house
For prayer, another lusting after gain,
Has made it mart of merchandise. Where one
Would find some geological display,
And science magnify, worm-eaten greed
Profanes the sacred ground. Where gentle thought
Its pleasure seeks in depths cavernous, hid
Beyond the common sight, in rooms, large, rare,
Most like to palaces of primal kings,
Another comes with serpentine conceits
And then with hellish airs, drives Beauty from
These rocks, enthrones Utility's base form.
Then these grim halls, grow fabulously rich
Untouched by cultured art, and evil fed.

For years the honest people of the land,
The sleuths of Court and State, marked and disguised
Sought where might spring to light the outlawed coin,
Where devil's mint, and whence the bullion.

Now step you down! and see beside the stream,
Lie hidden in luxuriant shade the steps
That lead away and lower than the bed
On which the river flows, and into halls

Where Nature quarried her rich plans. 'Twas here
Two undiscovered men set dies, brought lead,
Made base alloy, and coined their evil wealth.

My spirit is abroad in all this land,
For 'twas my father's and his father's land!
And since I saw these sacred halls profaned,
I could not rest within the Mazinaw,
Nor idly watch these guilty ones at night.
And since the sleuths their haunts could not descry,
I leant my aid. I dropped my arrow point
Upon the rock where oft I saw the sleuths,
And then another, and another, down
The steep hill side, ahoping that some day
The searchers would observe my curious sign.

And thus it was, a pale-faced student passed,
With wallet of fair size, and filled with flowers,
And still more flowers he sought, to add new names
Unto his catalogue. Of botany
He talked, and marked the tangled trees, the flowers
In shady nooks, the fragrant innocence
Of atmosphere. And then he saw engraved
My arrow head upon the ungreen rock,
And turned from flowers to question its import;
Then traced it to another down the hill,
Until it brought him to the vale, and to
The mystery steps, thence to the cavern halls.
Here hand of man, o'erloaded, careless grown,
Too rich through all his greed, had left the floors
Bestrewn with tokens of his outlaw work.

So botanist became discoverer,
In wonder read the tale of lust, how now
The Mazinaw, and Indian's silver isle
Were traversed by the devil's art for gain.'

I rubbed my eyes. The guide from Cloyne had brought
A boat load of sightseers, and credulous,
To whom he told a tale he did not act,
And pictured buried silver to their ears,
For which he had not faith to dig—so well
He knew the part of parasite to play.

The merry laughter of the rambling crowd,
Awaked me from my sleep. Behold I dreamed.
I was the only Indian in sight.
Then laughed I too. The sun was well aloft;
Nor hastened I to leave the fairy scene.
Prone on the ground I lay, whence well I saw
The guide and all his company; and by
The rock of mighty Mazinaw they came,
And from the granite, bay-washed walls, I heard
The ring of voices merry. Lost was sight.
My eyes grew faint. Again my genius
Appeared. He nodded graciously and smiled.
I welcomed him and trusted confidence.

‘You wish,’ he said, to learn about the rock
Of Mazinaw. That strange old writing on
The wall, has been the White man’s sore despair.
‘Who wrote it? and for what?’ you ask, as men
Have often asked. Now listen, while I tell
The tale of those lone days so long bygone.

White Hare was then our Chief. No Whiteman’s
foot
Had yet besoiled our land. We roamed at large;
We hunted where our birch canoes found room,
Down streams and lakes, or carried them across
The portages; and from the east to west,
Atlantic to Pacific slopes was room

Enough for tribes that lived in harmony.
Each tribe had then its Chief.

But Indian blood
Heats quick, and Indian jealousies arise
On small excuse. Woe be to him, or them
Who break an Indian's laws! Nor slow are we
In counselling revenge, for pain has power.

So spoke up Chief White Hare:—' Go, search for
deer!
And look you to your tomahawks. Elmwood,
And soothing draughts of balm from lowland flowers,
Both sweet to taste, and fit to soothe one's pain,
Go, find ye Braves, for e'er the sun has risen
Yet seven more morns, our warwhoop must be heard.
Bring forth canoes with warrior paint fresh laid.
Pack up papoose with squaw, send round the bow.
It is our last great fight. If victory
Attends our path, then shall we dance once more,
And all of ours shall have full cause for joy;
But if we fail—then time shall cease for ours,
Nor earth shall ever know our place or name.
We fight to live! By every tree from which
We drew the bark for our canoes we vow.
By every herb that soothed our weary heads—
By every sacred mound of earth, where rests
The bones of fathers and forefathers brave,
I swear we will not die, unless we fight
The foe who seeks to rob our right!

I smell
The breath from southward land. Of Mohawk bands
I hear the sly old tread. Big Fox has planned
To take our traps, our pemmican, our bows.
But yesterday I followed on their steps.
Why should they bring oppression to our tents?

They have Tyendenaga's ample land,
The pine and cedar woods are plentiful,
The little sea of Quinte runs close by
Their sunlit shore, and they may hear Great Chief
Acalling through the waterfalls far off
And swishing by to join the mother sea.

Then why not smoke their pipes in happy peace!
Why not suffice the moccasins of deer
That love to run Tyendenaga's woods?
Or why forsake their fish, where many moons
Give well-filled nets, and suns smile on their shores—
Why wean their eyes of all this greater good,
To crowd us from our northern rights less rich?
Why make they war? We asked for peace. But where
Is peace, if we despise ourselves, or if
By weakly yielding to unjust designs
Still more injustice we do contemplate?
Nor is it peace if liberty be gone,
And slavery imposed, since we must fret
The more, the slaver to expel, destroy
His pestering brood and by our fret
We spend our restless days until we gain
New warrior bands for freedom's fight.

Or if

We find our foe, intemperate, asleep.
Then ere he wake, we rouse ourselves, and take
Our lawful right as executioners,
And claim by conquest that which was our due.

War lust White Hare hath not; but he has heard
The lone night song, sighing through the hills,
And 'mong the birches, and the pine-tree tops.
He saw the gleaming lights for full six nights,
Go dancing on the Mazinaw, where swish
Its lead-grey waters 'gainst the stubborn shore.
Great Spirit calls! and bids us go and fight.

Go! sing alarm! Call out our Braves! Pass on
The blood-red scalps, and make appeal! Our time
Is now; and all our people unto war
Shall go. Support me Braves! Give whoop!

So did

I hear our Chief White Hare, and all men knew
It was a fateful day, when warrior folk
Must prime themselves with exercise and paint;
And old and helpless folk must find their rest
Within the depths of sacred Mazinaw.

Lo! then the warwhoop thrilled the stagnant
blood,
As round the hills, twice-told, reverberant
It sounded in full, battle-daring tones.
The birds took flight, and fled in silent fear.
The pines in sadness shivered on each day.
The forest folk, shy, fleet of foot, dashed forth
To find a hiding place.

Adown the lake,
And up, from every cove, on either side,
Came swarthy Braves, with new made scalps hung from
Their purple wampum belts. Their tocsin for
The war was made from silver isle thin riven,
And rang the blood-red day; then there was heat,
And hurrying to and fro.

Close by the lake
The great war Council met, upon the hill
That overlooked the Mazinaw; and from
The early morn, until the sun grew faint
From his long watch, White Hare, with trusted Braves,
Pledged loyalty to race, and planned their war.
They loved their Mazinaw, and would not yield
Their birthright to a vaunting foe, until

They proved their love by death. 'Twere better die,
And sink to unknown mysteries, rocked by
The Spirit of their long-loved lake, to sleep
In happy hunting land, than live enslaved
By foe. Nor was it love, by man inspired,
Nor love of womanhood, though noble it;
But these have their reward—love answers love.
But love of native land, calls sacrifice
A joyful act, and estimates whole death
The climax glorious of life's supreme
And sanctified ambition—holiest love.

So when the day wore on to eveningtime,
The Braves and White Hare, girt their trappings on,
Prepared to see the morrow's light far south;
And then they made one final covenant.

Adown the western hill they came, unto
The waters deep and still, nor did they pause,
But paddled their canoes, in thought agreed,
One purpose and one meditated goal.
To bold-faced rock of Mazinaw, that rises plumb
Above the water's breast three hundred feet,
And lies like broad-backed sphinx, five miles or more,
Away to land, a giant fossilized,
These warriors came. Here once more did we join
Mysterious and solemn vows, before
The sun did set, vow answering unto vow;
Nor life was worth the day, if vows we broke.
We pledged it with such magnitude of voice,
Wind answered wind, and Mazinaw rehearsed.

And then White Hare with ink indelible
Of Redman's art, did paint upon the rock,
And looking toward the western sky, resolve
To die for Mazinaw, and that resolve

To live as long as sun or moon shall shine
Or clouds drop rain. These hills shall last till times
Have wrought their purposes; there too this vow
Of loyalty abides in evidence
Of Redman's faithfulness. That writing on
The wall is sign of life, not death.

When rose
The morrow's sun, White Hare and all his band
Had gone to meet their foe. That day they made
A line with midday sun, by waterways
And portages. The day beyond, they moved
As fleet and sleuth-like as their native wile,
Well bred, defined the course; nor thought of ease,
Nor pleasures of the bison hunt—one deed
For now—the fateful aim must find its mark.
When full three days had passed, there came to view
Assembly of wigwams, and smoke of fires.
'Twas then with noiseless tread, low-crouching, like
The beast that springs on thoughtless prey, nor did
We let our breath, or scent of our design
Escape from us, but stealthily, we came
Unto the outpost of our enemy;
And there we watched them eat their fish. Oh then
It was our time! We laughed without a sound.
Spontaneously we stood, and then warwhoops,
Our wild, blood-curdling whoops, rang through those
woods.

At this the Mohawks sprang tumultuous to
Their feet; seized arrows, tomahawks, or knives,
And rushed, bloodthirsty braves, against our band.
There was a shock as if the earth had moved.
Wild rang the cries; confusion was supreme,
As if some hell had opened all its doors.
'Twas like the thunder as it rolls among
The hills. 'Twas as a slaughter house, for blood,
We were as beasts that tear their prey to shreds.

We fought to blot from earth our mortal foe.
Nor life meant aught; our life was pledged to kill.
The earth drank up our blood, and surfeited.
The slain was thrust in heaps, both wrath and strength
Attesting fierceness in the bitter fight.
Nor did the fight surcease, while savages
Still gloated on the scalps they yet might seize.

Unto the Mohawk band there fell that day
The victory, for wrought they on that day,
As when the mower shears the meadow land,
And leaves behind his bulky swath of hay;
Nor did they rest, until our northern band
All lay in death.'

My genius had ceased.
Again I rubbed my eyes, I looked about.
I heard the merry laughter o'er the way.
The Mazinaw was there, and I, not he,
My charming genius, who held the key
Of those mysterious words.

Think not that life
Is vanity, and that the dust of deeds
Doth follow on the heels of those who do
Them valiantly. No monuments arise,
Nor watchmen ward off sacrilegious hands,
Yet valorous deeds of earnest loyalty,
Survive unwatched, when long the doers shall
Have slept.

The Mohawks told us not, nor did
The slain ones write for our enlightenment,
Of whom their tribe, or home, or what their speech.
But when you see the Mazinaw, you note
The echo of your voice against the walls,
The solemn stillness of the deep profound,

The writing calling for a Daniel
To read, and then mayhap you learn, how one
Lone deed, one vow, one master effort of
Your soul, to save a worthy cause, or lift
A nation's head above despair, may live
Long after all the race has lost your name.
So let it be! That is our legacy.

Adown the Madoc road, the ground is red,
Rich-dyed, deep-sunk. The miners there are red.
Think you the blood of Braves, that summer day,
Who met the Armageddon of Red-men,
Has stained the heath with fadeless dye? Alas,
No man now reads the solemn words White Hare,
With paint indelible once wrote, with pen
Of willow bough, out on the high-browed rock
Of Mazinaw, and yet I would insist
That ours is the inheritance."

Our Seer was visibly alert. "My Friends,"
He said, "time never was more precious than
Tonight. Well have we spent this hour, and right
Good entertainment has our neighbour given.
We are not idlers of the hours, when thus
We gather tales of former days. Keep on!
And may our next attempt ensure us still
An added measure of good sense."



LABELLE, QUE.

“We’ll not despise our smaller inland gems
Which live mid granite hills.”



NIGHT TWELFTH—THE TAX GATHERER

“ Of all the public men who serve the State
Efficiently, the least admired are they,
Who, for no other fault than that they chose
Small salaries, and gave large services
To amplify the State's finance, increase
The revenues. If ever estimates
In heaven, are fixed on basis of good work
With small reward and less repute, then theirs
Shall be the honor roll who gather gold
To aid municipal designs at large.
Depreciation they endure with grace,
E'en though they never do depreciate,
But when some envious minds their values doubt,
They confidently light their way with smiles.
And when the Town-Hall moves to circumvent
The unclean nest, then this that these have done,
Shall be as snow upon a blackened ground.

Once publicans and sinners, feasting met
As in a brotherhood; but not so now.
These are not sinners; and are publicans
But in their work of public worth, and aim.
These are the heads that move the governing hands;
These save us from the suctioneer's hoarse cries,
And cause bankruptcy courts keen eyes to turn
Elsewhere; beget respect among the folk
Who parasitic are, and feed upon
The public purse—small fry we best respect
When safely laid within their final bed.
Your city treasurer would halt his ways
Were't not for those who fill his heartless vaults.

As citizens, we are as fruitful trees,
Expected gold to yield, and most approved

Are we unto municipal experts,
When yielding plenteously unto their bits
Of paper notes, to meet expenditures.

These business men, who keep accounts for us,
Our monitors must be, free from all lust,
True hearted and clean-handed men, pure eyed,
Whose consciences are never seared by wrongs.

Our Tax-collector is a nobleman,
And will, tonight, confront our company
Without a fear. He hides no corpses, which
Another may exhume. His soul is clean,
And deeds will bear the light."

So once more spoke
Our eulogistic Seer; nor flattered he
But honored public worth, and aimed to raise
The public estimate of enterprise,
From lower to a higher plane.

So moved
The Tax-Collector modestly arose.

HOW TOM BLACK CAME TO PARLIAMENT.

" I am not worthy to receive so much
Of eulogy; but if a standard I
May set for honest, public work and worth,
Content I am that one shall utilize
That which I am and do.

My present theme
Will show you how one Englishman, Tom Black,
Came up to parliament, mayhap, may set
Before you stepping stones, and enterprise
Beget, whereby you too may reach estates
Made lofty in the estimates of men,
And gods supreme.

When Tom reached Canada,
He had his ticket and a capital
Of two full pence—old English coin. He was
A ' Merchant Venturer ' as truly as
Was ever John Cabot, Sebastian, or
Their sea-exploring band of Bristol Town.

Down by Quebec, he overheard the speech
Of habitats, and let his heart descend
Unto his boots, ' since French I never learned,'
He said. But when ' Le Canadien ' upspoke,
And asked:—' Have you some cash?' his heart returned
Unto its normal beat—' old English speech
Is still my mother tongue, and good enough
For over here', he kindly told his heart.

Into Ontario, his ticket led.
Now, can a man make way with capital
Of four poor cents? And Tom will tell you Yes!

The early morning, saw Tom end his ride.
Nor breakfast time concerned his eager soul.
For work he asked, he sought, he knocked, he found,
Established truth of holy writ. At seven,
He undertook the breaking of a pile
Of stone; at noon he rested with a smile;
At six he spread abroad more smiles. With smiles
And elbow power he smashed the stones, and felt
That he was rich.

Some proverbs say, 'Woodsmen
Are best made known by reason of their chips'.
Contractor Tom, not working by the hour,
Nor judging by the hands upon his watch,
But counting more his strokes, and how the stones
Might fly beneath his mastering blows, made good
His opportunity, and business worth.

His stone-pile done, his pocket warm with coin,
Tom gained promotion, and a merchant, in
A store, became. Trusty and true was he.
The every interest of employer, his
Did equally appear, and he who served
Became as one who shares. Employe, first;
And partner soon; and then proprietor—
Thus did he rise, as English yeast will rise.
So all the country-side was leavened by
His force, and dignity.

Then to his store
In time, he added farms. In early morn,
Before towns-folk bestirred, he supervised
And fashioned his estate. He rode his steed
Most like an English Squire, and looked with pride,
Upon a thousand acres and a lake.

Thus did Tom Black become Canadian.
And now he added yet this other thing:—
That as he grew in wealth, he grew in grace
He suffered not that God, the Giver of
All good, should say that He was robbed, nor yet
That man complain of loss of sympathy.

So when he saw the welfare of the State
Despised, and saw poor ignorance become
Encouragement to vice, he heard the call
Ordaing unto public probity
His faithful energy. Not yet was he
Materialized by bounteous wealth. His heart
Was more a home of sympathies for men,
Than cupboard of heart-eating care, and greed;
And in his love he studied most their need.

So when his fellow-citizens, a man
Would call to public life, he heeded them,
Met their demand with generous grace, and gave
His mind to master problems of the State.

And first, the village council felt his mood,
Saw serious face, heard earnest tones, and cared,
While he sought how to foster public health,
How wisely win the welfare of the school
How best advance these future citizens
In arts of commerce, industry beget,
And lead the youth susceptible. Goodwill
He spread, sobriety, frugality
He taught, by public act and private life.
Pure streets, sweet thoughts, morality and love,
With harmony and enterprise, combined
With practice of religious faith, and made
A righteous town, with model councillors.

Now, as a city on a hill cannot
Be hid, the man who shines within his sphere
Is wanted for a larger candlestick.

Names signify. His fellow councillors
Forgot the 'Tom' and named him 'Squire.' And then
The government surnamed him 'Magistrate,'
A 'Justice of the Peace.' Then Warden of
The county, councillors elected him.

And so the years flew on. The Englishman
Became outright Canadian. The man
Who landed with two-pence, became the man
Of competence—the friend of struggling men.

One day all Canada was stirred to life.
The Parliament had been dissolved. Appeals
Unto electors filled the columns of the press.
Conventions met, resolved, dissolved, and died.
New parties came to light, new men, new creeds,
As easily as dandelions spread
New down upon the air. Each party set
Its standards with due pomp, the terms induced
By local circumstance than general good,
Each wished to be on show; how serious
The work of guiding all this mighty land
Nor once did estimate. They cried for light,
Yet little knew what kind of light would be
A beacon best upon the stormy waves
Of world unrest. Protection and Free Trade,
The Soldier, Farmer, Manufacturer,
Public Ownership, and Private Interests,
Each claimed preeminence, and Canada
Was like a seething caldron with few heads
So clear to regulate the heat, few hearts
So true as could put general good atop
Of party politics and private greed.

Tom Black was called upon to represent
His county. He agreed conditionally.
'Give me free hands' he said 'to vote with sense
Of right, to foster general equity,
Make quality more noble than the kind,
Exalt the land more than locality,
And put what's right, before what most will pay,
Myself a man for every man, to help
The best of every kind, and melt it to
The minting of the nation's character,
Strong and serene as Laurentides, then I
Will be your man.'

'I must consider plans.
Platforms, if weak, ensure disaster to
The load imposed. I must inspect my planks,
Select my timber, and make sure 'tis sound.
Where I may stand, the platform must be strong.

What would I advocate? First, Public Rights—
The ownership by government of all
Utilities the Public commonly
Employ. The State is combination of
The people under government, and forms
For daring minds, the target for their greed
And selfish enterprise. Monopolies
These do attempt at cost of citizens.
Administration doth ennoble then,
The ownership; and, safeguards duly named,
The owner trusts administration, or
Withdraws the privilege, thereby secures
The highest art in enterprise, and all
The private, lawful aims, may find due play.
Thus competence finds sphere, yet gives the State
Her sovereign liberties to safeguard rights
In earth, sea, air. Utilities
Available are unassailed by greed

When governments with conscience operate.
Prosperity and peace, prove high estate
Of nations so ordained, whose people love
One king, One God, one brotherhood of man.'

Thus reasoned Black before the eager crowd,
And upturned faces spelled their interest.

'For so it is,' he said, 'the State owns land.
It has some Model Farms, but does not farm
All land within the State. Its sovereignty
Is held, to say who shall the farmers be,
On what conditions they shall own the land,
And what by way of rent, their duties and
Their taxes shall entail. If need were such
She might indulge her rights to counteract
High prices with competing merchandise.
She is the giant, and the little folk
Are we whom she may set at right whene'er
Our greediness would circumvent our good.

And if our State doth own some railroads 'tis
That she may not disrobe herself of rights
Of oversight, to supervise the work
That corporations do propose to give
Unto the people's need, and if 'tis so
Oppression rests its heavy foot upon
The people's back, the State may lighten it
By right of setting rates. If lease it makes,
It doth its lawful reservations make,
And so the public doth escape the greed
Of rich monopolies.'

His audience
Sat silently intent to miss no word.

'And then' he said, 'there grows a consequence—
The State should cultivate our intercourse.
The postal laws, the telephone, the roads,
The telegraph, should bring their revenues
To Ottawa, but carry service to
The farthest citizen, with equal rights
Of all, with favours unto none, with best
Equipment to discharge convenient
And finest art in human work, and all
To cause intelligence abound where wealth
Is shy, and hides her bashful face.

Again,

The land is of the government; the poor
Oft willing are to toil with thrift, and make
Their fortunes and our own, and unto them
The State should lend the helping hand by means
That are not onerous. The land is naught
If locked in cold embrace, unpeopled, rude,
The home of wolves and buffalo, and where
The wild winds make their music with no choir
To 'company them. Free grants of land, made bright
By generous roads, amenities of life,
The avenues of intercourse made broad
By which the world's affairs should be as known
Within these sylvan settlements, as in
The festering city streets—these things would cause
A lightening of the city load, the cheer
Of hearts that now are fed on bitterness,
The self-protection of the State in times
When enemies may force our frontier doors,
But we should have a rear from which to draw
A breath of strength, and gather forces on
The breadth of this vast continent. There is
Within the treasury of our forest wilds,
Our freedom's guarantee.'

The faces of
His auditors did shine, as if their eyes
Beheld millenium.

‘ And then I come ’

He said , ‘ to that most vital question of
Our day and land—the one that kindles fires
More threatening than the prairie or backwoods
Beget, for those may burn the things that grow
Again, but this may burn our soul, and leave
A rankling, cankerous sore, that never shall
Find health; and leaves the State a helpless prey
To those who care not for our unity,
So they may dominate the numbers, and
The consciences. I tell you, unity
Of State, in aim and noble enterprise,
Is more of God, than all sectarian greed.
The Church is servant, not the master of
The State. She takes our voice; and we take hers
When most she ministers sincerely, to
The general good. God and the people first;
The Church the servant of them both, I hold.

What doth concern the general good, more than
The training of intelligence? The School
Determines trend of all things, in the State.
If setting lamps to shine o’er all the earth,
And so enabling peoples of remotest climes
To see their way unto the best of life,
Is worthy of our State’s rich effort, then
’Tis Duty calls us to unite our youth
For this adventure, and it is not thus
We come unto our goal, if different tongues,
With separate schools, dividing creeds, we preach.
One fellowship we need, one common faith,
One high ideal, if children of today
Shall live to see this land, the leader in

The ways that lead to glory, the spreader of
The light, inviting men from slavery
To liberty. Go! Say we have one school.
Take up your load, and say Canadians
Are we! Not for your pride, I thus do speak,
Not to promote your idle boast; not to
Engender strife, but to beget your love,
The one unto the other, and to pave
The way to general loyalty; and that,
Since I am true—a plain, hard-working man,
A lover of this land, in which I find
My largest liberty, and highest good.'

He paused. His audience heaved a sigh, as if
Regaining breath they had forgot to breathe,
And then they moved, as if about to clap,
If only they were sure they had their hands.
He speeded on.

'I must, another plank

Still add unto my platform, and in this
I wish I might arouse your nationhood.
'Tis not paternalism, that the State
Most needs, at such a time as this.' he said.
'In days of childhood, 'tis the hand that leads,
Which helps, and does not barter strength for help
It lovingly extends, which most inspires
The youthful limbs to venturesome become;
But when the age of sense has fully come,
Self-help must justly plead its honest right
To practise man-hood's power, to speculate
Upon some secret passages of wealth
Within itself, deep hidden, competent
To give it foothold in the race of life.

Who then assays to do the work, which self
Was destined to discharge, a hinderer
Becomes—an enemy, and not a friend.

So is it with the State. Let government
Mark out the way, prepare the gates for flood
Of tide, and Business Enterprise shall rise
As with a giant's born capacity
To give the State enduring prominence.

I hold one case in point. Why not beget
Unto ourselves a highway to the West
At once commodious, resplendent with
The lavish gifts of Nature's hand,
And stored with powers superb, for strengthening
The industries, that spell the manhood of
The State? Westward, the Ottawa awaits
The hand of government to ope the doors,
Unlock the treasuries, and signal that
The floodgates push their driving powers along.

Oh! We have been like children, fearing to
Forsake their neighbour's door, when courage would
Invest us with a wealth of riches, just
A little farther back, and safer in
Our own embrace.

And we have placed our plants
Where neighbours might behold them grow, and check
Them when convenient for their broad designs.

Here, by the hills of Pontiac, and through
Ontario's lands, we waste a wide highway.
From Georgian Bay, and Nipissing,
By Allumette and Calumet the powers
Are rushing swift and strong, and wealth lies there.
Portage du Fort, the Chats, the Chaudiere

Have sung their charms until awearied with
Their own sweet lute; and now they reprimand
With sterner note the hands that spend elsewhere
And will not spend to save the riches of
The richest waterway within the land.

The West should know that this would speed them
to

The ocean's way and spell commercial power.
But East and West should recognize the waste
We suffer, and the gain we might achieve.
To save these forces would make countless towns
Arise, and countless northern townships smile.

So long these powers have fretted to conserve
Our faculties of nation life, have knocked
Against the bases of our parliament,
It sure is time to say to government
Awake! Apply the Nation's spade, and give
Us right of way. Let Ottawa awake! "

Now when the speaker finished in this strain,
The audience arose as if one man,
And cheered as when the thunder bursts among
Our hills, peal follows peal, and rolls afar.

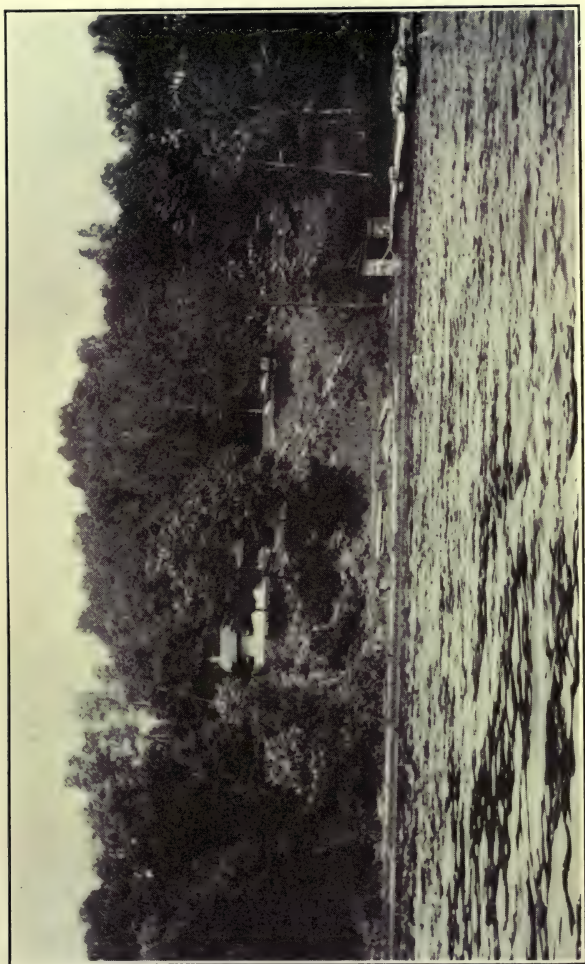
The Chairman merely said:—' Long live the king.'
And then again the cheers resounded through
The hall and streets, for king and candidate.

And so it was that when election day
Arrived, the voters came in mass, and Black
Opposed by Laborite with fiery tongue,
And by a clever woman candidate
Who pleaded equal rights for womanhood,
Was chosen with an overwhelming voice.

Canadian hills that furnished men for war,
Has reared them too for home affairs, for school
And college halls, for pulpit, press, the law,
And parliament.

Nor will I stay to tell
How barefoot boys became our premiers,
How those who drove the harrows o'er the fields
Have come from lowly walks to frame our laws,
And laborers have risen to be benign
And wise advisers of the king. This land
Of Canada, like mother fostering child,
Extends encouragement with outstretched hands
And crowns each brow with laurels nobly won."

The Tax-Collector ceased. And then the Seer—
"This night has given a patriotic ring
Unto our social ventures, which I trust
May tunefully assail our future course.
Our friend has well exalted character,
And thrilled us with fine eloquence. We'll not
Forget the land has need of us, and thanks
We tender him who woke our hearts tonight."



GULL LAKE, MINDEN, ONT.

"For such
As love sweet solitude from jarring sounds."

THIRTEENTH NIGHT—THE LOCAL PREACHER

" A many-flowered garden do we keep
Within our circle of good friendships, hid
May be, like buried gold, or lamp obscured.

Judged by the themes and right goodwill, each
night
Hath here revealed, we have not lacked for form,
For color, or sweet fragrance. Mignonettes,
Or roses, bloom or blush, or perfume give
To their environment, that ladies may
The sweeter tempered be, and gentlemen
Refinement put into their manners all.
'Twere vain for flowers to grow, if bees and men
Were not the sweeter made because of them.

Perhaps I am too serious for young life.
But life is serious business for us all,
And only lightly rests upon our arms
When we observe it seriously, for then
With peaceful consciousness of duty done,
We take all serious things with pleasure, and
Light heart.

When in the pious, ancient days
Of simple faith and strenuous life, the crude
Beginnings of Canadian culture rose,
And these were rested on foundations wrought
Of Bible certainties, good laymen walked
The land as prophets of the truth, and they,
As often as the clergymen, preached faith,
And fed revivals of religious zeal.

Not always did the fear of God o'ercome
The hearts of ruder men through reasoned truth,
As theologians would present the rules
Of evidence, analogies of faith,
But these plain men could picture blazing hell,
And thunder terrors of the mighty law,
Commend the judgment day, enthrone their God;
Until strong men were bowed and shaken, as
A willow by the mighty storm, when guilt
Was written on their minds.

Oh, then, men sobbed
And cried for very grief of heart, because
They knew that they had sinned, and God was good—
Too good to be so vilely wronged.

Men prayed
Because they wished their load of sin removed,
And in despair that any could remove
The burden, but the Supernatural Hand,
And Fountain of the house of David. Fear
Hath torment, but it hath likewise a sense
Of heaven, and Love doth follow in its steps.

These plain men living mid their fellows, knew
Them, and by them were known. Men trusted men,
When in the daily work, in private life,
As also in the public scrutiny
They found the seed of genuineness, the roots
Of faithfulness, outreaching to the things
Inconsequential called, consistency
Indelibly impressed on every branch
And leaf, and all the fruit, of a round, pure life.

Canadian character owes lasting debt
To men unclerical, unpraised, unpaid,
The modest volunteers, whose soul perceived

How forest pathways led to avenues
Of broad expanse, to wealth and worth of State,
And in their pledged allegiance to the heavenly State
They sought to propagate Faith, Hope and Love.

Men of reason, men of sense, they lived, not like
The friars or flagellants of older days,
But brought their sanity, and grace, to bless
Our life attractively.

And so this night,
I welcome in your name, one of yourselves,
A flower of modesty, a neighbour loved,
Exemplary, and honored by our youth,
A man who curbs his speech well knowing that
The tongue unruly is, and words do burn,
Whose words therefore like winged mortals fly
To us with wisdom's salt upon their wings."

So did the Seer call Vankleek to the stand—
Tall stately man of serious mien, grey haired,
High browed, upholding weight of many years,
With youthful aptitudes, and kindly grace.

THE LOCAL PREACHER'S TALE—WHEN CULLEN
CAME TO CONFERENCE

“Some day such weakly notes as my poor lute
Doth transport give, shall bring forth utterances
From richer lyres, more nearly reaching heights
Of quality pertaining to the harps
Of heaven, and music sweet as angels chant.
Till then I am content to mark the path,
More practised feet than mine may choose to tread,
Vibrate the lower notes, while they arise
To higher ranges, where the hills of God
Spread out their glorious robes of light, repeat
Again, and still again, unspoken symphonies.

It was the annual Conference, in June.
Port Hope was in her bloom. Among her hills
Magnificent, broadways with college cult
Inwoven with the footways Nature long ago
Had made, the happy birds their carols sang.

The town adorned herself, as though she thought
The kings would ride her way, and like the sons
Of Jacob, once in Egypt's darkest days,
Put out her leaven of tired, wintry months,
And put on smiles, and salutations wrought,
And cultivated grace in all her ways.

There came the fathers of the Wesley faith,
From far and near homespun and broadcloth mixed,
The tan of hills, with city softness sat,
The college president and cultured deans,
With country democrat in fellowship.

'Smith's Creek' was famous in the ancient days,
When pioneers with saddle bags, rode o'er
The flooded way, to preach the living word;
But in these modern days, with poet charm,
'The Ganeraska' is the loftier name
By which the creek has been baptized afresh,
And Port Hope's seat has gained a glad renown.

And here as if the ancient saints had risen,
And all sedately sat, this modern band
With reverence trod adown the mellowed aisles.

They took their seats as if white heads they saw—
John Carroll with loquacious, tireless pen,
John Black with mirth-producing oddities,
Good Father Carson with his copious tears,
Great Ryerson with controversial ink,
Blind Douglas, Scotch, the soul of eloquence,
And Jeffers, fond of controversial speech,
The mightiest extemporaneous king—
These, and such saints, unclothed upon with flesh,
Seen only by the raptured, brooding mind,
Were there to gravely contemplate the deeds
Of younger heroes of the undying faith.

And there was one who rose to address the House—
I know not that I ever saw a man
More kingly in his form, more gracious than
His mood, with kindlier eye, or nobler brow,
Or squarer shoulders set, than was that gift
By grace of God, Williams the winsome man,
The victor over adverse circumstance,
The Joshua of our day.

'I'd read,' he said,
'Than waste a moment of my precious time.
If nothing else I found at hand, I'd read

An almanac. If opportunities are mine,
I'll quarry gems from Plato, if perhaps
I may upbuild them into Christian form, and grace
Them in a sermon with rich gospel truth.
I'd have my books, though I had something less;
And though I carried patches on my boots
I'd have the food to carry in my brain.

When I was young and was not called to learn
The Greek, as you are now, I used to plan
To leave where I had dined at Sunday noon,
At early hours, and drive unto my next
Appointment for religious exercise,
To have a quiet hour down by the fence,
Alone, just so I might learn Greek. I preached
The better for it, and I laid foundations for
My future work. God blessed me, and I pray,
Young men, He may more plenteously, bless you.'

With such a Chairman to preside, sincere,
Kind-hearted, earnest, good, who wondered if
Young men were glad to share his fellowship?
Or if such live embodiment of grace
Became ideal for them, and moved their soul
To seek such sainthood, and to vow themselves
Bond servants unto Christ, to preach His word?

Blairhampton was a frugal neighbourhood,
High up among the maple-covered hills,
Whose only right to have baptismal name
Was founded on possession of a school,
And weekly postal route, where private house
Did postal station work. The citizens
Of this small berg were humble English folk,
Who came from Lincolnshire, and wore no airs.
But when they sang, or when they earnest prayed,
It was a time for Satan to be gone.

They were a serious folk, who thought of life
As next of kin unto eternity,
And wrought from morn to night to prove their claim
To such rewards eternity might yield.

It is from mothers such as these, there spring
A nation's stalwart sons, who lead us on
To paths of power, and to places in the sun.

It was my privilege to kneel beside
A dying mother's bed, commend her soul
To God, and lead her to a vision of
Christ's Cross, that faith might triumph gloriously.

Long years her feet had trod the pioneer's
Hard path and fare. And by her husband's side
True helpmeet she, in strenuous life had shared.
If he felled trees, she piled the brush for fires;
If he broke ground, she harrowed it for seed;
If he threshed wheat, she helped him winnow it,
And held the bags as he did fill them full;
If he drove cows, she shared in milking them;
And when the furrows turned rich brown and black,
She paced them dropping in potato seed.
If man were needed to give steady hand
To work that man should do, her hand was there.
And so she shared the toil and fared the joy.
Nor ever did she cloud her brow, or word
Or thought express, to chill a husband's love,
Or damp the ardours of his leadership
In life's heroic, splendid enterprise.

And now her day was near the setting sun.
'God has been good—far better than I e'er
Deserved' she said. And then in quiet tones—
'My sons,' she said 'I do not ask it as
Of right, I only wish that if God willed

They might be in His ministry employed,
And I commit them to your care.'

O God, would all the mothers of our land,
Could such divine ambitions entertain!
Could leave such legacies with modesty,
And mighty faith, to bless their gifted young
And bless the fortunes of our rising State!

The Reverend Job Good had had a term
Of grace and power; he and his field were mates,
And like a well matched team, they pulled along
The chariot of the Lord to victory.

Revivals flamed; saloons were closed for loss
Of patronage; dance halls unlighted were;
The village billiard parlour ceased to be.
Then prayer laid hold on consciences and cults.
Great truths brought tears of penitence and joy.
The brain awaked, predestined to become
Chief in the army of activities
That move the human soul, and tempered joys
Gave brightness to young moods, and vigor to
Their will for good.

It was as if the age
Of books had been reborn, or art had dawned,
Or music woke with angel atmosphere.
The trifles that destroyed their strength and hours
Young people put aside, with serious air,
And turned the playroom to a hall of fame,
Where literature of State and Church,—world lore,
Engaged their thought, enriched their ardent soul,
And made them wiser workers both for God
And Britain's king. This was the pastor's joy.

Nor was this all; there was for him the joy
Of finding men, who like himself, should be
The fishers, furnished for the fishing time
For men. Their joy is like angelic joy
Who run and sing with strengthened heart and faith
Because another soul has found the thing
They most had prized.

There were five youths elect,
Enrolled upon the scroll that held his name,
Nor father ever happier was because
Of children whom he called with joy his own.

Now Cullen was of those, and Conference
Would know what plea he came to give, by which
To claim their fellowship.

‘ I come,’ he said,
‘ Because one day God came mysteriously
To me. I had not been a murderer,
Nor persecutor of the Christ, as I
Had known and understood such attitudes;
But quiet, thoughtful youth with active mind,
Inquisitive to know the range of truth,
Inventive when the devil used my mind,
Irreverent, if evil genius flapped
His wings my way, rebellious if suppressed,
Strong-willed, reserved, secretive, questioning,—
A home that legioned devils might engulf
With dark designs, and occupy, bolt, bar
And chain, as suited their convenience.

I must believe there is a Mind supreme
That uses power where It can show His love
Upon the balance wheel of human things
And makes them work together for our good.

Or else if Chance were working nervously
'Twere strange that all my days he stayed by me,
And gave his kindest graces for my good;
Or why consistently, all acts of Chance
Should bless my days, and leave out worthier folk?

One day my sky was as the blackness of
The night, and I bewildered, miserable,
Could see no light within the blackened clouds.
I only heard it said within my soul
'Sin lieth at thy door. Thou art the man.'
I saw a long, sad list of evil things
Which I for years had planned, and loved, and wrought,
And felt like one who dashes down the chute
Against his will, o'erborne by weight of all
The pressing flood. I dared not look to heaven.
I was ashamed of all within, without.
In my despair I sought the Lord, as one
Who had no other hope, nor even hoped
That this would bring the needed happiness.
I was as chemist serious who in
His laboratories tries experiments' results.
'I will try prayer,' I said, and so I put
Prayer to the test. 'Tis wonderful how God
Will kindly use the slightest motion, of
The struggling soul, and enter where the door
Is least ajar, if so He may enrich
And strengthen, that poor cry that goes His way!
But so He did for me.

No theories
Had I concerning who God was, or what;
No evidences shaped my mind to moods
Or modes that might a lawyer justify.
God was a presence I might call upon—
No more philosophy than that, I had,
No other notion of theology.

And so I turned a barn into a church,
And I was congregation and the priest;
And all the altar that I had, and all
The incense I could bring, was found in prayer—
A prayer of one lone sentence, penitence
And faith combined, ability of God
And faithfulness assumed, the Cross of Christ
The justifying background, opening to
The throne of Grace— 'Oh God,' in need I cried,
'Have mercy and forgive my sins.' 'Twas done!
Immediately, heaven's chastened, gracious light,
My soul engulfed. Experiments ne'er proved
As much to consciousness, within a breath,
As was that morning demonstrated, to
My liberated sense.

I was not filled
With overwhelming ecstasy; I was
Not in a trance, nor lost my calmer sense.
I slowly rose, and calmly knew sweet peace.
I knew some change had come; my load was gone.
I knew the darkness was replaced by light.
I felt as if I stood on solid ground.
And to my lips there came those wondrous words
Of 'Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins
Away'!

I tried experiment of prayer;
Since then I've tried it many times, nor failed.

Nor have I stopped with prayer, but by God's grace
Have wrought to speed the righteous kingdom on,
Work growing unto work, as dawn to noon.
I have found grace. I trust I have had fruit.

What time I preached within a farmer's house,
Among the pioneers, my theme was plain,

The Sower and the seed. I knew not then,
But afterwards, I found that one young man
Who hid behind the door, afraid to stay
Away, yet fearing to be seen, received
The arrow of the truth into his heart,
Confessed, and prayed, and wrought, before I went
That way again.

Another heard the word,
'Arms of the wicked, broken they shall be.'
'Twas in a schoolhouse, mid the forest trees,
Nor was this man once known to me until
God's shaft had pierced his consciousness, and then
He sought me out, with tears made known his joy.

And still another with strong mind, great power
Of will, in opposition great, in love
And willing service greater, testified
How he had carried home the wounding word,
How wounds of heart would not be healed, until
Alone, he plead with God, and then found joy,
Then told his neighbours the glad news, and to
His home brought family prayer.

And other men
There are who grow as grapes upon the vine
Whose cases time will not permit me to
Suggest. I'll pause to say Heaven's full of smiles,
And love is waiting to make warm this world's
Cold heart. Its troubles are enlarged, because
It seeks its own blind way, and will not see
The light that floods it all about. I wish
No greater joy than that which springs from thought
Of duty nobly done, through grace of God
Abundantly bestowed.'

'Amen! Amen!'

The Elders bowed their heads, and spake their thanks,
And prayed with praise, that in these latter days
The fires still burned, as in the days of youth,
And still the glory of the Lord abode
Within their dwelling place.

Times change anon,
Yet though our world grows weary of itself,
They are the unessential things that pass
Into forgetfulness; true life abides,
And though it take new forms, its spirit stays
Unchanged through countless years, the same today
As yesterday, and shall be evermore.
Immutability is soul of life,
Its character, its glorious state; for God
Is life, and God unchanging is. Life comes
With opening Spring, stays with us till the cold,
Bleak days foreclose the mortgage fashions cost,
And life yields passively her goods to earth;
But Winter goes, and Life begins the same
As she begun before. When fires consume
All rubbish we call life, then will remain
Unchanged, unchanging Life the universe
To thrill. The dress is but an outward show,
We pass along to join the dust of earth,
Our hope is in the everlasting life."

Vankleek resumed his seat,
And 'twas as if good angels hovered near.

And then the Seer, arising said:—"I live,
And yet not I, but Christ that mouldeth me.
Our local preacher hath tonight, well won
His title, for in preaching is his art,
And he hath brought the claims of service to
Your hearts as did the Christ to that young man
Who feared to lose his riches, and who chose
The outward, 'gainst the inward man.

FOURTEENTH NIGHT—THE DOCTOR

“ I come to sit with you tonight, revived
By lessons learned, and higher good derived
From that glad tale of Cullen, told us when
We last did meet. And as adherence, then,
Unto our plan, was fraught with good,
So now, our doctor shall be understood,
Shall bring us stores of learning, nobly meant
Our health to serve, to frame the government
By which our flesh shall be disposed, to light
Religion, and good conscience expedite.

Or if he deem it not his duty now
The laws of medicine upon our brow
To write, so we may often think thereon,
Mayhap relation otherwise he'll con
That will both interest and profit bring,
And give our mental bearings freedom's wing.

As President, I am allured by you,
And by you too, enriched beyond my due.
You suffer me to speak, and so I mark
Approval of the man, in day and dark,
Without his rest, and oft without his food,
A good Samaritan in earnest mood.
The doctor is a minister of God,
Whose steps remind us where the Master trod;
And healing art is quite as much a gift,
As readiness to show men's mental drift.

Wherefore I bid our mutual friend begin;
All wait to witness what his eloquence shall win.”

Thus did our President persuasion use
To move the doctor, and ourselves amuse.



CHATEAU RICHER, ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, QUE.

"But sure I am St. Anne de Beaupre holds
The faith of thousands, in the healing folds
Of her blest gown."

THE DOCTOR'S TALE—THE PILGRIMAGE

" Our President is always wise and kind,
And thus appropriately has brought to mind
Such ailments as your bodies may have known,
And then as if a lecturer on my throne,
Suggests I may describe some healthful ease,
And remedies that plaintive patients please.

It is I own the province of our art
To educate the public, to its part
In furthering the nation's bill of health,
Thereby deleting hindrances to wealth.
But such of science as I might expound
I will withhold tonight; instead, abound
In simple stories of some other folks,
Some serious and some passing little jokes;
The latter much the better for our good
Unto digestion, both of thought and food.

So now I must profess my humble creed,
Although humility I more may need.
I have been faithful unto Nature's way,
While practising my calling, day by day;
But never have I lost the sense of God
In every hall and ward where I have trod.
When I was young my mother taught me well
That God through faith, with faithful men will dwell.
And when the skill of man doth helpless pause,
God shows Himself transcending all His laws.
And thus His miracles may rule today,
And heal the sick, when we have nought to say.

'Twas thus I overheard some travellers.
Each one intent his simple faith avers.
It may be superstition, prejudice,

Environment's sure work, or natural bliss;
Some education cultures aptitudes,
Some with authority soft lassitudes;
But sure I am Saint Anne de Beaupre holds
The faith of thousands, in the healing folds
Of her blest gown, or relic of her bones;
And so they fall and kiss cathedral stones.

It was the summertime. St Lawrence tides
Knew no impediments of winter's strides
With icy bands; but now the balmy air,
The birds, the flowers, the June skies gently fair,
Inspired the pilgrimage of crippled kind,
And nervous folk, rheumatic, deaf and blind,
From over all this north America,
From Southern States, and northern Canada.
And all had faith, or else were predisposed,
To take what priestly handicraft proposed,
And by the mysteries, and prayerful times
Seek new attuning to life's runic rhymes.

It was in Indiana that two clerks
Met one who did large business with good works,
When suffering people sought refreshing shade,
And unto him a proposition made.

' We go unto a Shrine that claims our praise,
And claims our patient travel for some days;
Then why not make improvement on our time,
And in a bond of mutual help combine?
We think it fit that every one we are,
Or every one that rides our pilgrim car,
Shall add unto the pleasure of our way,
Increase still more our knowledge day by day,
Beguiling us, beguiling weary time,
By stories told in English prose or rhyme,
About his State, about his town, or land

Where he was born; and what mechanic hand
He cultivates. If so we will, our ride
Shall happy be, as bridegroom and his bride.'

‘Well said,’ the clerk replied. ‘I join the band,
The latest Union, Trades and Labour stand
To organize, and justify. I move
We do proceed, begin our tales, approve
New members and assimilate, as train
Speeds on obedient to our driver’s brain.’

VOICE ONE—

' I will begin. I come from fertile lands,
Wide reaching, where in harvest time,
there stands
A pile of yellow corn. We have not time
To cut the stalks, but drive them down,
like lime
To be beat in the rich deep soil, new crops
Of corn to fertilize. There plenty drops
By those long, yellow cobs of golden grain,
As nowhere else, along this traffic main;
By Indiana, Illinois, we'll feed
With Johnny cake, old Russia in her need.'

VOICE TWO—

‘ You do remind me of our Battle
Creek,
The nursing home of invalid and sick,
And where we make much use of Indian
corn.
It was not there the good Saint Anne was
born,
Of that I’m sure; nor would she welcome
find

Where cures are wrought by discipline of
mind.

She marks her way with miracles bestrewed,
While these poor folks buy remedies fresh
brewed.

To one you duly pay for all you get,
The other trusts pure gratitude will yet
Endow her treasury, with gems and gold!’

VOICE THREE—

‘ Lest we forget in sunshine, days of
cold,
I would remind you of our Illinois,
And how our coalmen help increase your
joy.

Great Canada has many glorious traits,
But by neglect oft brings herself to
straits;

For while one third she holds of beds of
coal,

Electric fountains rushing to their goal
Within the ocean’s depth, untapped, un-
tilled,

Light, heat, and power alike ignored and
chilled,

She barter for our coal from south and
west,

And then by strikes and floods meets her
arrest,

When markets urge her factories to work.
Nor is it sense to prostitute the kirk
With pleas of faith in God for business
weal,

When lack of enterprise bedamps your
zeal.

In Illinois we have our coal for sale,

Yet rather would we see on larger scale
Canadians attempt with enterprise
To mine their measures, waters utilize.'

THE COMPANY—

'Well done! well done, how fast
these trains do run!
Here come more travellers. Our tales,
begun,
Will have a jolly spin before St. Anne
Shall have a mortal chance our mirth to
ban.'

VOICE FOUR—

'I hail from Edmonton, and know
right well
Great wealth, resources of the North shall
spell.
Peace River country is a paradise;
When known, 'twill have its thousands in
a thrice,
For there lies land enough to feed them
all.
And where the floods of rivers gently fall
To join the arctic sea, great God has stored
The bursting coal banks as our priceless
hoard.
So oilfields lie asleep, a lazy flood,
That Capital shall tempt to spite its mud,
And dare the skies; then shall your
friends down south
Some millions lose, and grow more lean a
mouth.'

VOICE FIVE—

‘And I will speak of Calgary. I dwell
Where Chinook winds from western
mountains swell
To save our fields from winter’s cold.
The key
To Rocky Mountain ways is Calgary.
And eastward, far as man can look, our
pride
Is wheat land spreading richly far and
wide.’

VOICE SIX—

‘Out where I live, our town arose one
noon,
Like mushrooms born—I live at Saska-
toon.
We are a northern light, a central star,
A guide for future kings who come from
far,
To cultivate our prairies, boundless,
broad,
And live where war-paint and the rebel
trod.’

VOICE SEVEN—

‘And I have come from Battleford,
beyond
My neighbour who last spoke. To corre-
spond
With our west land, you breathe Saskat-
chewan
Intrigues and air—where rebels hid or
ran,

Where loyal troops alert with Middleton,
At Duck Lake and Batoche great victories
won.
And over there, Lloydminster tales will
tell,
How English parson fought and wounded
fell,
And how to keep that land for Britain's
weal,
For British settlers he did make appeal,
And planted there a colony, and reared
A town where God and law are justly
feared.'

VOICE EIGHT—

' And so we jog along! The Stars and
Stripes
Are still aloft. Lake Michigan still wipes
The strand. Chicago boasts her pompous
size.
Where sin abounds, there too impromptu
rise
The monuments of grace. Strategic lies
This city, twixt the east and western
skies,
For buisness greed, and polished human
lust,
Or dutiful employ, and Christian trust.
Here sinners are, but here great saints are
grown,
The devil's hell, but here God has His
throne.
And now we leave Chicago's throbbing
ways,
To rush by poplar groves, where gravel
plays

Rude havoc with the soil, where hope
aspires
To share the comfort of Canadian fires.'

VOICE NINE—

' In striking contrast to Chicago's
noise,
Is Wartime's quiet, and her humble joys.
For farmer folk, and humble ways of life
Get nearest heaven, and farthest from
vain strife.
When western prairie lands display the
green,
There is no happier place on earth, I ween,
Than we Canadians thankfully acclaim;
Compared with ours, all other States are
tame.'

VOICE TEN—

' There is much beauty in Canadian
views!
To some Americans, that sounds like
news.
But I anticipate some rich delight
When Canada appears more full to sight.
Ralph Connor men, McClung, and Parker
bold,
Bliss Carman at the head of verse en-
rolled—
These point and antedate the glorious day,
When this strong Northland shall hold
sway
Among the aristocracy of thought;
When pens inspired, Canadian ink has
wrought,

And pictured lakes and rivers, hills and
skies,

Whose vastness, and whose beauty fill all
eyes.

This is a land for multitudes, yet mind
And quality, are better to their kind,
Who are the makers of this sturdy land
Where Saxons with the Celts join friendly
hand.

But here St. Clair appears upon our sight,
And here Canadian enterprise was right
When underneath the rushing flood they
laid

Their fertile plans, and grew a tunnel,
made

To bear the strain of time, and join these
lands

Like Siamese, with iron and concrete
bands.

Long may these rails be avenues of peace,
And may our friendships never know sur-
cease!'

VOICE ELEVEN—

'Tis splendid so to ride abroad this
day,

Upon a long deserved holiday.

Saint Anne de Beaupre is Canadian shrine
Down where sea airs suggest the ocean
brine.

But we are not all zealous Catholic,
Nor on this jaunt because we might be
sick;

For clergymen will pleasantly abide
Content, without disguise, to join their
ride

With ours, and others like us, since we
pay
Excursion fare to reach Saint Anne Beau-
pre.
It is not creed, nor cult, that takes us
thence,
But noble scenery and small expense.'

VOICE TWELVE—

'Behold this city, set as in a bowl,
Whose sides are limned, as if an artist's
scroll
Here lodged. How rare this Valley City
smiles!
Such pictures grow in print; but never
miles
Of travel, brought such glorious beauty
forth
As here we view. This sight alone, is
worth
Our pains, and justifies our pious faith
In good Saint Anne, the French Canadian
wraith.'

VOICE THIRTEEN—

'My town is Guelph, the royal city
fair,
Where young folk can good farming
knowledge share.'

VOICE FOURTEEN—

'And mine is Stratford, though I
must confess,
We have no Avon's bard for our distress.'

VOICE FIFTEEN—

'And mine is London, on the rising
Thames

In Middlesex, without law-making gems,
Where sentiment inspired a noble name,
That shineth, but without the ancient
flame.'

VOICE SIXTEEN—

' And I from Waterloo, praise Wel-
lington.
For British blood hath made me Britain's
son,
And though no lordly monument appears
To celebrate the General's prowess, cheers
Of mine, shall show the motions of my
heart
That mark respect—he did his noble part
To thwart an autocrat, and save an age
From selfish greed, tyrannic rage.
Our Waterloo brings Wellington to
mind—
A foreign name with British love en-
twined.'

VOICE SEVENTEEN—

' Lest I should serious seem, I'll talk
of wine—
I live where grow the peaches and the vine.
Niagara has seen her days of war,
And won her victories, and bore the scar.
She treasures signs of ancient massive
age,
Where waterfalls attract both prince and
page.
Her wasted powers, now run to good ac-
count,
As master minds the obstacles surmount,

And promise light and power, to change
The modes of rural life, enlarge its range.
But farther east this vintage land is
known
As Eden-like, where tropic fruits are
grown!'

VOICE EIGHTEEN—

'And I from Hamilton have lately
come,
Where energies and factories daily hum,
And where the ironmasters of the land
Have cultured forces to supply demand.
Intelligence and art join generous hands
With Labour's sweat, to weld commercial
bands
That wealths produce for Capital and
Sense,
Fulfil the larger plans of Providence.'

ALL VOICES—

'Toronto whistles! Hear the cheery
sound!
We'll have a pause, and take a look
around.'

AN HOUR LATER—

'Now all aboard, right well we're fed
and cheered!
From Union Station, merrily we're
cleared,
And off again we go upon our jaunt;
Conundrums, and fine tales again we'll
haunt.'

Oh ho! our company has grown indeed!
And now like kine, luxuriantly we'll feed,
In pastures of fresh thought, and wise
design,
Where gloom unto Gehenna we'll consign.'

VOICE NINETEEN—

' I love Toronto, by the sunny Bay,
Where lovers walk, and boatmen love to
play.
Queen City of the energetic west,
The home of generous thought, and noble
zest!
Here merchant princes rise to fame and
power,
Here politicians plan for victory's hour,
Here saintly clubs, ecclesiastic eminence,
Give trend to State, maintain predomin-
ance,
Here knowledge opens wide her kindly
door
And truth and beauty bless both rich and
poor.
I love Toronto, by the sunny Bay,
I love her atmosphere and human way.'

VOICE TWENTY—

' Now I am just a lumber jack. The
North,
I left a week ago. What would be worth
Your city's streets, without our lumber
woods?
Here stands unbought delivery of goods,
The legacy of ages to this land,

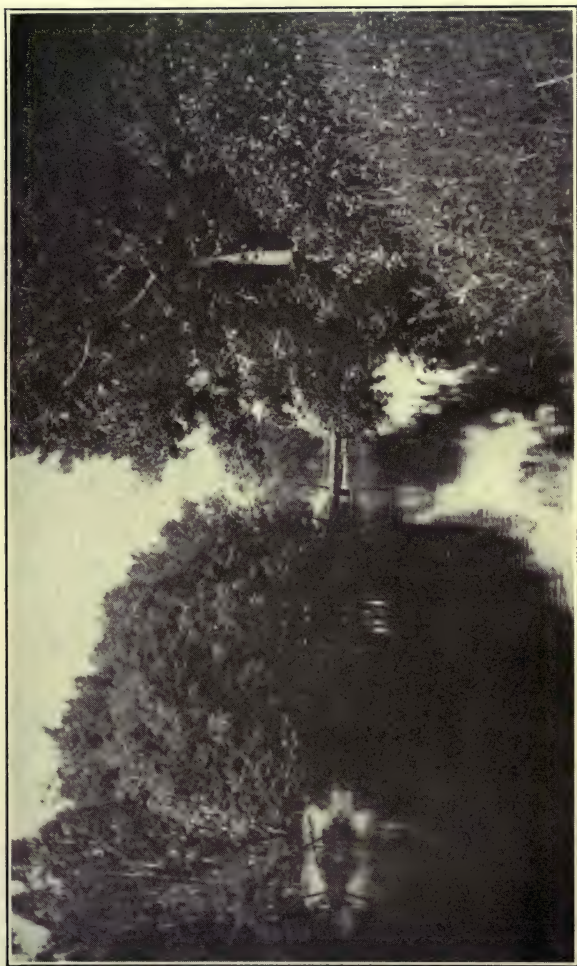
Awaiting honest toil, industrious hand.
And when the monarch pines, the woods-
men share,
And river-drivers river torrents dare,
It brings employment to your men and
mill,
It brings new money to your merchants
till;
Then bankers barter for the golden prize,
Your houses grow, and millionaires arise.
You dream of harvests in the golden west,
We lumber jacks think timber deals the
best.'

VOICE TWENTY-ONE—

'But what of mines and minerals?
I come
From Cobalt, Coppercliff. I've travelled
some
Among the Laurentides and Huron rocks.
I've seen the miners piling high their
stocks
Of copper, cobalt, gold and iron ore,
Corundum or the nickle—species more
Than I have time or wits to specify,
Hard it is true to get, but here defy
The hand and power of courage, industry;
Dig out the bowels of the earth, and fly
The nation's flag of freedom from her
debt!
Go claim this wealth! Go smile and quit
your fret!'

VOICE TWENTY-TWO—

'I live by Lake Ontario, where hours
I've spent o'erawed by white-capped,
wrestling powers.



GULL RIVER, MINDEN, ONT.

"Again I float with him,
Adown the well remembered stream, in calm
Of evening time"

I loved to hear the voices manifold
Along the pebbly beach—as if bells tolled
For ruin wrought, or chimes rung out new
 life
When God baptized the waves and babes
 in strife
Of pent up force. Behold, what wealth
 He lays
In myriad rivers, lakes, wide seas and
 bays,
Close to our doors, from east to farthest
 west,
Where powers abound, and forces never
 rest!
Imprudence squanders or neglects the
 store
Which Providence renews from shore to
 shore.'

VOICE TWENTY-THREE—

' My speech is brief; so oft I come to
 grief,
In quietness I have my hearts relief.
But Oshawa well claims my loyalty,
And proves her claim by tireless industry.'

VOICE TWENTY-FOUR—

' And Whitby is my native, gentle
 town,
Adorned with beauty and the college
 gown.'

VOICE TWENTY-FIVE

‘ And when you wish for music, Bowmanville
Can cheer your heart, your senses thrill.’

VOICE TWENTY-SIX—

‘ And when your nerves are weary,
senses dull,
When soothing Nature songs you seek, to
lull
Your soul to peace, and give to life new
lease,
New hope inspire, high thoughts enrich,
increase,
Then come my way to where the fairies
live
Among Muskoka lakes, and healing slum-
bers give.
Come, drink the bracing atmosphere of
life!
Come, drag your wearied limbs to vigorous
strife.
Or listen to the silences, the clear
Rich echo of your soul, the notes so near,
Because the sunlight stays itself upon
These waters closed around with trees and
lawn
Where rocks climb rocks; so gentle is the
air,
The sunbeams, lashing pools, you yet
may hear.
And here is drink for soul, and food for
thought,
Where virtue is not bartered, honor
bought,

But character, with God, may live, intent
Upon a higher, far-outdrawn extent.

These quiet paradises of the north—
These avenues where God's own steps
went forth
To bless the ways, are sacred homes de-
signed,
Saints hospitals, a heaven on earth out-
lined.'

VOICE TWENTY-SEVEN—

'I come from farther north. Lake
Nipissing,
And Georgian Bay have called the winds,
to wing
Their way adown the Ottawa, and drive
The waters hurrying over falls, alive
With myriad energies, to rush, child free,
Where ships may yet with pride go out to
sea.
Some day more numerous sons of men
will shove
The meditative airs aside, and move
These quiet aptitudes into new mood;
Then o'er the Ottawa new life shall brood,
A century-dreamed canal will then ap-
pear,
The ocean to the west be brought more
near.'

VOICE TWENTY-EIGHT—

'These are delightful congeries, it
seems,
Parts of a nation's life, a nation's dreams.

And while it takes some time these tales
to tell,
Our train is rushing on, past farm and
well,
By lake and stream, by factory and spire,
By towns where hopes begin, fond dreams
expire,
Through rural quietude to city noise,
And where world-need man's energy em-
ploys.
Where loyalists endured both loss, fatigue,
Than sere their consciences, condone in-
trigue,
Where battle fields, redoubts, and sacred
site
Our reverence and our loyalty invite,
On, on we go, across Ontario,
Across the Ottawa, and then more slow,
Until the towers, the smoke, the spires,
the frown
On worried faces, tell us this is town
Of Montreal, metropolis and mart
Of Canada. Here for a time we part.'

TWELVE HOURS LATER—MIXED VOICES—

'Oui, oui, Messieurs.' 'Bon'; 'au
revoir.' 'Bonjour!'
Until we come again. You may be sure
We'll not forget old Montreal, nor could
We lose remembrance of its people good.
Our pilgrim band its busy streets hath
shared,
Our general welfare generously hath
fared.
Your hospitality the sick will cure;
Most gladly will we come again. Bon-
jour!'

VOICE TWENTY-NINE—

‘It seems to me that now we grow so
big,
’Twould fitting be our order to outrig.
We need a head to think out ways and
means
By which we shall keep order, bans such
scenes
Of merriment, as doubts our pilgrimage,
From out our ranks. And so I move that
sage,
Become our dean, the man with clever pen
And able speech, the head of Orangemen
Toronto cultivates so well. You will
Applaud my motion with your mirth, un-
til
You see how serious I am, and think,
And then your differences you’ll sweetly
sink!’

VOICE THIRTY—

‘Now Mister Dean, since that’s so
well agreed,
I’ll put myself in order for our speed.
Who would not love this solid Montreal?
Mayhap her streets at times appear too
small,
And to discredit her, her rulers seem
To practise negligence, and idly dream
Of making people and their children
sweet
Without improving manners or the street;
As if one thought to make a pig grow clean
Yet kept the sty unwashed, distempered,
mean.

When I compare this city with some
more—

Her solid structures, business ways, her
store

Of reminiscences, her countless wealth,
Her possibilities for home and health,
Her ocean-serving waterway and docks,
Her colleges and spires—the whole but
mocks

Our sceptic breath, the palsied, putrid
hand,

And bids our courage grow, and manhood
stand

For big ideas, farther reaching plans,
For larger days than present eyesight
scans.

Materialism's cold, benighting blight
Besmeared her face, obscures her beauty's
light.

There is a nobler spirit than her lust,
That strives to shake away the mire and
dust—

Not what we see, but what we hear and
feel,

Is Montreal dictating her appeal.

Here is a lamp that burneth on the earth,
Where flame of life exceeds its home of
birth.

VOICE THIRTY-ONE—

‘Such panegyric displays of speech,
Good Dean, benumbs our sense to further
teach.

Yet would we not forget these stars of
green

That lie upon the watery bosomed sheen

Where flows Saint Lawrence calmly to the
 sea,
And claims a reverence from you and me.
Nor would I lose the sight of hills far off,
Where Saint Agathe's good airs diseases
 doff,
And where the heart-sick find a paradise,
And hopes like heavenward vines aspiring
 rise.'

VOICE THIRTY-TWO—

'I love this ride close by the river
 shore,
Where look we to the water's depth, and
 store
Ourselves with memories of joyous things,
And breadth of life that richer vision
 brings.'

VOICE THIRTY-THREE—

'We are so well along, I feel some
 greed
To look at old Quebec; for 'twas a seed
Of ancient planting, set by French, and
 fed
By modern British hands with French,
 instead.
Those fine old walls, those ancient fort-
 ress gates,
Suggestive of ambitions, fates, and hates,
The cul-de-sac, the history teeming
 streets,
The ancient with the modern, now one
 meets,
It makes Quebec as like a temple rare,

Where reverence curbs its feet, its head
will bare.

Champlain's far age still unforgotten
lives,

And still his lessons to our times he gives.'

VOICE THIRTY-FOUR—

' But here we are! Where Wolfe and
Montcalm met,

We'll see. These Plains, a character may
yet

Of ample national import receive.

These guardian heights, where romancers
may weave

Their splendid tales of mighty heroes
passed,

From which we see the majesty of nature
massed—

This city of the sleeping centuries,

By shore and height engirt with memories
Of proud men, maidens fair, fair love,
brave deed,

Where State joins hand with Church and
Catholic creed—

No more the chivalry of France doth tread
Thy modern streets, recall the silent dead,
But now the British shop and enterprise
Impell thy sons, while French tradition
cries

For diligence, to meet the call of day,
And make this avenue an Empire's way,
The keys of State, the keys of Commerce
make,

Bold to observe, more bold to undertake.'

VOICE THIRTY-FIVE—

‘I may not near so well philosophize
As he who lately overawed our eyes.
But here I see the beautiful Orleans,
For city health and cheer, convenient
means,
And there St. Charles where Cartier brav-
ed the frost
First white man to attempt Canadian
cost,
Point Levis where intrepid Wolfe rowed by
On night born wings, to field of victory.
While out beyond the hills, Lorette still
lies
The home of Indian craft and industries.’

THE DEAN—

‘These views are good. But Time his
message writes;
Saint Anne is now but twenty miles.
Alights
Our day upon the active stage of things;
And I suggest, important business brings
Our mutual fellowship, and splendid fare
To near a close. We yet more tales may
share.
One hour of travel by electric way,
Will place us nicely at Saint Anne Beau-
pre.
A famous house, Hotel de Saint Pierre,
Will grace afford, some further rhymes to
hear.’

ALL VOICES—

‘Agreed! Agreed! we are a merry
band,

Well trained and told, magnificently
manned.'

IN HOTEL ST. PIERRE—

VOICE THIRTY-SIX—

'Since I unto your company arrived
But late, and I to join your ranks contrived
By coming from the southern State of
Maine—

VOICE THIRTY-SEVEN—

'Oh that is rich! Were't not for
guile, remain
It would upon our map. We'd say,
'Down East'
For Maine. It shoves its shoulder like a
beast,
Between New Brunswick and Quebec.
Some day,
With angel witnesses, you Yankees may
Restore our rights, and change your maps
to read
More righteously, by generous hearts
agreed!'

VOICE THIRTY-SIX—

'Tis fine, to hear this natural sentiment,
But since Americans by settlement
Are we in Maine, and 'twould beget great
doubt,
To change our rules, from Union turn us
out,

And since the Puritans, our fathers were,
And all the States their radiant glories
share,
'Twould straighten things, and lines,
harmoniously,
To give New York St. Lawrence boundary.'

VOICE THIRTY-EIGHT—

'Not if we have the say! Our people
lay
Along this land as pioneers, whose day
Was fraught with hardship, when you
shared no cost
Of taming this vast wilderness. You
tossed
Our fathers out. Why now invite return?
Doth pure benevolence your motives
burn?
Quite sure am I that nothing you can fly,
Will take the Union Jack from out our
eye.
We are not blind, nor weak, nor yet
asleep,
But we are British born; we have, and
keep.'

VOICE THIRTY-NINE—

'If you would suffer me a joke, an axe
I'd take, and say, pray, go to Halifax!
But seriously, from Halifax I come.
Where bluenose lives, a happy modicum
Of earthly things, may satisfy his taste,
Preserve him from the luxury and waste
That mar your western life. Thus
thoughts are high
Where lowly living rules, and modesty
Begets a strong philosophy. They think,

Who shun the lust of earth, and on the
brink
Of spiritisms live, and love to dwell.
Down there with salt sea mists, we count
all well.
We hold our harbour, with our citadel,
And British instincts in our bosoms
swell.
Nor shall we e'er our early days lament,
United Empire Loyalist descent
A precious heritage we prize and hold,
A heritage more honorable than gold.'

VOICE FORTY—

' In Fundy Bay the ocean tides may
swell,
And there with fisher folk I love to dwell.'

VOICE FORTY-ONE—

' Wolfville, the beautiful, lies on my
heart,
Grand Pre, Evangeline, not once I part
From those loved scenes I knew in youth,
where now
A halo wreaths the queenly age's brow.'

VOICE FORTY-TWO—

' Cape Breton is my home, and tire-
less theme—
The Bras d'Or lakes, the coal mine's wide
drawn seam,
The wealth of iron, and the matchless
steel,
The harbour, fisher folk, and ocean keel,

We prize and love them all, and know our
life
Is strong in commerce, as 'twas once in
strife.'

VOICE FORTY-THREE—

'Once British governors reported
home
New Brunswick land, where beasts might
freely roam,
Perpetual ice and snow, and by the shore
A narrow strip of land might serve to
store
Some fishing folk. I come from Frederic-
ton,
And glad are we the wrong was never done
Of acting on the governor's dull sight.
In this Dominion, we are a bright
Persistent light down by the stormy sea,
And where we show our light by industry.'

VOICE FORTY-FOUR—

'I love the Bay Chaleur, the cheering
heats
The frozen maiden of the north here
meets;
Or let me climb the Appalachian hills
Where briny breezes mistful love distils,
And where my soul comes nearer heaven,
since here
God takes His walks and whispers His
good cheer.'

VOICE FORTY-FIVE—

'Nor does He speak in Gaspé way
alone.

The deep, mysterious Saguenay, with
tone
Of awe, by Trinity appeals to me,
And by the solemn mount Eternity.
Bold feet, far up, have carried sacred fire,
And left religious symbol, to inspire
Our thought, our hope, our meditative
mood.
And round the bend at Ha Ha Bay, the
good
Will gather for the early morning mass,
While I go out for fellowship with grass
And flowers, and by the quiet Saguenay
I learn to meditate, and heavenward pray.

VOICE FORTY-SIX—

‘ And I have breathed the air of Ta-
dousac.
Hid from the world, where no wild cares
may rack,
Where most we boast our church of an-
cient days,
Our fishing station for our rivers, bays,
Rich fashion’s fancies in hotel to find,
And Indian curios to suit the mind.’

VOICE FORTY-SEVEN—

‘ There yet are some of us who better
know
Where farms are rich and where the wild
flowers grow;
The Eastern Townships are my lovely
home,
And by the Alpine, Sutton scenes, I roam.
Deep shrouded in the vales, the whisper-
ing trees,

My thoughts command, my heart's dis-
tempers ease.
And from the purpled heights, rich
streams emerge,
Unceasingly upon the vales converge,
And clothe them with a richly velvet green
Where from the world's hard blows, I
find a screen,
Beside the rippling brook, within a cove
Of hills, and by the sweetened maple
grove.'

VOICE FORTY-EIGHT—

'I stood upon the Orford Mountain
train,
And drank hearts ease for tired soul and
brain,
While hastening by, were river, field and
lake.
'Twas Nature's charm I sought for solace
sake,
And charm I found, by Magog's silver line,
And more, where down the grade, we in-
tertwine
Among the lordly hills, by fen and fern,
By straightening way, and burn and turn,
Until the mountains quickly run behind,
And from Vermont to Brome the road-
ways wind.'

VOICE FORTY-NINE—

'I take my place, though late, to
spice the way,
With such light speech, as on your mind
may play.

Where lies the Appalachian hills, sweet
flows
The sap of generous maples, when the
snows
Of winter haste before the April sun.
The young and old will have their 'sugar-
ing' fun.
The gentle maiden listens to the voice
Of lover true; together both rejoice,
And celebrate their troth, beside the fires
Where Canada her happy fame acquires!'

THE DEAN—

'We are a half a hundred folk,
brought here
To lose ourselves where thousands do ap-
pear.
'Twill make our coming here commend-
able
If first we form a plan acceptable,
And our itinerary plans pursue
Until we execute what we would do.
Now here the royal gates. And first the
booths
Attention call. They intimate the truths
For which the coins are gathered from the
good
Who buy in charity un-understood.
The stalls are many, but our purse is
small,
And on this plea, we safely pass by all.

Now do we come to the Basilica.
Her stately doors, her walls a replica
Of art by master hands. Her broadened
aisles

With chastened pillars holding lordly piles
Of superstructure, roofs and generous
towers,
Invite the reverent step, the thoughtful
hours.
Here stacks on stacks of crutches mark
belief
That sick have found by miracle relief.
Here sedulously bow the needy round
The Statue of Saint Anne. Who that have
found
The cures they sought, the lessening of
their woe,
Their offerings place abundantly, and
show
Their jewels, and costly treasures of their
heart.
Or some place kisses on the relic part
Of some dear bone, and find a wonder
wrought,
And praise Saint Anne, who gave the good
they sought.
The pews are filled with worshippers; the
rail
Begining flaming altar, crowds entail,
And crowds on crowds, press forward on
their knees
To kiss the case, the passing priest may
please
To press against their lips. Such eager
crowds
No one could find in any church. It
shrouds
Humanity in mystery. Pure faith
Is sensitive as air, an unseen waft
Of mind to mind, conviction inter-
changed,

Trust answering trust, the less to Greater
 ranged,
Until vitality the Greater gives
Unto the less, who like a flower then lives.
Like flowers that upward look, and drink
 the dew
Or sunlight, as God each day gives anew,
So faith reposes on omnipotence,
And then receives full meed for sustenance.

 This shrine three centuries of deeds
 hath seen;
Today, how modern means may intervene
To change the cast of things, new modes
 suggest,
You here may see. Look at this prostrate
 test!
Some new thing yet for them must be re-
 vealed,
Some signal given that here they have
 been healed,
Some thrill to consciousness be intro-
 duced,
Some new found joy, some ecstasy, pro-
 duced.
And so this priest, high up on pulpit
 throne
Directs a brass band in commanding
 tone,
And for a time Devotion's pinions stay
Where prostrate thousands bow them-
 selves and pray,
As round and round, from aisle to aisle
 proceeds
The drum and brass with Host held high.
 Oh needs

Are large! Immortal beings thus are fed,
May be with husks, or is it living bread?

Behold, on yonder hill, where pilgrims climb
On stairs of penance, and employ full time,
While others less of saints attest, devise
The common way, by quicker mode to rise;
Lo! all about is life, to full employed,
By fond device thoughts, wishes, are decoyed,
And every turn around the peopled hill
New awes beget, new themes your mind will fill.

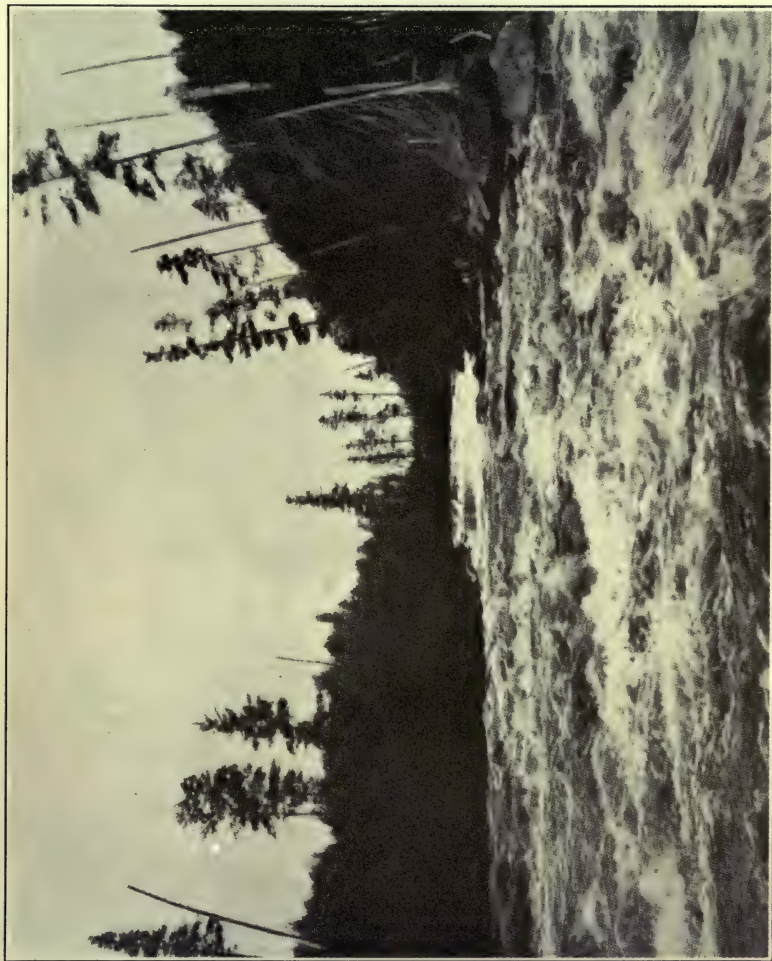
See where the tombstones of the dead arise!
Appropriate place to pause, and dim your eyes,
And some will question where such dead one lies,
And estimate the worth of prayerful cries.
Here reverent Brother opes the chapel door
And shows you Purgatory's flaming store,
Where renovated souls by score and score
Ascend from torturing flames, some swiftly, more
Than others, if the living pay for dead,
And for more gold, more masses shall be said.

Thus does the outward to the inward speak,
The ministry of healing seeks the weak,
And physical defects are made of use

To reach defects of soul, destroy excuse
For blighting unbelief. Thus do these
clerks
Of good Saint Anne, conspire to place her
works
Before your eyes, before your tender
mind,
That body may be healed, sin left behind.

Leave there, poor soul, thy crutches
for the flames,
And take thee to yon Holy Cross, where
claims
Thy love, devotion, all, by Son of God
Who for thy sake, the winepress sadly
trod!
Behold, the outward emblem of the prize
Thy inward state may reach, and saintly
rise
From visible, invisible to gain,
And by this Cross find healing for thy
pain.

And now good friends, some day with
happy heart,
Mayhap we'll meet, and have some live-
lier part,
Some creed expound, some newer tale to
tell;
But now we'll part. And so we say Fare-
well!
Who has the best of all the stories told,
'Tis hard to say. Who of Saint Anne
takes hold,
Or may in passing touch her gown, shall
feel



KIPPAWA RIVER, LAKE TEMISKAMING, QUE.

"But give me back my lightsome birch canoe,
And let me rattle down mid rapids' rocks!"

She hath her virtue used, and doth him
heal.

And so the wanderings good values pay
To all believing souls who come this way.'

"Now, Mister President," the doctor said,
"I think my part is done. I only dread
Lest I have had too large a pleasing theme,
And thereby wearied you to save my scheme.
Uncouth, if sometimes I have seemed, pray use
Your gentler way, when reading here, infuse
Some smiles, if I may seem austere, and when
My judgment is at fault, remember then
We are but human, and the good we would
Be doing, often know not how; what should
I now have said, I pray you will supply,
The rest pray cover with your charity."

NIGHT FIFTEEN—THE CROWN LANDS AGENT

Once more our company, made harmony
Of soul with outward circumstance, and time,
And in the play of life's amenities
Engaged themselves, again, to fraternize.

The doctor's dialogues, display of wit,
His eloquent and generous common sense,
Had left impression on the plastic mind
Not easily effaced; mind ruled o'er flesh.

Now with their minds refreshed, bright, and alert,
The helpers, too, intent on giving help,
Our Seer arranged their varied moods about,
To form deliberative cabinet.

"It doth appear," so did the Seer begin,
"That such high altitude was reached of late,
When on a pilgrimage, we met Saint Anne,
Such climax to our enterprise, 'twere foul
To come again to earth, and soil our wings.

Or rather 'twere a base ingratitude
To mar the beauty of the vision, built
Upon your brain, by introducing light
Of other scenes, distraught, perhaps estranged;
Nor doth it aid the grace of new designs
To ask designer to ascend to such
An eminence, and entertain us all
In paradisaal bliss so rapturous.

Tonight the Crown Lands Agent, will address
Himself unto our thought, and will not fail
In effort to achieve an equal height,
With that which set the trend, threw out the light;
And sympathy will furnish wings to rise."

CROWN LANDS AGENT—THE VISION OF SIR
JOHN A. MACDONALD

“ My office doth pertain unto you all,
And there are secrets which I may not spread;
But incidents of local worth would please
You more in their relation, than their deeds
Did sometimes to their doers bring—take this:—

He was of cheap apparel, poorly fed.
His grammar limped, his tongue was slow of speech,
But spite of this, his mind was amply built
For mastership; he showed himself a prince
Dressed in disguise.

He craved a farm, to be
His own, himself the lordly squire.
And so he duly registered; his fee
Of five good dollars, rightly paid; and then
He made selection of the lot—least loved
In all the land. 'Twas rock—bare granite rock.
He wanted it, nor could I change his mind.

He tried to farm within the crevices
And I have seen that wife of his, behind
Him with the broom, when he had scattered wheat,
And sweeping seed-wheat from abounding rocks
Into the little patches of good soil.

Well, years he grubbed upon those granite rocks,
While neighbours smiled at his credulity.
But one day, smiles were turned to startled stares.
These rocks, 'twas found, corundum beds contained,
And purchasers, one hundred thousand dollars paid
Unto the man. He still a partner stayed
Within the mining firm. Then all the laugh

Was on the other side; and wife still loved
To follow mastering husband with a broom!

I turn from this to my best holiday.
I wanted biggest place in Canada;
And since our rural life is slow, I sought
Where heats and noise might stir one's sluggish veins.
So unto Montreal I went. I went
To live, to learn, to meditate, to grow.
I went to climb Mount Royal, and behold
The wide expanse—the crowded homes beneath,
The factories, the spires, the offices,
Where brains and millionaires conceive their wealth,
Saint Lawrence, waiting for the soul of man
To waken to that life of joy and love
Its glistening waters vainly offer him;
A harbour far from storms of raging sea,
And pushing on its love to inland hearts
Far western grown, to take what they have reaped
And send it to the hungry earth's far shores,
By crowds on crowds of ships, from sixteen miles
Of funnel pictured docks. Oh, 'tis a scene
No eye can idly contemplate, no mind
Sincere survey contemptuously, no soul
That has affection, fail to deeply feel.
Were't not for sin and suffering enwrapped
In all this fair display, it might be said
To man, as to his holy God, 'thy works,
They all shall praise thee.' But, his sin is there.
Greed walks beside benevolence again,
And covetous o'er reach all pious plans.
Where silks go out in limousines and flowers,
Sore-footed limbs, threadbare, find springless beds,
Back yards, foul-smelling lanes, and godless dens.
It is a city wonderfully wrought
In music, art, and manifold discords.
Its beauty and its meanness side by side

Are found, its wreckage and benign repair.
And like the sound of many waters far,
Its voices rise to me tumultuously,
And voices of the strong for mastery,
And of the weak, who plaintive cry for love.

Some seventy miles to south, and in Vermont,
The sunshine hangs in hazy curtains, round
The verdant tops of noble hills, that rise
As like a heavenward reaching barricade,
That shuts out all the unseen sea beyond,
And holds in loving care the fruitful vale
That spreads itself unto St. Lawrence shores.

I thought of Moses, when he stood alone,
On Nebo's height, and felt his littleness,
Or saw the glory that he could not claim
His own, yet gained the larger soul by right
Of that far vision, which his eyes had gained.
Most surely He whose hand has made the earth,
The heavens, and all things lodged therein, most fair,
Has shaped Canadian scenes for wearied hearts,
To lift them from the furnaces of care,
Up to the atmosphere of His own face!

Now, when I had beguiled my heart with views
So rare, and so far spread, I left that height
Where ecstasy had seized transfigured soul,
Descended to the common ways of life,
The city's noise, the city's grime and care,
And found my way to where the flowers grow
Beside Religion, and the greedy World.

The chimes rang out; the hour hand marked the
time.
The saints looked down, ascetically calm,
From grim cathedral roof—Peter and Paul.

The hurrying world went by with cloth of gold,
And round the flower beds lounged the hungry tramp.

I too, sat down to contemplate the scene.
Across the way arose the sculptured pile—
A Statesman in his customary attitude—
The thoughtful man addressing thinking men—
Sir John Macdonald over-canopied,
Enthroned upon his pedestal of power,
Where argument defeats opponent's plans,
And all the socialistic crowd gives way
Before his giant leadership and will.

What's this? Just do it once again Sir John!
Why, yes! 'Tis true; the Knight is nodding me,
And smiling his good will. Oh, more! He speaks!
Not just the voice, but just such words, once fell
Upon the raucous times. Then listened I.

'I lived,' he said, 'for Canada. What cared
I for applause? I sought for measures, means
By which to bring about great ends, I prized,
As common benefits to land I loved.

Oh yes! the snorting steed discerns from far
The sound of battle in the rushing air,
And sets his heated strength, to meet the fray,
And restless, frets against the chafing bit.

So was it with my youth. So little then
Foresaw I what the passing clouds might bear
Upon their long-drawn train; I only stood
To do my duty as I best knew how.
To fill a gap in party politics,
To save the day in parliament I was
Adopted, heralded, and voted in.

And there through fifty years, I met my foes,
Not mine, but foes I judged to measures planned
To prosper Canada; their folly then
To make themselves the advocates at large,
Of hesitating, unprogressive moods.

'Tis true, that now I dwell where politics
Have found exclusion from the settled plans
Of either heaven or hell; they have no field
On which opponents may cross swords, try strength,
For hell is filled with devils, all agreed
On methods, whose'er invent, to spoil
The progress of all enterprising good;
And heaven is equally harmonious
In furthering all righteous entities.

I am a politician still, and miss
The heated battle front. I could not live
For all those long, eventful, crucial years,
Lay off my estimating character,
And spend a paltry, inane age out here.

I miss the fight, but not the fighting mood.
So all the pros and cons must needs be ranged
Within this disembodied energy;
And since great heaven doth not debate the points,
By open issue with benighted hell,
I hover still around your Ottawa.

For I was Briton, born in northern airs,
O'erseas; Canadian air maintained the trend;
A Briton did I live, a Briton died,
And now a Briton am I well confirmed.

It was my elemental creed, in youth,
That Canada should find her prosperous life
By union with Great Britain's fostering heart;

And for that union I lived and fought,
Against the hand that aimed to weaken it
I steadfastly hit back, through all my life.

That creed, with Crossley's help, has brought me
here.

Political campaigns are banned from heaven,
But politicians have a meeting mood,
Are here assessed their status and their joy,
Attentions register, according to
The zeal with which they pushed political
Performances to prominence on earth,
And are, by virtues partizan, adjudged good saints.

That hill at Ottawa, I prized, forum
And theatre, for speech and party play,
But more, because I found therein the sphere
Of upper minds, where visions took on form,
And where sane men could formulate the plans
Which all the people shared in benefit.

I never did forget the pioneers—
Discoverers, who stamped their characters
Upon this land, and laid foundations broad
For Canada's wide range of thought and power.

Yes! they who gave to Canada her birth,
Were men high bred and bold. Cartier, Champlain,
Were nobly followed by a worthy line of men,
Not better if they had been born as kings.

Those days of birth, and childhood's growing pains,
When Canada watched treacherous Indian bands,
Or else endured colonial assaults,
Must have been under guiding Eye and Hand,
Supremely greater than the parentage
Afforded her, three thousand miles away.

If he to blessedness is richly born,
Who in the youth of life, wears out his shoes
Along a rugged, unfamiliar way,
Or sweats his shoulders under heavy load,
Then so is Canada, endowed, and blessed.

And blessed were they who sponsored her at font
O'erflowing with their own renewing blood,
Who saved her glorious day, who gave her name
Among the rugged nations of the earth.

Baptized with blood, a hundred years ago,
She won her fame, she won enduring peace.
And through the years, her sponsors' holy deeds
Increase in merit, by her constancy
To vows, they took upon them for her sake.

Just when her day of baptism had passed,
And bells, not merry bells, but funereal,
Had marked immersion into deathless flood,
I came upon the scenes. Nor have I lived
Close by my neighbour's house for naught.
I watched and learned his trend. I met each case
With solid work. Yes! tell it to your youth,
And publish it broadcast, through all your land,
I ever was a plodding working man.

From Hay Bay farms, to Ottawa's high seats,
Was far too long a road for lazy man
To tramp, and far too difficult to climb;
But work, hard work, more work, and little rest,
Attained Ambition's goal. I read, I thought, I talked,
I listened, learned, and lived, down by the doors
Where Honesty goes out with Daily Toil,
And Labour brings her sweet reward at night
In blessed sleep. I gripped the horny hand
Of Toil and loved the faces wearing grime;

And so I yielded up my soul, to serve
These blessed servants of your fortunate
And happy State.

Well! That is far away,
And times have changed; and I had hand with Time
In making change. I met with men, and grew.
Because I met with men I learned to fight;
I learned to give a stubborn, Scottish back
To push ahead the measures well conceived,
And tumble down opponents in the fray.
I learned to hit, and never hit but marked
My intellectual antagonist.

When politicians go out courting, look
Ahead for squalls before the marriage day.
And when true love invites the marriage day,
Then, frame your rules for home, and regulate
Your partnership with principles, divine
In quality, conceived in equity;
And execute them with divine intent.

Thus did
I set myself, to make a match between
The East and Western Canada. I played
The part of Cupid, and I found good sport,
With much anxiety, in lover's moods,
Down by the sea, here in Quebec, out west.
George Etienne Cartier, with Brown and Galt,
Have merited the honors passing years
Have put upon their statesmanship, for they
Kept bright the flame of patriotic plans,
And moulded public sentiment to form
Dominion certainty for Canada.

Forget you may, all that I said and did,
But let your right hands lose their cunning, if

You do forget these right-hand men. Their names
Shall be upon the noble places of
Your land, in Hall, in Avenue; and men
Shall learn in youth, and rise to honor you,
Because such patriots lived, and nobly loved.

That marriage day was one for which all bells,
Throughout this far-flung land, could ring their peals,
Their merriest, and happiest accords;
Was such a day as never brought regret.

Now after fifty years of splendid grace,
Your Canada is sacred as the sun,
And no more would you break the binding cords
Than think to blot from heaven its glorious light.

When I recall those wondrous, forming years,
And wander in the groves of flowers and fruits
That through the seasoned years have richly grown
In this Canadian land, my paradise
Knows no disturbing airs; I rest in peace.
And when I mark, how East with West accords,
How from Atlantic to Pacific coast,
As flies the wire, as throb the great highways,
The people have one name, one thought, one aim,
One loyalty accrues, one heart inspires,
One purpose sits enthroned, one natal life
To be the theme of all the children reared,
I praise the Providence permitting me
To have a hand in this.

Oh, yes! Who would
Not make mistakes in such a human world?
Out here we find some pastime, by a court
That gravely estimates who most mistakes
Achieved, within his frail existence there,
'Mong men, and thus most human proved himself,

Since it is true to err is human—is now,
As must have been in my days, long ago.

Now, 'tis the politician's play upon
The human harpsichord, that raises cries,
Which ring their changes, on the moods and greeds
Of people. For, as multitudes have votes,
Are led, like mules, as seems most to their will,
And must be tempted by some pleasant bribe,
'Twere vain to think of educating these
By altruistic terms, since they care not.
And as the politician carries care
To make his country best beneath the sun,
Yet only gets his chance for doing so
When the untutored mass has said its word,
And bade him labour on; it needs must be
That, for the sake of leading men to good,
He tempt them with a cry that pleaseth them,
And doctors them with sugar-coated medicine.

'Twas thus I stirred this land, from east to west,
With my great panacea for hard times.
A national protective policy,
With smoke stacks feeding all the air; with towns
As markets for the fruitful farmer's land,
And all the world as markets for the towns—
What is there wrong with such sublime ideal?
My scheme was right, if all the world agreed
To be our markets, at our chosen price;
'Twas right, if people crowded to this land,
Consumers being thus our customers.

But here we met our limitations, for
The markets did not come, nor capital,
Nor people multiply unto our need.
And so the disillusionment was sure,
And then the flood-time came. I had the scheme.

The people caught the cry. It suited them.
And then I tried to serve them faithfully.
But growth takes time, and mortals will not wait.
So Laurier had his chance; and honorably,
Magnificently, filled his place, until
He too o'erdrew upon his auditors,
And gathered barnacles about his barge,
And then the fickle crowd allegiance changed.

Who would be great in politics, must hear
A voice, within his soul, born of the spheres—
Some higher voice than takes its rise among
The hills of earth. Instead of playing on
The human chords, he must himself be wrought
To tune with the Infinitude, and so
May hear prophetic harmonies of heaven.
Thus he becomes the prophet for his day,
And not its leaden-footed, heart-sore slave.
The opportunist doth confectioner devise,
When more like architect, his aims should rise,
To be creator of new hopes, designs
To furnish, that high intuitions bear
Upon the common, fretted walks of life.
The opportunist plants his harvesting,
And only waits the disappointing day;
The intuitionist is guided by
A star forever in ascendancy,
And knows that though his body's frame decay,
His disembodied soul still rules the day.
For Intuition heeds no paltry cry
Of poor Expediency, but lordly stands
Upon essential right, the highest good;
And 'tis a laboured, rough-worn road,
'Long which, high Right will lead ambitious feet.

Well, I am glad to have this audience,
Though you are only one. Inform your friends.

Canadians have my undying love.
The little seed I planted has borne fruit.
Those marshalled forces on South Afric veldt,
Alike the brilliant thousands who withstood
The greed of Germany, *Esprit de Corps*
Have shown, a nation's day have heralded,
A nation's consciousness have certified.
Let Canada more brilliantly move on!'

The chimes upon St. George's Church, rang out
Their pleasant peal, so I bestirred myself.
Sir John stood there upon his pedestal,
As stately as his wont, and motionless,
And silent as the stone beneath his feet.
But I walked on, enriched with politics,
As if McGill had harboured me a year,
And light of foot, as if I trod on air,
Or angel's wings had grown within my dreams."

"And now, good friends," The President exclaimed,
"'Tis evident the Crown Lands Agent, here
Hath interest in the land at large, and well
Hath he imbibed the spirit of the past,
Imbued our minds with principles of good,
And beauty rare. Most cordially our thanks
We tender him. Consideration full,
We pledge for us and ours, and would for all
Who yet may be Canadian citizens.

And now, with this rich treat in mind, I may
Apprise you that our season nears its close.
Nor have I heard it said we met in vain
For mutual enterprise, nor has our gain
Been small. Once more we'll meet, and with a feast
As rare as any yet indulged. Good night!"



NATURAL CANAL, KIPPAWA

"Vast wilderness of luscious life."

NIGHT SIXTEEN—THE RETURNED SOLDIER

“ Once more, our meeting time doth certify
That wintry months are nearly passed away.
These nights engage themselves with gasping breaths
Of soft hoar frosts, prophetic of the storm
That brings decease to winter’s bold, strong heart.

We do with joy go out to meet fair Spring
As she may modestly appear, arrayed
In all her newest flowers of fashioning.
And yet old friends we love, nor bury them
With joy that they have left their vacancies.
However cold, austere, their manners were,
With dignity they bore themselves, and warmth
Was underneath their seeming cold embrace,
Or boisterous salute. They stirred our blood
To sturdier enterprise than softer climes
Beget, and made us drink the breath of health.
No stimulants surpass the tonics of
Canadian wintry airs for making men,
And virtuous women clean and vigorous.

And now we near the funereal day,
When with our robes of green put on, we yet
Shall mourn our orchards full of crackling twigs,
And fruits of diamond, sparkling icicles;
The level, faithful floors of spacious lakes
Whereon we slid, or sledded merrily;
The comforted, long avenues, wherein
The leafless trees held rows of woolly wraps,
Upon their long, bare arms, and motionless
They bowed their heads in holy awe and praise,
Or gazed upon their quilted beds beneath,
Where fold on fold of purest drapery
Assured them loveliness and joyous life.

So now these soft south winds bid us be quick
To do as we have planned, complete our thoughts;
For winter waiteth not for any man,
And there are deeds for thoughtful winter time
That cannot take their courses in the heat
Of crowded summer days. More might I say
As President of this enticing club;
Such, by the way, as on a theme, alive
With interest, for the woman of our day,
About her so called 'rights,' and equal claims
With men, upon all times and pyramids
To which ambitious man aspires; as if
She were not equal with him as helpmeet,
Achieving equally as he achieved,
And not, by masculinity, attempt
Defiantly competitive debates,
Preeminence of place. Her power of love,
Intuitive perception of the ills
And guiles, with which a man contends, are her
Endowments, to be placed for man's employ,
Who fights her battles, and she fights not his,
Or loveliness she leave when thus she doth
A lover change into a fighting chief.

Tonight, it doth become my privilege
To offer grateful tribute to the dead.
It doth become us all, so much we owe,
To bear in reverent memory, the deeds,
The motives, e'en the forms, of those brave men
Who little knowing of the death they faced,
Gave heed to Britain's call, and volunteered
To take their share in meeting Europe's scourge.

And so we ask a modest youth, returned
From France, and Flanders' sickening, solemn scenes,



ABERCORN, QUE.

"Who sought the quiet compensations of
The peaceful fields, withdrawn from jarring strife."

To be our entertainer, with such tale
As he may judge most fit unto our state."

Thus did the Seer benignly fill his role
And ushered in a happy evening time.

THE RETURNED SOLDIER—VOICES FROM THE DEAD

“And to respond to your so warm a call,
Good friends, does give me pleasure; not for that
I pose as hero, and the hero's crown
Might ostentatiously appropriate;
But that I may uphold the fame of those,
Who, for the lack of form, we may not see,
But who in spirit do observe our course;
Intent upon one theme, do hover near.

It was with pride of youth, and sense of strength,
With manhood rising to assert itself,
Our thousands hurried to defend the rights
We might not slight and keep our self-respect.
The danger hour had come; mysteriously
Some spirit touched us all. Across this land,
Atlantic to Pacific shore, where none
Had cultured in us greed, or war's mad rage,
And when we only thought to live and grow,
Our school and college mates, our office chums,
Mechanics, artizans, the millionaires,
The presidents of wealth, the labourers—
Responded joyously and seriously
To undertake a holy enterprise.

No art of all the cultured orators
Could bring forth such response, were't not for sense
Of justice, sense of strength, protecting right,
Sense of manhood flinging back a beast's foul foot.

'Twere well if law courts could assuage the wounds
That Greed inflicts, restrain the physical
And brutish power that boasts its tyranny,
And interpose the legal penalties

Imposed by concert of the Nation's Chiefs,
And stablished, by a Christian sense of right.

But even then, the world contention hath,
And gospel grace hath brought a two-edged sword;
And earnestly, the valiant knight of Christ
Contendeth for the truth that saints embrace.
He wagheth warfare arduously, against
Both principalities and powers, rulers
And princes of this world's ignorant night,
Rulers who clothe themselves, blasphemously,
With sacramental robes, assay to speak
In Christ's dear name, set up, put down, pronounce
The absolution, excommunicate,
And ban all creeds, and thought, that are not theirs,
Intolerantly deny all liberty;
Or otherwise Lust maketh its vain show,
And souls are damned to hell for greed of gain.
The covetous are kings, who wear their royalties
Within their scheming souls, and victims snare
By prejudice, by false pretence, by guile.
So doth the devil fight against the Christ.
So is the call insistent that the fight
We carry on unto the world's last day;
The weapons of our warfare are of God,
And are not carnally in frame or plan.

What time our thousands bright young men
Had crossed from Canada to Europe's shores,
They youths of many lands, in fealty sworn
To Britain's high command, and those still left
Within our land, were curbed and fretted sore
By advocates misguided, with their pens
And speechful eloquence—the bruising years
Of worldwide war were wearing o'er our heads.

What was it all about? The old, old tale—
Ambition wanting to enthrone itself—

Subordinates assaying to be chiefs—
One power outrivalling all other powers—
The finite dream of being infinite—
The proudful Might assuming place of Right—
The devil scheming to become as God.

Now when I think of it, what were four years
In which to meet such overmastering foe?
Or train the troops to meet and conquer him?
It took the might and brain of wakened men,
To do great deeds such as the day required;
And love of those at home drove hard at us,
To do our uttermost—we could not loaf
Upon such urgent business so impelled.
Yet we had failed, were't not by grace of God
The Infinite had helped us needy men.
Not four years, nor twice four had served enough
To smite the foe unto the stricken ground,
But only he had crushed us to the earth,
Had not Almighty God been on our side.

And 'twas no less a miracle than in
The day when Israel crossed the sea, that, in
Four frightful years, so much constrained our fear,
So much was planned, attempted and achieved,
So well the Right gained victory over Might.

When all was done, and I betook myself
To see Old England ere I crossed the sea,
To learn her ancient story, breathe her love,
And dream amid her rose-clad hills and homes;
I wandered back to France, to find the grave
Of one dear chum, and pay him reverence.

And thus I found my way to sacred ground,
And felt as if I were in God's own house,
Where Currie with his great Canadian boys,

Had aided Byng and Rawlinson and Haig,
Astride the line from Arras to Cambrai,
To strengthen Foch's hands. There did our men
Effectively, as with a brand new broom,
Sweep Ludendorff and all his brutal brood,
Back from their Hindenburg, back to their doom,
Past Drocourt-Queant Switch, Etaing, Dury,
On to Cambrai. And there Canadians won
The road that broke the German heart in twain;
And paid the price, but gained a wondrous fame.

That drive was at the key of all their front.
It took eight thousand prisoners, and put
The enemy to rout. Then Ludendorff
Became a wanderer in the land, and sought
New ground—the Agache River,—for a stand—
Canal du Nord; and there Foch hurried him.
The German doors were forced ajar, and we
Would jump right in; our day to drive had come.
Then did we crumple up that boastful crowd.
When we Canadian boys go in to do
A thing, we make a finish, clean and sure.

Oh! 'twas a glorious time, and wits meant much,
To put us through between those German shots.

We had a rule that only three might walk
Adown a village street wherein the foe,
Behind his post kept firing deadly stuff,
And three must go in single file, three yards
Apart; so if one fell, the other two
Must push right on, and dodge about, and keep
The enemy alive, to guess where next
His shot might find its mark.

Three of us thus
Were marching on, and one said:—'I am hit.'

He was in front of me. And then the one Behind, just dropped. A moment more, and then I said:—‘I guess I’ll keep you company. We better get us back, than lose us here.’ All three of us were losing blood. And then ‘I think I’ll stop just here,’ said Hal., who as We turned, fell in a heap. Persuasively I said:—‘Come on! I’ll tie you up, old chap.’ ‘No use,’ he said; ‘Goodbye old Dick, I’m off. ‘I’m going to see my brother John.’ His heart Was pierced, a bullet passing cleanly through.

I looked, and lo, my second man was at My feet, and lying dead!

Our foe built lines
Of barbed wire fence, wide at the base, and high
As any man might stand. At intervals,
A zig-zag opening served well his men
To pass to their iniquitous designs,
Yet played for us a trap to catch our men;
And well I saw the trick! One long barbed wire,
Across the top, compelled our men to stoop,
And then his bullets caught us in a heap.
Our Highlanders especially were caught
Within the maze, and then he opened fire.

I learned the trick! So when I saw the wire,
I said:—‘Now men, a rush, and cut it through.’
One of my men, grew cold of foot, went faint,
Just when he cut one wire. I knew that time
Meant much. I said:—‘We don’t go back, my men;
We cut this thing right through.’ And then I got
Those cutters in my hands; and through we went.
We dodged and dodged; we twisted many ways,
And his bullets spattered round us like the rain
Upon the hardened ground.

Our Orders called
Our Section to a given point. Hum moved
Ahead, a faithful leader of our squad;
And I was next. The trench we had to cross
We ran to reach; but suddenly Fritz spat.
Hum leaped, I thought, into the trench, and I
Had but to follow up my leader, so
I likewise dived; but there was Hum, within
Three feet of space, all doubled in a heap
And dead. The shot had caught him in the head.
I then must lead. I shouted to the boys
To follow up, 'and boys look out for Hum.'
I hurried on, 'twas time to rush; the boys
Passed on the word, but soon the sound was lost,
And every man, as he came to that trench
With shots a-flying round, just took his leap.
When all was done, we went at evening time
To gather up poor Hum and give him place
Of decent burial; but there we found
A mass of battered flesh, where every man
Upon that nerry rush had tumbled in.

Now in that area of memories,
I paused beside one awful, shell-torn gulch,
And sat upon the rough worn edge to think,
Now in a saner mood, the ruin wrought
Appraise, the spirit that inspired define,
And then rejoice that I had some small share
In pushing back the tide of black design.

My heart! What is this thing—this awful thing
In black array, arising in my sight?

'Oh yes!' (with fiendish grin a black ghoul spoke),
'You are Canadian. Your Winnipeg
And Calgary crowd, Toronto too, I know
As well as I know Germany. Out there

I learned my English, and enjoyed my life,
And liberty. The blighting mischief was
A German I was born, in Germany,
And registered, and schooled, and made a part,
A little part, a cog invisible,
But registered, within a mighty wheel
Of military schemes, machines, combines,
And devilish designs. To farthest earth
Or most inconsequential trade, I might
Adapt myself, but always was I bound
Up with the Fatherland, and had my place
Assigned, and knew what duties were, what kit
And where to find it if the Fatherland
Should any time proclaim the day of war.

I liked your Canada. I could have wed
A bright brunette; a French Canadian girl
Have made the mother of my German kids.
Then time would tell how Western Germany
Would flourish in the finest land of earth.
For Canada well suits Teutonic breath,
And Teuton's fond ideals, his thriftiness,
Economy, his love of hills, his dreams,
His steel clad vows to win a mastership.

I never thought Canadians would fight,
And no one would have passed as sane, to say
In Germany, Canadians would come
To European ground, at Europe's war.
I thought your annual drill and uniforms
A school boy's joke, a little camouflage
For setting pace in lovely Ottawa.
But wheat and mines, big sales, big book accounts
Of manufactures made and widely sold,
Big railroad schemes, land settlement—these things
We thought engaged your hearts, as rural folk
Enjoy their own complacent world, unstirred

By any troubles of the world beyond;
And we would furnish you so much to do
To meet the markets' calls, a war of ours
Would never turn shop-keeping folk away!

But we have found you're English—good at trade
When markets spell good times, and then when war
Arrives, with concentration marvellous,
Amazing all the world, with unity
Of plan and work, as if there were no thing
To do but fight, no plan but how to win.

Oh! if you British folks could be consumed,
We Germans could arrange this little world
To suit our tastes; till then we are
Compelled to boil and burn within our stew.

We made a huge mistake! Our acreage
Is small for sixty million folk. We have
No room for growth. Like trees we shed our seed
To blow, and grow in other larger lands,
And give to them a generous thrift. We work,
And all our people live to earn their bread
By honest toil. But when your land is full,
And labour lives within the factories,
Then manufactures multiply; the goods for sale
Accumulate; we need more markets then.
And then arise the competitions of
The manufacturers. Then tariff walls
Are built, and Empire sentiments are preached
Against the products of the alien craft.
Our self defence demands a larger trade,
And world-wide room. And these we planned to make
By living, training, drilling, scheming, for
Our place within the sun.

And then we thought,
Since we were strong in mind, in flesh, in war,
We had a right to live, and they most right
Who had the greatest strength. Believing, that
Inventions and contrivances, produced
The rights and titles to thrones, powers and crowns,
We analyzed and synthesized, made guns,
Found gases, boats, aircraft, and crafty men.
Our shelves were piled and packed with recipes,
For bombs, and shells, and camouflaging enemies.
Our archives teemed with brilliant reports
From expert men and women, trained as sleuths
To gain intelligence in foreign lands.
We wrought as those who mean to win a race.
But there we failed; we built on matters, not
On mind; and knew the world but not its heart.
We estimated chances if all things
Should act as we had planned; and failed to plan
For those designs another might project.
Truth is, we drank the poisoned wine of pride,
Insane we grew, until our heads were turned
With dreams of power.

Now here we are cast out.
Our clothes become our black environment.
We dream not now, but fight among ourselves,
And never seem to win, but curse the day
When fighting was our trade. 'Twas then we learned,
And now seem doomed to never-ending war,
To curses, oaths, alarms, and tortures vile,
As if all cruelties we ever wrought
Accumulated, from all seas and lands,
Upon our cursed souls. We are a class
In this tormented darkness all our own.
If prayers would do us any good, I'd ask
For them, and mercy plead from all we wronged
So wickedly; but lust hath sealed our doom.'

His blackened form withdrew into the earth.
I opened wide my eyes, and lo! 'twas day.

I sat beside the gulch, in that bright sun,
And thought of all the miracle, that wrought
A German consciousness of guilt, and brought
Confession to his lips, and, miracle
Of miracles, I said, to make such speech
He must have been converted over there,
Where penitence, belated, comes to mind;
Or 'twas his rooted vogue of camouflage.

I looked again, and lo! a form arose
In uniform, and shining as the light;
And as I looked, behold, he came with smile
Upon his face, as he would banish fear.
Across my forehead, passed his gentle hand.
He said:—' Cheer up! We are not lost out here.
We do not sleep though poppies grow, and spread
O'er all this land luxuriously. Their drug
Hath no effect upon our brightened sense.
We carry on in victory, and are
As those whose settled character is joy.
We knew our cause was right; we lived in faith.
And now we see and know, and are not chased
By physical defect of weariness,
Or of consuming pain. Elated now,
We go right on in cause of righteousness,
Observing only what our love pursued
In bitter war, and fostered as we fought.
We know one thing—that by God's grace we won,
And victory is now our speech and song.
All life on earth is but initial stage
In which man wins his first front line, and holds
It as his base for all eternity.
Thereafter is his course a fixed content
In straight and arduous pursuit of one

Great good, most joyously. Debate is gone,
Out here, and lassitude hath died. We passed
From physical restraints, to speed us on
In that high art of mind, which most we loved,
And where we grow, and grow, nor sorrow have,
But victory, prophetic sight, and joy.

Nor are we slow to comprehend our friends.
And distances are nought within our state.
Air answers air, and voice and thought are heard,
Are felt, as intervening space of sea
Is bridged, elastically light and sure,
That mind responds to mind, friend answers friend.
We gather news from friends, but only joys;
For all our aptitudes constructive grew
When we laid off our physical defects.
And all our constant moods are positive;
There are no negatives with us, no pain,
No misery, but all is joy, and light.

And so with equanimity of soul,
I contemplate afresh, the course of war
We took in France, and Flanders' muddy fields.

So little did we know of Hun intent,
So much we guessed, so many guesses failed,
So well they had prepared, so poorly we,
For full two years it seemed a game of chance,
And then the third year came, when all our hopes
Were blighted, as the clouds keep dry before
The summer sun; and all the German strength
Was massed for our undoing; then were we
As men who stood with backs against a wall.
Then in their need the nations prayed. Then did
The God of heaven put forth His shadowing hand
To keep His own, and put to rout proud man.

I love to meditate on those hard days
When British troops seemed like to young school boys,
Impetuous, spelling out their first small words,
Determined to be masters of their work,
And stand in peace at last at head of line.

Those ten days when our men were marching from
The German crowd, how big, it was not known,
Or rather days and nights, ten awful days
And nights, when General Smith-Dorien
Was helping General French to save his men—
And when our men were out of touch with those
The French commander led another way—
And when that endless, brutal crowd, with greed
Like hell, came pounding, swarming down the roads—
In school we talked of Grecian Marathon,
Miltiades against the Persian hordes,
Six hundred thousand strong, and his brave men
Of Athens scarce ten thousand in his ranks,
And what a day of victory, when all
The rabble of the Persian hosts fled swift
Unto their ships—but all that picture pales
Before our glorious retreat. Our men
Retreated—yet the enemy knew not
How near he came to mastery. Our men
Gave ground, yet put up fight amazingly.
Smith-Dorien and French, each played his part,
And held Von Kluck on time; they cautioned him
Until he cautious grew; a splendid bluff
They put against him, when he might have marched
Between their fires and filled Parisian streets;
But men that fought as they did fight, he thought
Too mighty for his crowd. And then our God,
Who foiled Sennacherib in days of old,
Put forth His hand, and opened Von Kluck's eyes.
He saw our spirit world. The guardians
In white, stood right across his path. Our men

Were sure of Gideon's visitors, and on
Their hearts a mighty calmness fell that day.
Mysteriously, Von Kluck lost heart, changed plans,
Turned off another road, and we, not we,
But God with us, won Mons.

You may be sure
Canadian blood responded to the thrill,
And seriously, religiously, we learned
Our lessons, got us into trim, moved on
To beat the foe or die, in duty bound.

So all the ground grew glorious to us.
We missed our men; we sorrowed at their loss;
And yet we felt 'twas gain—their strength remained
With us. The victory was sure, though long
It tarried o'er the hills. A comrade fell,
Another took his place, now visible;
But that spelled two. Invisible our host
Increased, to minister to us, to blind,
Dismay, retard, depress, defeat the foe.

Then Ypres, Courcellette, and Paschendale,
And Vimy Ridge—we paid the price—but on
We went to victory, and victory
Is still our glorious song. Forever round
The Throne of Grace the saints sing Victory.

The devil through the German generals,
Achieved his best to spoil the Cross of Christ,
Smash churches, break up Christian homes, blight
lives;
And Ludendorff at last took on his job.

But we were there to worry him, to greet
His best played plans with weakness and defeat.
Our host unseen he felt, and lost his heart,

Until with Belgians at the north, the south
Entrenched with Frenchmen and Americans,
We at his trembling breast just pressed him in,
And made him double back. We troubled him,
Befuddled him, confounded him. We stormed,
And took his trenches, made his men repent;
And made him wish himself at home again.

Oh yes! the times were warm, but we were in
The mood, and God was leading on. He fought
Against the pride, conceit and blasphemy.
And we would gladly march the Berlin road,
But God Almighty knew our best discharge.
Those roads and hills were bad enough, with mines,
And shells about, but glorious was the day.
And prudence best became the foe who knew
We had the heart to win. We put his hosts
To rout; they got a hustle on, and we—
Oh there! a crowd of us went over top,
And fifteen minutes spelled the end of pain.
Those bodies that our friends had loved, we left;
We put on robes of white, bright as the sun.
We watched the progress of that final fight,
We stimulated men to carry on,
And then we breathed repression in the souls
Of Ludendorff and all his frenzied crowd.

And now our world is big. We know Right rules.
Thrones, principalities, and powers, princes
And kings and potentates, like Dagon fell;
The Creed of emperors went down, as like
The sun behind a gloomy sky, their pride
Was exiled by decrees of Liberty,
And God ordains that Righteousness alone
Shall give pre-eminence to men. Farewell!
And bid my friends be of good heart. Nor mourn
For us as lost. We live! Nor one regret

Have we, that in that dedication glorious,
We had a part in stemming tyranny.
Your joy is ours; let ours be yours. Farewell!

The sun was high within the sky, when I
Awaked to all the dreary Flanders' land,
Once more some shadow of the mischief wrought
Observed; but now my heart was comforted.
We sorrow not as those who have not hope;
We laboured not in vain. God lives. God reigns!"

Our soldier friend had ceased, and silence reigned.
And then the Seer, with patriarchal grace,
While all heads bowed, gave thanks for victories won,
For spirits glorified, for honored land;
And prayed for benediction on the hearts
That felt their war-made loneliness.



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, QUE.

“Hillocks & Coves, with promontories stout,
Like spearheads, and wide range of peaceful sea.”

NIGHT SEVENTEEN—THE BANQUET

When March came smiling on the southern slopes,
And gentle airs encouraged my poor tropes
To turn to springtime melodies, I joined
The happy banqueters, whose speeches coined
The many mutual joys of wintertime.

White-blooded maple trees make cheery rhyme
A pleasant sequence to the "sugaring off,"
When bright eyed Youths, with Age, at dull times scoff.

Around the boiling pans, where Love supplies
More sweetened links for life, white fairies rise,
Appropriate the vaporous, airy wings
From maple sugar pans, and long, sweet strings
Suspend, to tempt dear Eve, or more, employ
Condensing methods, to make bars of joy,
The maple product of Canadian fame;
Our company hilarious became.

The Seer was in his place, the Magistrate,
Bushranger proud, and Editor in state,
Prospector with his hope of summer gain,
Postmaster, and Schoolmaster's active brain,
The Teamster smiling after long employ,
The Dentist now new science to enjoy,
The Stage Coach Driver, and the Registrar,
The Indian vigorous as fresh from war,
The Gatherer of Taxes pleased with gains,
The Local Preacher reverence maintains,
The Doctor, who small ills, much health acclaims,
And by his healthy form bad living shames,
The Crown Lands Agent ready to locate,
The Soldier glad we have no fighting state—
All, and their neighbours, friends, both young and old,

Are happy come, as if his weight of gold
Each one possessed. And now this seventeenth night,
A lucky number from St. Patrick written right,
Full seventeen recitations from our youths
Of seventeen years, shall give us seventeen truths,
And afterward, we'll walk the fairyland,
Through summer days, enjoy what Good has planned,
And drink Laurentain airs, grow rich with wealth
Of Canada's blue skies, and smiling health.

RECITATION 1—A TRIBUTE TO SIR SAM HUGHES

Hush the drum! Step soft and slow!
Bare and bow your reverent head!
For a soldier chief lies low,
Hero of the martial dead.

From the dawn to evening's close,
How his day grew warlike, strong!
Did ye know why war he chose?
Why he prophesied of wrong?

Saw he not the cloud arise,
Threatening all the world's domain?
Planned he not a foe's surprise?
Planned he not Canadian fame?

Or then joined to prophet's eye
(As some thought) Ambition's crave?
Or for Empire's good would die?
Honest man, and never knave!

Once I named him demagogue,
Once won victory o'er his plan,
Tied him to the decalogue,
Thought to show him nobler man.

So thought many who misread
"Party greed," than "sense of right,"
Barred his way, but not his tread,
Barring, fed his fighting might.

Lay with me the evergreen
Where his classic head lies still,
For he ne'er did "graft" esteem,
No one bought him or his will.

Men of great hearts tireless, climb
From obscurity to fame;
Reach the goals of pre-design,
Laugh adversities to shame.

Envies, jealousies abate,
Swords are moulded into crowns,
Crowded choruses elate
Tell his praises, hatred drowns.

Rest thee now! Born for the day;
No more fevered pulse shall drive;
No more prejudices flay;
Rest thee where good angels thrive!

RECITATION 2—WELCOME, CANADIAN SOLDIERS

Attend! and see the sons of Empire come,
Who crossed the seas, of will, on mission bent
To stay tyrannic greed, keep high the flag
Unfurled, attesting liberty for all,
And strength of foot that would not yield one inch
To tyrant's march.

“ We never did retreat,”
So these fine boasters say, who made Fritz fear,
And made him wonder at the children of
Our rugged western clime. True sons of sires
That served humanity in days gone by,
Through British laws, by British love, and e'en
By British ships and guns—they heard the call,
And smiling faced the jaws of death and hell.

The German never dreamed we had such hearts
Stored in our garner of the west, or he
Had waited long, before attempting raid
So ruthless planned. You may depend, forget
He never will, and in the days to come
Will ponder how he may Canadians
Out-do and circumvent. We'll let him think!

True, conquering heroes, on your west-born brows
We place our maple wreaths, engrave your name
And fame, upon the living tablets of
Our hearts! You kept for us our cherished rights.
You did what we would wish to do, and thus
Did honor to our hearts. We're proud of you!
We're proud of all your kind! We've seen
You march our streets, a manly lot of men;
Four hundred thousand strong, you crossed the main

As men who sought no quarrel, but would fear
No cost to settle one and save our rights.

To you, and to your kind we say, Well done!
March on, brave men! Be braver still! Enjoy
Your land, your homes and love, and in the life
Of Canada, FOREVER LIVE! ALL HAIL!

RECITATION 3—THE NATION'S SEED

I hear young childhood's shouts across the field,
Unfettered music which the grass lands yield,
Where uncurbed apple trees pervade the air
With perfumes sweet, and birds new anthems share.

The shout goes up, the bounding ball goes round,
And vigorous feet rush swiftly 'cross the ground.
Why not? Why burden with corroding care
Those, God intends, the care-free smile shall wear?

I hear the buoyant shout—rich prophecy
Of days to be, when you and I shall see
Another sphere, while these, a nation's seed,
Have grown to shape a nation's life and creed.

Well may our thought give point to passing prayer,
That children of to-day, shall virtues bear
To future years, when spring to mighty birth
Tremendous issues, born of children's worth.

Eternity, than I, shall see what Time
Will bring from childhood's unpretentious rhyme,
But this I know, these learning feet we lead,
When we shall sleep, will carry far our deed.

And in those after days, or gentle priest,
Statesman, or trader, twixt the West and East,
Mechanic, artist building pillared fame—
It was our glory that their way we came.

RECITATION 4—GOD'S GOOD WOMEN

In Surrey Town two saints abide;
 They bless their neighbours with their grace,
 And cheer the traveller's heart apace—
These saints who dwell on Surrey side.

Mayhap they follow no known type,
 So rare their character—unique,
 The meditative Mary, meek,
And Martha's business tact is ripe.

Or Deborah, fearless of a thing,
 And wise as brave, to guide her race;
 Or where the poor a Dorcas trace,
Or like Priscilla ministering—

So these two saints of Surrey Town,
 Combine the gentle with the strong,
 Encourage love, condemn all wrong,
And with their smiles your troubles drown.

What time my footsteps led their way,
 It was by Providence, and so
 I saw where Christian graces grow,
And I grew upward in that day.

Nor I alone, but far and near,
 A great host owns indebtedness;
 These hopeful hearts wrought blessedness
Where courage struggled over fear.

Where else could two such saints be found?
 The one of pain, and one of love,
 Wedded on earth for heaven above,
One served, and one to service bound.

In sister love these two confide;
Such divers schemes for God and man,
Such deeds of love conceive and plan—
When they must die the sun will hide.

And then if angels count the drops,
Or know the preciousness of tears,
'Twill take their cups, and all their years,
To catch the flood which never stops.

These saints of Surrey Town live far,
Their eyes and hearts review the world;
Wherever truth has been unfurled,
They solace servants of the Star.

World-wide their love, world-wide their prayer,
So world-wide move their energies;
Like fragrant flowers, their sympathies
Float far to sweeten desert air.

These saints of Surrey Town, some day
Will pass beyond the jasper wall;
God give to Surrey Town, and all,
To you and me their saintly way.

RECITATION 5—THREE FEASTS

One saw the woeful need,
 Deplored his empty hand;
“O that the rich would help me feed
 The poor who crowd the land!”

One helped a little, just
 How much, no one might learn;
He sent a gift, he gave “In trust,”
 To him whose heart did yearn.

So shoeless feet were shod,
 And hungry mouths were fed;
The darkness saw the light of God,
 The sad were comforted.

With joy an angel sped
 Through heaven, for three had feast—
The man who gave, the poor who fed,
 And he the praying priest.

RECITATION 6—AT SEVENTY-FIVE

Time paused, and knocked;
A friend he was who wished his neighbours well,
Desired not that by sudden calls they should be mocked;
And so he paused to ring your bell.

He knows you well;
Three score of years, a half a score besides,
And still a half of half,—the passing pages tell
How Time has made his rapid strides.

He looked alarmed;
Half dubiously he shook his shaggy head,—
“The years are growing few; the wise may well be
warned,
The living soon shall join the dead.”

He spake his word;
And then his steps grew grave, as if his age
Were yours. But oh, he wished you well, and wished you
heard
The serious tones his soul engage.

Your way lies well
Adown the aisles of fifteen and three score
Of years; the Light shines far—from youth it gave its
spell,
And beckons now to God's own Shore.

In peace abide;
Adown the future, Age may faltring go,
Nor fear, for Christ, all-power, walks gently by thy side,
And will His wealth of love bestow.

RECITATION 7—A LESSON OF CHRISTMAS

Not what I say, but what I am,
And what I am, shown by my deed—
This matters all to fellow man,
Who reads my deed, nor hears my creed.

But blessed he if deed and creed
Within my life may blended be,—
And truth my character so feed
He follows Christ if me he see.

'Twas thus the God-Man lived from birth,
Expounded love by sacrifice,
Exalted heaven when lifting earth,
Commended gospel by His grace.

His Christmas day was day of deed
Profounder than philosophy,
Profound because it suited need,
And serves all men, as men may be.

The Christmas bells ring cheer for you,
But some lone child will wait your touch,
To learn the Christmas Christ is new,
As you remember "inasmuch."

RECITATION 8—I REST (A Hymn)

From travels over land and sea—
 From myriad questions of the mind—
 From lust for gain—all left behind—
I turn, O God to rest in Thee.

Life of the universe, and man,
 Is as a dream when one awakes,
 Changeful—and every wish forsakes;
But Thou fulfillest every plan.

One only firm foundation is,
 And He the Central Soul of all—
 O CHRIST before Thy Cross I fall,
And rest in Thee where rest is bliss.

Mysteries pervade the universe,
 But in my heart I hear Thy voice;
 Faith guides and vindicates my choice,
And peace confirms my Pilot's course.

Because I rest I sail life's sea,
 Kept calm amid all ebb and flow,
 Undriven by winds of doubt that blow,
And fearless, comforted in Thee.

RECITATION 9—MORNING IN THE COUNTRY

When the day-dawn streaks the broadening sky—
When the mists arise from the dew-sown sod—
When the distant woods fling far the cry
Of the wakening birds, in their praise of God—

When the fields look up with a trustful-eye—
And the forests wave their morning prayer—
When the folds yield forth the hungry cry
Of the flocks and herds, craving human care—

When the crickets sing in their own queer way,
Till the dizzy air is a monotone,
Or a strayed lone one haunts the kitchen bay,
And the butterfly pauses by the stone—

Then my spirit thrills to the breath of God,
And my heart takes up its thankful psalm;
And I softly tread where my Lord has trod,
While I lift my load with a holy calm.

RECITATION 10—MEAN BUSINESS, MAN!

The old man marked the young man's mien,
He listened to his ambling speech,
He questioned if the youth's dull dream
Would ever have a lofty reach,
And sternly said:—"Mean business, man; mean
business."

"Whatever art you have in mind,
Whatever path you choose to take,
Let earnestness your actions bind
To serious purpose; daily make
This kingly rule:—"Mean business, man; mean
business."

"In public, or in private cause,
I love the man who values trust,
Whose soul is kindled by the laws
Which hourly on his conscience thrust
Their stern command:—"Mean business, man; mean
business."

"Plan out your work, work out your plan,
Nor waste your time in make-believes;
One object and one goal—a man,
With concentrated powers achieves,
Because he seriously hitched soul to business."

RECITATION 11—ENGLAND

England! Dear England, live right on! I would
Not change my name of Englishman, for aught;
Nor rue the day when I was born on land
That wears the British yoke; for all her yoke
Is light, as goes the yoke of other lands.
If weight there is, it is to that small kind
That knows so little good, save for themselves,
And by some foul mischance, have parted from
Their fathers' brighter ways of doing good,
And sharing their death-bearing pains, for sake
Of those most needy shown.

Like rock within
The threatening surf, that preaches safety for
The sinking soul, Old England we have seen
From our west observation point, amid
The wrecks of other states, with grace uplift
Her giant tasks, with no ambition, save
Her neighbour's weal insure.

Land of my love!
I roam, glad-hearted, free, by stream and rock,
And by the garden walls, and drink perfumes
None have excelled, as England's rose-crowned lawns.
Land of the rose's bloom and happy hearts,
Till war's mad ravage came! Still blooms the rose.
Some day shall come thy cure, thy heart shall heal,
When sanctified and sane, thy joy shall wear
A reverent mood, and steadfast loyalty
To God shall crown thy day—a Happy Day.

Thy children's hearts are with thee, though their
steps
Lead far away; and when the day of need may come

They spring with joyous bound for thee, dear land,
To pour their blood, if need may be in war.
Or if in peace to give their richest toll
Of toil—nor aught their richest gift, they deem
Too rich for thee.

Association's joys

Beguile my dreams, provoke me happily,
Bring dreams of Tales, and Queens, of Shakespeare's
world,
And myriad-minded folk, of Wordsworth's hills,
Of Milton's stately steps, and hell's mad rage,
Of Tennyson's bright valiant knights. I tread
On holy ground, the land of Wickliffe, Fox,
Of massive men of parliament, of dukes
Who rode the battlefields in righteous cause
And won the noble day; philanthropists,
Discoverers, regenerators of
The world—light bearers to the farthest bounds.
And nowhere nobler rises Liberty
Than grew these thousand years, neath British kings
Whose sovereignty ordained the workman's rights,
And blessed our children with intelligence.
And since I contemplate thy hills, or vales,
Or mark where Romans once began to build,
And how we grew to build our numerous ways
And better men, I thank once more the God
Who gave the world an English land, and gave
Me British blood.

Awake, awake ye men

Of England! For the day still loudly calls
For serious mood and earnest mien, when ease
Shall yield to sacrifice, and earnestness
Shall give pre-eminence to enterprise.
The Star of empire still leads on for those
Who count not greatness by the things they do

So much as by the men they be. This land I love,
Land of my childhood days, land of my birth,
Land of my yearnings far o'er western sea,
Land of my dreams in evening stillness free—
England! Dear England, live—live on!

RECITATION 12—TO R.B.A. AN APPRECIATION

When, like an oak, of fourscore years and ten,
With leaf unwithered, head erect, and pose
As calm, as in the quiet breath of evening's close,
You, Friend are 'mong the sturdy sons of men,

A man of vigor mid the vigorous,
A man of wisdom, mid the shrewdly wise,
A man whose conscience good men always prize,
Whose ways by honest means grew glorious.

Man of few words—great sense, with little sound,
Man of the aristocracy of work,
Man who with gown would grace the throne of kirk—
A king of toil, with honest income crowned.

As flow great waters through our noble land—
As rise our lordly mountains to the sky—
So may thy mood attract our Nation's eye,
Inspire, and then enrich her craftsmen's hand.

Now, when the sere Canadian winds may blow,
And Time shall herald his foreclosing hour,
I pray that God, thy fathers' God, His power
Shall sympathetically in thee show.

SONNETS

Whom God doth honor, I would most applaud.
For God doth know who best is qualified
His honors to adorn; is justified
By fruits where generously His hand hath strawed.
Now ninety-one good years you Wrong outlawed,
And Right enthroned, while step to step led up
Along Life's busy way, and filled your cup
With overflowings of success. You awed
The world with conscience and an honest work;
Industrious living, frugal way and plan
Brought mastership to you, the humble clerk,
And forms example for the junior man.
So like a star within our sky appears
The stalwart man of ninety-one good years.

(2) SONNETS

One brighter Star, alone, I contemplate,
Than without Him all were but darkness vast;
The God in Christ, Whose Name I elevate,
Hath given thee all thy gifts and graces past,
And moulded disposition, to e'en cast
Possessions at His feet, if not too late
To bless some mortal man, uplift the State,
By heeding Charity's sad love, aghast.
And now that Brighter Star, I humbly pray
May lead thee, as wise men of old were led,
Unto the fuller light, and glorious day,
Where everlasting life shall crown thy head,
Where all thy sorrows shall find holy balm
While trees of life yield ever-fragrant calm.

RECITATION 13—IN CANA OF GALILEE
(Dedicated to the Newly Married)

'Twas a wondering day in Galilee,
For the Son of Man was there;
He was there a Guest with sympathy
Which the times not yet laid bare.

And His presence made a difference,
Made a want that none had filled;
But His word obtained obedience,
And His power the occasion thrilled.

He was there the Friend of wedding days,
He was there the Lord of life;
And His first great Wonder wrought glad praise,
Did enshroud the Man and Wife.

And He came to make the people glad,
He was there a Man of men;
With a torch of cheer He drove the sad
From Religion's face just then.

He, the Man that rose in Galilee,
Rose to bless a Christian race,
Rose to found the Home in purity,
Rose to give the Nation place.

RECITATION 14—IN THE FOREST OF DEAN

Near the Forest of Dean once there lived an old man,
And a tinker of pots, pans and kettles was he;
And his singular song unmelodiously ran—
“ May I mend the old pots, or kettles for ye? ”

Now the mender of pots was as poor as his trade,
And as homely as homely he could very well be,
For one leg was too long, and his eyes squinty played,
And his gait was a sight for the merry to see.

’Twas a croaking old voice, that sang out in the street—
“ Bring your pots and your kettles, good madames
to me.”

And the village boys rudely his song would repeat,
Or would bother his pack, and torment him and flee.

When he came to the doors with his limp and his squint,
Then the housewives were rude, slammed their
doors in his face,
And their hearts seemed as hard as the hardest of flint;
Then he rallied his smiles, and displayed the more
grace.

Thus it was that he ever was patient and kind,
Keeping sweetness of heart though he missed some
sunshine,
And the Forest of Dean he served to remind
Of the gain where contentment and graces combine

Now it came on a day, that the Tinker assayed
At a hut to obtrude with his trade and his skill;
’Twas a little lone hut, overgrown and decayed,
Hiding down in a valley at the foot of the hill.

And the man who lived there was himself very poor,
He was lame and alone—all alone in the world,
And his living was small—earned it out on the moor,
Breaking stones for the road, with the sledge that
he hurled.

“ Have you any old pots, or kettles to mend? ”
Was the song of the tinker, one day at his door;
And the stone-breaker answered—“ It all may depend,
For one pot and one kettle is all of my store.”

“ I am making some tea in the kettle just now,
My potatoes are using the pot for their stew;
So you better abide, and my dinner allow
Me to share, mayhap angels will come to my view.”

So they made their glad dinner with potatoes and salt,
And they freshened their throats with the sugarless
tea;
And the limp, and the squint, and the poor, and the
halt—
They were brothers just then, and as blithe as could
be.

When potatoes and salt had sufficed for their need,
Then a dozen old sores the kind tinker did mend;
Till the pot and the kettle were telling his creed
That the mender of wounds is the best sort of friend.

Now it fell on that night, when the cripple did sleep,
That a wonderful dream filled his heart with de-
light,
For he saw his old kettle flying over the sheep,
And the pot doing likewise. Then he woke with a
fright.

When he thought of the lesson this vision might be,
He was helpless, for kettle and pot were still there;
And the pot boiled his oats, and the kettle his tea
Just as always they did, for his morning's small fare.

Then the wonders began—little buds of black wings
Came to sight, on the sides of both kettle and pot;
And the cripple goes off to break stones, as he sings
Of the blessings that Goodness assigns to his lot.

So he wrought all the morning, and rested at noon.
And at noontime his dinner of butterless bread
He did humbly unfold, when like birds from the moon,
Came the hot pot and kettle with black wings out-
spread.

There they sat by his side, as a loving old friend,
Till his hunger appeased, he returned to his work;
When to serve him at home, to the sky they ascend
With a smiling "goodbye," and a nod and a jerk

When at home he arrived from the work of the day,
The potatoes were steaming, and tea was prepared;
So his mind set to wondering what had now come his
way,
And he sang of the tinker who his dinner once
shared.

Now this marvellous thing was repeated each day,
For as oft as the cripple broke stones on the moor,
Then the people observed that at noonday their way,
Would the pot and the kettle fly off from his door.

Since it never was so that ill envy had died,
From the day that good Abel was slain by base Cain,
So the cripple was judged by bad people, who lied,
And who said he had stolen the pots for his gain.

Then a rich man appeared, with his envious greed,
Who had thought that a pot and a kettle with wings
Would be well worth some money, or might merit the
deed—

If his gold might not buy, he would steal the fine
things.

'Tis a fact which I'm glad by this tale to repeat,
There are treasures on earth far more precious than
gold,
And the rich man felt chill from his head to his feet,
When the cripple his money disdained like a cold.

But the breaker of stones was afraid and alarmed,
At the mischief that money, selfish money, might
do;
So he found out the tinker, who his heart again warmed,
Who his fears and his troubles, like the chaff away
blew.

"You were made to be king, wheresoever you live;
Better leave the small hut and look the world
through.
You may make, you may save, may withhold, or may
give,
But the size of your soul springs from deeds
that you do.

"Not for circumstance, pride, or some passing stage
play
You to live in a hut did your Maker intend;
You've a soul to ride forth, and to bless the broad way,
Over trifles a king, to your fellows a friend."

"I foresee the man's money will meet you again;
And with money you might ride all around the
whole earth.

What a bigness of life would then come to your brain!
Like a king you would bless the day of your birth."

Just that same eveningtime came the covetous man,
And he offered more money than he offered before;
So the cripple accepting the tinker's wise plan,
Sold his pot and his kettle, bought a horse with his
store.

But some rich are not wise, and this one was a fool,
For a glass case he bought, and then locked in a
room
The winged kettle and pot. "I will keep them both
cool
And as clean as a horse was e'er kept by his groom."

Then he sent forth a message inviting his guests,
That they come and admire his new purchases rare;
And they came; but behold! there were no feathered
crests,
And the show case showed only metals battered and
bare.

In his wrath and great anger, then the rich owner swore,
He commanded his servants bear away the black
things;
And obeying commands, to the window they bore
And they tossed out the kettle and pot without
wings.

In the darkness of night, while men slumbered and
slept,
Once again pot and kettle put forth their black
wings,
And again from the field to the sky they upswept—
As the bird of the morn with new melody sings.

And they boiled and they steamed, as they flew on their
way

To attend their old friend now a king of the world;
And they found him ariding in green, gold, and gay
Wheresoever the banner of light was unfurled.

Thus the kettle and pot cheered and strengthened his
soul,

Turned all ills to his comfort, all his losses to gain;
And they teach for our good that life's happiest goal
Is for all who by Charity seek to attain.

For who merciful is, and dispenses of good,
Shall attain to the favour of gods and of men;
In the day of sore famine, his soul shall find food,
And Companion and Friend when he walks the dark
glen.

RECITATION 15—THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

One day, from ancient Cornish coast,
A quiet ship put out to sea,
As fine a ship as one could see,
As good as Cornishmen could boast.

The crew were two; together stood
Those two upon the good ship's deck,
And to the watchers, gave their beck,
So sailed the main to seek their good.

What mattered then who watchers were?
That dames and maidens gathered by,
And men, both young and old, descry
The Captain and the Mate stand there?

For Mate and Captain elsewhere
Gave heed, and thought them of their ship's
Best course, and what the counterslips
In time, she might approach and share.

And Mate was loyal, good and fair,
And Captain knew his calling then;
These two together splendid, when
They joined their hands the seas to dare.

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Full fifty years have flown since then;
The church bells ring across the lea
For other ships that go to sea,
And other ships that reach the glen

Where shadows are, where mourners wait
Beside the ship, or drape the bier,

And say farewell, and shed a tear,
Until they too pass death's dark gate.

Salute with me this lusty ship
That sailed the seas these fifty years,
That braved the storms, unchecked by fears;
Still ship ahoy!—another trip!

Salute we well this Captain bold
Who braved the breezes of his day,
And Mate who seconded his way
And shared his labours manifold.

And cheer them for the passengers
They carry on their heavenward way,
Or train them for a Nation's Day,
For messages and messengers.

Come cheer again! afar and near,
And bid the good ship sail away,
To come again on Diamond Day,
The Christ on board, both near and dear.

RECITATION 16—THE FARMER BOY'S FIRST POEM

Up and down, yes, up and down,
From the country to the town;
Wind about among the hills,
Where the linnet trills and thrills,
Where the sun is beaming over
Happy fields of purple clover,
Where the shade of maple tree,
Pine and oak and basswood tree,
Court the kine and sheep to flee
From the heat of midday sun,
Where the creek runs by the hill,
Through the valley to the mill,
Always doing, never done—
So I ride away to town,
Up and down, yes, up and down.

Music strange my brain excites.
What is this my brain indites?—
“Up and down, yes, up and down,”
Not from country into town;
But for me the kitchen door,
Farmhouse rule, and kitchen floor,
And the butter churn beats time
To my boyish, rudish rhyme—
“Down and up, and up and down,
Let me go some day to town.”

Has the muse got in the churn?
Driving hum-drum from the churn?
Making tediousness grow bright
With her musical, rich light,
So I may forget the time,
All the arm-ache, and the climb
Of the dash, as up it goes,

Down, and up again, and shows
Butter in the farmer's milk,
Money for the mother's silk,
Keeps me for one summer hour
Struggling with the cold milk's power,
Dashing, dashing, dreaming town,
Just one hour, all up and down.

You can rest, my old dash churn,
Some one else shall have his turn;
Here's a bit of paper brown
(Came with sugar from the town),
And a well worn pencil stub
From my brown-duck pockets. Rub
Cobwebs from your eyes my boy—
(May be comes your way new joy).
Write with speed and write with care,
May be hymn, or may be prayer,
May be wisely orthodox—
May be treacherous, heterodox—
Write it whatsoe'er it be,
Help it form and daylight see,
Catch it while it's on the wing,
While its vibrant form may ring—
So you save another's joy,
Though you are a farmer's boy,
May not roam about the town,—
Only churn, up—down, up—down.

Now it's written—poem One—
First of all my writings done!
Oh! but if some fairy see!
All the saints would pity me,
For the laughter that would mock,
Give my sensitiveness shock;
Why should I dare write such lines?
Dream of town in measured rhymes,

Dare intrude in sacred sphere
Where the great alone appear?
Time might better be employed
Doing common things—o'erjoyed
Might I be, to find my dream
Had made butter—not a dream.
So I throw this paper brown,
(With its pleasant dream of town)

To the winds and tender weeds,
There to mould among their seeds;
All its rhymes to be forgot
Lost within an earthy cot,
While my arms, with dasher churn,
Give this cream another turn,
Leave to dreams the ride to town,
As the dash goes up and down.

RECITATION 17—SCHOOLDAYS

Dedicated to Miss Jean H. Dodds.

Under an arching maple tree
Where ample play-ground won the prize,
With clapboards browned with time, I see
The frugal hall of learning rise.

Hard by, the solitary roads,
Where seldom steps oppress the grass,
Give witness to the quiet modes
Of life, that through these laneways pass.

This lonely corner of the earth
I prize, as birthplace of the day
When consciousness awaked to worth,
And liberty began its sway.

For not amid the City's din,
With greed of wealth, and strife for power,
Doth Nation's character begin,
Nor manhood reach its robust hour.

Here in the unfrequented way,
Here in the light of God and good,
The search for truth began its day,
And Will arose and firmly stood.

Amid the hills I look for springs,
The crystal springs distilling health,
Which wend their ways, bear laden wings
To city's streets, for city's wealth.

And up through myriad city's cries,
To reach the nation's far flung aims,
The country characters arise,
The consciented sires, and virtued dames.

Yes! there was strength from breezy hill,
Borne to the muscles of our land,
As children's snow sleds leant their thrill,
And merry laughter ruled the band.

Away from lies, hypocrisies,
And all the arts of ill and guile,
These lads and lasses light their eyes
With simple honesties awhile.

And e'en the tamarack swamps and rooks
Did service for the growth of truth,
For Nature scorns all shams and crooks,
And inculcates a genuine ruth.

Confections of a city sort,
Excitements that befog the brain,
Ne'er minds, nor stomachs' health distort
When life is framed on Nature's plane.

Drink with me once again the air
Of those far days when youth was young,
And when we reckoned not of care,
Nor on our hearts had discords rung.

The winding road charmed innocence,
And fed the air with laughter gay,
As nonsense, repartee, or sense
Beguiled our walk, and eased our way.

Why should you fret o'er future ills
When of those ills you never heard?

Kind Providence your future fills,
And shields you now from ills deferred.

The dreary way lost all its fear
When kindred spirits guiled their thought
With lessons light and converse dear,
And simple problems deftly wrought.

From many a modest flower and fern,
From many a hurrying cloud and air,
Life filled her overflowing urn,
So filled us with her ardents rare.

But we were free and innocent;
Today might flow from yesterday,
But how tomorrow affluent
Took form from now we would not weigh.

What if untitled heroes wrought,
Or philosophic systems woke
Within the precincts of our thought?
We knew it not; no tongue yet spoke.

We were as babes and knew it not;
So Providence doth veil our eyes,
Until through years, His hand hath wrought,
By cross and crown hath made us wise.

Life curtsied into dancing breeze,
Or beamed through smiling whole-souled sun,
Or woke the youths whom school-law frees
When school-toned tasks their times have run.

From youth to age, from school to grave—
'Tis but a span and soon hath sped;
And down that road we each day drive—
So near us living lay the dead.

Low lay the solitary plot,
Neglected, overgrown, and barred;
Where slept the pioneers forgot,
The councillor, the priest, the bard.

Death came that way! Around, men loved
Their hundred aced farms, the homes
Of gentle wealth; but here Death shoved
Ambition by, contracted tomes

Of lifetime growth, to paltry lines
That in a day a chisel cuts
Upon a piece of stone; confines
A neighbourhood in earth-made huts.

Lo Death was there! And we walked by
Unheeding sombre, shrouded scene;
Responsive to the roseate sky—
Tomorrow's pride, this evening's dream.

The little school-house by the way
With youthful teeming energies,
Is prophecy of Nation's day,
Potential germs and strategies.

Fragments of peoples, states and clans,
Bewildering tongues—o'erspread our land;
From east to west the cleric bans
Our unity and stalwart stand.

For massive nation, regal cause,
Must spring from one united source,
Made possible by righteous laws,
One school, one people, one just force.

Shall poverished politics prevail?
Sectarian greed, divisions flame?

The Nation's handicap entail?
Then choose one school—or graveyards name.

And let me praise that autocrat
Who ruled without a parliament,
Yet wrought and loved as democrat,
And queenly fills her firmament.

For all the land her debtor is,
And character partakes her mould,
Arithmetic, analysis
Will hold their sway when creeds are cold.

Swift fly the years; the palsied hand
Is shorn of power; the Nation's heart
Beats strong base fetters to withstand,
And spite of us God plays His part.

The quick-lived years will soon have passed,
The Morning into Noon, grown now
From Noon to Evening-time; at last
The reapers to the sowers bow.

Today's o'ercrowding harvest-time
Brings in the fruit Life planted then,
Awhile ago, both yours and mine,
To cultivate we scarce knew when.

We knew not, but the Infinite
Led through the chasm of the years,
And rounded out our ways; alight
With love He overshadowed our fears.

And when the evening-time comes on,
He gives it light as from a star
Set in the sky of SCHOOL-CROWNED LAWN,
Expanding and outreaching far.

If we but had the prophet's eye
To comprehend what morn would teach,
What records would we rectify!
And then what goals our ways would reach!

Yet as I dream of morn far past,
I know that God was there, and He
Not we, as MOULDER planned and cast
Our life, from morn to night to be.

Could we have known what was to be,
We might have helped Him on His way;
Since He foresaw we could not see,
'Twas He helped us, and made our day.

And so I dream of Morning-time,
Of life with innocence caressed,
Of steps begun, of hills to climb,
The Uplook—EVERLASTING REST.

Who knowledge gains, must pay in tears,
Mayhap lose friendships by the way;
Till pains and losses crown the years
With perfect life and endless day.

Love means for such no passioned breath,
No fickle, faithless mood and tense,
But reverence outlasting death,
Of feats achieved admiring sense.

Their heroes are who strove and won;
Who pledged in morn, at noon fought strong;
Who when the fighting day is done,
Find Love has led them all along.

Since then, how fares the maple tree?
The school house weather worn? The band

Of schoolmates, scattered, strong and free,
How have they helped the broad, free land?

I know not where they live or lie,
I know not what their creed or cult;
One thing I know—words will not die,
The Nation is the School's result.

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Laurentian tales

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